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TRYING HIS LUCK.

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ADVENTURES

IN THE

WILDS OF THE UNITED STATES

AND

British American Provinces.

BY

CHARLES LANMAN,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES FOR SUMMER HOURS," "PRIVATE LIFE OF DANIEL WEBSTER," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR AND OSCAR BESSAU.

"Without registering these things by the pen they will slide away unprofitably."—OWEN FELLTHAM.

WITH AN APPENDIX BY LIEUT. CAMPBELL HARDY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:

JOHN W. MOORE, No. 195 CHESTNUT STREET.

1856.

11491

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PREFACE.

THIS work is composed of materials which I have gathered within the last ten years, while performing occasional Tours into almost every nook and corner of the United States, and the neighboring British Provinces. It comprehends ample descriptions of the Valleys of the Mississippi and St. Lawrence rivers, with the Basin of the Great Lakes, the entire Mountain-Land overlooking our Atlantic seaboard, and the Alluvial Region bordering on the Gulf of Mexico. It is indeed a kind of Cyclopedia of American Scenery and Personal Adventure, and of Traveling Incidents, calculated to exhibit the manners and customs of our people, and interest the lovers of Natural History and the various Arts of Sporting.

The several parts of the work, as they at present appear, were originally published in the journals and periodicals of the day, and subsequently in as many small volumes, which were all very kindly received by the public, both in this country and England. My chief channel of communication, however, as a Tourist, has been the *National Intelligencer;* but I have also written occasionally for the *New York Observer*, the *New York Express*, the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and *Bentley's Magazine*. Among those who have been my friends, and given me advice, and whose kindly offices I have acknowledged in brief Dedicatory Epistles, now thrown aside, are Messrs. Gales & Seaton, Hon. George P. Marsh, Professor Joseph Henry, William C. Bryant, Esq., Hon. John F. Crampton, and

Washington Irving, Esq. I mention these several names with pride and thankfulness, and can only hope that the unpretending literary career of their sometime pupil, will reflect no discredit upon their teachings. With regard to Mr. Irving, I would say that his delightful writings were the first to animate me with a natural, though in my case a daring spirit of emulation, but as I have, in the following letters, his sanction for my folly, I am quite contented. The first had reference to my traveling essays, as they were appearing at intervals, and the second was in answer to a petition for advice on the propriety of the present publication.

SUNNY SIDE.

My Dear Sir:—I would not reply to your very obliging letter of September 10th, until I had time to read the volumes which accompanied it. This, from the pressure of various engagements, I have but just been able to do; and I now return you thanks for the delightful entertainment which your summer rambles have afforded me. I do not see that I have any literary advice to give you, excepting to keep on as you have begun. You seem to have the happy, enjoyable humor of old Izaak Walton. I anticipate great success, therefore, in your Essays on our American Fishes, and on Angling, which I trust will give us still further scenes and adventures on our great internal waters, depicted with the freshness and graphic skill of your present volumes. In fact, the adventurous life of the angler, amidst our wild scenery, on our vast lakes and rivers, must furnish a striking contrast to the quiet loiterings of the English angler along the Trent or Dove; with country milk-maids to sing madrigals to him, and a snug, decent country inn at night, where he may sleep in sheets that have been laid in lavender.

With best wishes for your success, I am, my dear sir,

Very truly, your obliged

WASHINGTON IRVING.

SUNNY SIDE.

My Dear Sir:—I am glad to learn that you intend to publish your narrative and descriptive writings in a collected form. I have read parts of them as they were published separately, and the great pleasure derived from the perusal makes me desirous of having the whole in my possession. They carry us into the fastnesses of our mountains, the depths of our forests, the watery wilderness of our lakes and rivers, giving us pictures of savage life and savage tribes, Indian legends, fishing and hunting anecdotes, the adventures of trappers and backwoodsmen; our whole arcanum, in short, of indigenous poetry and romance: to use a favorite phrase of the old discoverers, "they lay open the secrets of the country to us."

I cannot but believe your work will be well received, and meet with the wide circulation which it assuredly merits.

With best wishes for your success, I remain, my dear sir,

Yours, very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

But another of the "Literary Fathers," who has honored me with his friendly advice, is the Hon. Edward Everett, and, as I have his permission for doing so, I trust my readers will excuse me for printing the following letter:

WASHINGTON, February 19th, 1853.

Dear Sir:—I am much obliged to you for the copy of the English edition of your life of Mr. Webster, kindly sent with your note of yesterday.

I fully concur with the opinions expressed by Mr. Irving, on the subject of a collective edition of your narrative and descriptive writings. Having, during nearly all the time since they began to appear, been engaged in official duties, which have left me but little time for

general reading, I am not familiar with all of them; but from what I have read of them, and from Mr. Irving's emphatic and discriminating commendation, I am confident the series would be welcomed by a large class of readers.

You have explored nooks in our scenery seldom visited; and described forms of life and manners of which the greater portion of our busy population are entirely ignorant. Topics of this kind, though briefly sketched, are, or at least ought to be, in this country, of far greater interest than the attempted descriptions of fashionable life in Europe, which form the staple of those trashy works of fiction constantly poured in upon us from abroad.

Wishing you much success in your proposed undertaking, I remain,

Very truly yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

As to the concluding division of this work, it is proper that I should make an explanatory remark. It was intended as a kind of Sequel to the preceding Sketches, and consists of after records, the majority of which might have been printed in the shape of letters, when the notes for them were first collected, but were published in the *National Intelligencer* as Editorial Essays, whereby the frequent use of the pronoun *we* is accounted for. The essays on the Game Fish of the country were written at various periods of my angling experience, so that the reader will occasionally find in the body of the work more full accounts of the fishing streams and their scenery than in the sequel; while those who feel an interest in the Legendary Lore of the Aborigines, are referred to the additional collection at the end of the work. I also deem it proper to mention in this place, that the first part was written in 1846, the second in 1847, the third in 1848, the fourth in 1851, the fifth in 1853, the sixth in 1853 and 1854, and the seventh from 1846 to 1856.

And now, on glancing over the pages of my manuscript, I am re-

minded of the many kind and agreeable people, by whom I have been entertained in my manifold journeys, or with whom I have sported in the lonely wilderness, and to all of them would I send a wish for their prosperity and happiness. From them, and from Nature, have I gathered the staple of this work, and the secret of my success thus far, I fancy to be, that I have always written from impulse, with an honest intention, and in the hope of securing the approbation of those only whose hearts beat in sympathy with my own.

One word more. Should some of the earlier passages of my present publication appear, to the matured reader, to be somewhat too fanciful in idea or expression, he will please remember that it is not manly always to condemn the follies of youth;—and I must add the confession, that I would rather be wrong with the warm-hearted lover of nature, than to be right with the cold-blooded critic.

Georgetown, D. C., Summer of 1856.

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A

SUMMER IN THE WILDERNESS.

ADVENTURES IN THE WILDS.

OF THE

United States and British American Provinces.

SAINT LOUIS.

The River Queen, as Saint Louis is sometimes called, may be looked upon as the threshhold leading to the wild and romantic region of the Upper Mississippi, which is the Mecca of my present pilgrimages. It was founded in the year seventeen hundred and sixty-four, by two Frenchmen, named Laclade and Chouteau, who were accompanied by about thirty Creoles. The first steamer which landed on this spot came from New Orleans in the year eighteen hundred and nineteen; but the number now belonging here is rated at three hundred, many of which are unsurpassed in speed and splendor of accommodations. The population of this city amounts to forty thousand souls. It is elevated some eighty feet above the low-water mark of the Mississippi, and from the river presents a handsome appearance. The old part of the town is inhabited by a French population, and is in a dilapidated condition; but the more modern portion is distinguished for its handsome streets, and tastefully built mansions and public buildings. It might be compared indeed, to a man with a French heart and Yankee limbs; and it is a singular circumstance that its geographical position is within three hundred miles of the centre of North

America. Fronting the levee or landing-place are several blocks of stone stores, which give an idea of the extensive business transacted here. On one occasion I saw this wharfing ground so completely crowded with merchandise of every possible variety, that travelers were compelled to walk from the steamboats to the hotels. This city is the home market for all the natural productions of a wilderness country extending in different directions for thousands of miles, and watered by several of the largest rivers in the world. Its growth, however, has been somewhat retarded by the peculiar character of its original inhabitants. The acknowledged wealth of many of its leading men can only be equalled by their illiberality and want of enterprise. But time is committing sad ravages among these ancient citizens, for they are, from age and infirmities, almost daily dropping into the place of graves. Under the benign influence of true American enterprise, this city is rapidly becoming distinguished for its New England character, in spite of the retarding cause alluded to above, and it possesses, to an uncommon degree, all the worthy qualities which should belong to an enlightened and eminently prosperous city.

There is one unique feature connected with the River Queen, which gives it, at times, a most romantic appearance. It is the point whence must start all distant expeditions to the North and West, and where the treasures of the wilderness are prepared for re-shipment to the more distant markets of our own and foreign countries. Here, during the spring and summer months may often be seen caravans about to depart for California, Santa Fe, the Rocky Mountains, and Oregon, while the sprightly step and sparkling eye will speak to you of the hopes and anticipations which animate the various adventurers. At one time, perhaps, may be seen a company of toil-worn trappers entering the city, after the absence of months, far away on the head waters of the Mississippi or Missouri rivers, where they have hunted the beaver, the buffalo, the otter, the bear, and the deer; and as they steal away to their several homes, from the door of the Fur Company, where they have just rendered their account, it does the heart good to ponder on the joys which will be brought into existence by the happy return.

And the Indians, from different nations, who often visit this place, also add greatly to the picturesque appearance of its streets. Summoned by curiosity, they congregate here in large numbers, and while their gaudy trappings and painted faces remind us of the strange wild life they lead, their prowling propensities and downcast eyes inform us of the melancholy fact, that they are the victims of a most heartless, though lawful oppression. And this remark, by the way, reminds me of a living picture which I lately witnessed, and will briefly describe. It was the sunset hour, and I was returning from a ride on the eastern bank of the great river. The western sky was flooded with a saffron glow, in the midst of which floated unnumbered cloud-islands, tinged with deepest gold. Underneath lay the beautiful city, with its church-spires uppointing to the Christian's home; then passed the rushing tide of the Mississippi, ploughed by many a keel; and in the foreground was a woody bluff, on the brow of which sat a solitary Indian, humming a strangely solemn song, as his white locks and eagle plumes waved in the evening breeze. I asked no question of the sorrowing dreamer, but pursued my way, pondering on the cruel destiny which has power to make man a stranger and an exile, on the very soil from which he sprang, and where repose the ashes of his forgotten kindred.

Lover as I am of genuine art, it will not do for me to leave this city, the sturdy child of a new and great empire, without alluding to its treasures in this particular. The bright particular star, who uses the pencil here, is Charles Deas. He is a young man who left New York about eight years ago, for the purpose of studying his art in the wilds west of the Mississippi. He makes this city his head-quarters, but annually spends a few months among the Indian tribes, familiarizing himself with their manners and customs, and he is honorably identifying himself with the history and scenery of a most interesting portion of the continent. The great charm of his productions is found in the strongly marked national character which they bear. His collection of sketches is already very valuable. The following are a few of the pictures which I saw in his studio, which pleased me exceedingly. One, called the Indian

Guide, represents an aged Indian riding in the evening twilight on a piebald horse, apparently musing upon the times of old. The sentiment of such a painting is not to be described, and can only be felt by the beholder who has a passion for the wilderness. Another, Long Jake, is the literal portrait of a celebrated character of the Rocky Mountains. He looks like an untamed hawk, figures in a flaming red shirt, and is mounted on a black stallion. He is supposed to be on the ridge of a hill, and as the sky is blue, the figure stands out in the boldest relief. Artistically speaking, this is a most daring effort of the pencil, but the artist has decidedly triumphed. In a picture called Setting out for the Mountains, Mr. Deas has represented a species of American Cockney, who has made up his mind to visit the Rocky Mountains. He is mounted on a bob-tailed, saucy-looking pony, and completely loaded down with clothing, pistols, guns, and ammunition. He is accompanied by a few covered wagons, a jolly servant to be his right-hand man, and two dogs, which are frolicking on the prairie ahead, and while the man directs the attention of his master to some game, the latter shrugs his feeble shoulders, seems to think this mode of traveling exceedingly fatiguing, and personifies the latter end of a misspent life. You imagine that a few months have elapsed, and, turning to another picture, you behold our hero returning from the mountains. Exposure and hardships have transformed him into a superb looking fellow, and he is now full of life and buoyancy, and riding with the most perfect elegance and ease a famous steed of the prairies. The wagons, servant and dogs, are now in the rear of our adventurer, who, comically dressed with nothing but a cap, a calico shirt, and pair of buckskin pantaloons, is dashing ahead, fearless of every danger that may happen to cross his path. These pictures completely epitomize a personal revolution which is constantly taking place on the frontiers. One of our artist's more ambitious productions, represents the daring feat of Captain Walker, during a recent memorable battle in Mexico. The story is that the captain, who happened to be alone on a plain, had his horse killed from under him, and was himself wounded in the leg. Supposing, as was the case, that the Mexican savage

would approach to take his scalp, he feigned himself dead, as he lay upon his horse, and as his enemy was about to butcher him, he fired and killed the rascal on the spot, and seizing the reins of his enemy's horse, he mounted him and rode into his own camp. In the picture, Walker is in the act of firing. But the painting upon which Mr. Deas's fame will probably rest, contains a large number of figures, and represents the heroism of Captain George Clarke, who, when about to be murdered by a council of Indians at North Bend, threw the war-belt in the midst of the savages, with a defying shout, and overwhelmed them with astonishment, thereby saving his own life and those of his companions. This picture is true to history in every particular, and full of expression.

But enough about these productions of art. I am bound to the fountain head of the Mississippi, and feel impatient to be with nature in the wilderness. Before concluding this chapter, however, I will describe a characteristic incident which I met with in Saint Louis.

I had been taking a lonely walk along the banks of the Mississippi, and, in fancy, revelling amid the charms of this great western world, as it existed centuries ago. My mind was in a dreamy mood, and as I re-entered the city the hum of business fell like discord upon my ear. It was the hour of twilight and the last day of the week, and the citizens whom I saw seemed anxious to bring their labors to a close that they might be ready for the Sabbath.

While sauntering leisurely through a retired street, I was startled by the sound of a deep-toned bell, and, on lifting my eyes, I found that I stood before the Catholic cathedral. I noticed a dim light through one of the windows, and as the gates were open, and I remembered it was the vesper hour, I entered the church. The inner door noiselessly swung to, and I found myself alone, the spectator of a most impressive scene. A single lamp, hanging before the altar, threw out a feeble light, and so feeble was it, that a solemn gloom brooded throughout the temple. While a dark shadow filled the aisles and remote corners, the capitals of the massive pillars on either side were lost in a still deeper shade. From the ceiling hung

many a gorgeous chandelier, which were now content to be eclipsed by the humble solitary lamp. Scriptural paintings and pieces of statuary were on every side, but I could discern that Christ was the centre of attraction in all. Over, and around the altar too, were many works of art, together with a multitudinous array of sacred symbols. Just in front of these, and in the centre of the mystic throne, hung the lonely lamp, which seemed to be endowed with a thinking principle, as its feeble rays shot out in the surrounding darkness. That part of the cathedral where towered the stupendous organ, was in deep shadow, but I knew it to be there by the faint glistening of its golden pipes: as to the silence of the place, it was death-like and holy. I chanced to heave a sigh, and that very sigh was not without an echo. The distant hum of life, alone convinced me that I was in a world of trouble and strife.

But softly! A footstep now breaks the silence! A priest in a ghost-like robe, is passing from one chancel door to another. Another footstep! and lo! a woman, clothed in black, with her face completely hidden in a veil, passes up an aisle and falls upon her knees in prayer. She has come here to find consolation in her widowhood. And now, slowly tottering along, comes a white-haired man, and he, too, falls into the attitude of prayer. With the pleasures of this world he is fully satisfied, and his thoughts are now taken up with that strange pilgrimage, whence travellers never return, and upon which he feels he must soon enter.

Other life-sick mortals, have also entered the sanctuary, offered up their evening prayer, and mingled with the tide of life once more. But again the front door slowly opens, and a little negro boy, some seven years of age, is standing by my side. What business has he here,—for surely this offspring of a slave, and a slave himself, cannot be a religious devotee? I take back that thought. I have wronged the child. The Spirit of God must tabernacle in his heart, else he would not approach the altar with such deep reverence. Behold him, like little Samuel of old, calling upon the Invisible in prayer! What a picture! Twilight in a superb cathedral, and the only worshipper a child and a slave!

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

THE literal meaning of the Chippeway word *Meseeseepe*, according to some authorities, is Water every where—and conveys the same idea which has been translated Father of Waters; while others assert that the Choctaws called it *Missah-Sippah*, which is interpreted *old*, *big*, and *strong*. When we remember the immense extent of the valley watered by this stream and its tributaries, the latter name must be considered singularly expressive.

That portion of the river known as the Lower Mississippi, extends from New Orleans to the mouth of the Missouri, a distance of about twelve hundred miles. As the highway for a multitudinous number of steam vessels of every size and character, it is of incalculable importance, not only to this country but to the world; but with regard to its scenery, it affords little of an interesting character. Excepting a few rocky bluffs found below Saint Louis, both shores of the river are low, level and covered with dense forests of cotton-wood and cypress, where the panther and the wolf roam in native freedom, and the eagle swoops upon its prey undisturbed by the presence of man. The banks are of an alluvial character, and as the current is exceedingly rapid, the course of the river is constantly changing. You might travel a hundred miles without finding a place sufficiently secure to land; and the water is always so very muddy that a tumbler full will always yield half an inch of the virgin soil. The surface of the stream is never placid, but for ever turbulent and full of eddies and whirlpools, as if its channel were composed of a continued succession of caverns. Snags

and sawyers abound throughout its whole extent. They are taken from the shore by the rushing tide and planted in the channel quite as rapidly as the snag-vessels can extricate them from their dangerous positions.

The Lower Mississippi is probably the most dangerous and least interesting river in the world to navigate, excepting the still more frantic Missouri, which the aborignes called *Pekitanoni*, or muddy water. When not in actual danger, you are likely to be so far removed from it, high and dry on a sand-bar, that the annoyance, like a certain period in our national history, has a tendency to try men's souls. The following picture of an actual scene on this portion of the great river, may be looked upon as characteristic of the whole. On your right is a series of rocky bluffs, covered with a stunted growth of trees; before you an expanse of water ten miles long and one or two wide; on your left an array of sand-bars and islands, where lie imbedded the wrecks of some fifty steamboats, and in the more remote distance a belt of thickly wooded bottom land. On the water, passing to and fro, are a number of steamers, and immediately in the foreground a solitary sawyer and a hull of a sunken steamboat. This is the spot which has been rightly named the Grave Yard, for hundreds of souls at different times have passed from thence into eternity. When I left the turbid and unruly bosom of the Lower Mississippi, I felt towards it as a person would naturally feel towards an old tyrant who had vainly striven to destroy him in his savage wrath. I should remark in passing, that the bottom lands of this river are not wholly without inhabitants; occasionally a lonely log cabin meets the eye, which is the only home of a miserable being who obtains his living by supplying the steamers with wood. Nailed to a stump before one of these squatter residences, which stood in the centre of a small clearing, I lately saw a board with the following inscription,—"This *farm* for sale—price $1,50." Though I could not help laughing at the unintentional wit of that sentence, it told me a melancholy tale of poverty, intemperance, and sickness, which are too often identified with the dangers of this wilderness.

I would now speak of the Upper Mississippi, and I only regret that I cannot strike the poet's lyre, and give to this "parent of perpetual streams" an undying hymn of praise. The moment that you pass the mouth of the Missouri on your way up the Father of Waters, you seem to be entering an entirely new world, whose every feature is "beautiful exceedingly." The shores now slope with their green verdure to the very margin of the water, which is here of a deep green color, perfectly clear, and placid as the slumber of a child. My first view of this spot was at the twilight hour, and every object that met my gaze wore an unwonted loveliness. Over the point where the sun had disappeared, floated a cavalcade of golden clouds, and away to the eastward rolled on, along her clear, blue pathway, the bright, full moon, and now and then a trembling star,—the whole completely mirrored in the bosom of the softly flowing but ever murmuring stream. On my right lay a somewhat cultivated shore; on my left a flock of islands, whose heavy masses of foliage rested upon the water; and in the distance was the pleasant and picturesque town of Alton, with its church spires speaking of hope and heaven. No living creatures met my gaze, save a wild duck and her brood gliding into their shadowy home, and an occasional night-hawk as he shot through the upper air after his living food; and no sound fell upon my ear, but the jingling of a distant cow-bell and the splash of a leaping sturgeon.

Another picture which makes me remember with unalloyed pleasure this portion of the Mississippi, was a scene that I witnessed early in the morning. The sky was without a cloud, and a pleasant sunshine had full sway among the hills. On either side of me was a row of heavily timbered islands, whose lofty columns, matted vines, and luxuriant undergrowth of trees, told me of a soil that was rich beyond compare, but seldom trodden by the foot of man; and in the distance was an open vista, beautified by other islands, and receding to the sky. Now, unnumbered swallows were skimming the water, uttering a shrill chirp; then, the cry of a disappointed blue-jay would grate upon the ear; now, a boblink and black-bird held a noisy

conversation, and then the croak of a raven would descend from the top of some dead tree; now the mocking-bird, the dove, the red and blue-bird, the robin and the sparrow, favored me with a chorus of their own, while the whistle of the quail and the lark would now and then break forth to vary the natural oratorio. And to cap the climax, an occasional flock of ducks might be seen, startled away by our approach, also a crane feeding on the shore, or a bold fish-hawk pursuing his prey, while the senses were almost oppressed by the fragrance of blowing flowers, which met the eye on every side.

By multiplying the above two scenes almost indefinitely, and tinging them with the ever varying hues and features of the pleasant summer time, and by fancying on either bank of the river an occasional thriving village, "like sunshine in a shady place," you will have a very good idea of Mississippi scenery between the mouth of the Missouri and the Lower Rapids. These are twelve miles long, and the first on the river which impede its navigation. The water, during the dry season, varies from two to four feet in depth on these Rapids, but the channel is so very crooked that even the smaller steamers with difficulty find a passage. Below this point the eye of the traveller is occasionally delighted by a fine prairie landscape, but the following picture may be looked upon as a pretty accurate epitome of the scenery between Nauvoo, at the head of the Rapids, and Rock Island. It was the noontide hour of one of those heavenly days which occasionally make very happy the universal human world. My own heart, which had been darkened by the shadows of life, was made joyous by its dazzling loveliness. The sunshine slept upon the quiet landscape, as sweetly as if the world had never known a deed of sin, while every object which composed the scene performed its secret ministry of good. It was just such a day as George Herbert has made immortal in the following words:

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew will weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die."

At my feet flowed the tranquil waters of the superb river, from whose very margin receded a level prairie, which soon lost itself, in a rolling country, whose motionless billows receded to the far horizon. On my extreme left lay a range of wood-crowned and dreary looking hills, and on my right a solitary bluff which was as smooth on every side as the most highly cultivated lawn. The atmosphere was soft and of a rosy hue, and made me long for the wings of a dove that I might float away upon its bosom. Flowers of loveliest hue and sweetest fragrance were all around; and the only sound that fell upon my ear was a hum of insect wings. On the bluffs already mentioned a large herd of deer were quietly cropping their food; and in the air high towards the zenith was floating in his pride of freedom, an immense eagle, the seeming monarch of the western world.

Rock Island, whence I date this paper, and which lies in the river midway between the villages of Davenport and Rock Island, is one of the most picturesque points I have yet seen during my journey. It is, literally speaking, a rocky island, and is surmounted by the dilapidated walls of an ancient fortress, and was, in former days, the scene of many a struggle between the red man and his *brotherly* oppressor. But the place is greatly changed. Where once the gayly dressed officer quaffed his wine cup at the midnight hour, the lonely shriek of the owl is now heard even until the break of day: and the rat, the toad, and the spider, have usurped the place where once the soldier hummed his thoughtless song, or was heard the roar of his artillery.

LEGENDS OF THE ILLINOIS.

STARVED ROCK is the unpoetical name of a singular spot on the Illinois river about sixty miles east of this place, and eight miles south of Ottawa. It is a rocky bluff, rising from the margin of the stream to the height of more than a hundred feet, and is only separated from the main land by a narrow chasm. Its length might probably measure two hundred and fifty feet. Its sides are perpendicular, and there is only one point where it can be ascended, and that is by a narrow stair-like path. It is covered with many a cone-like evergreen, and, in summer, encircled by luxuriant grape and ivy vines, and clusters of richly colored flowers. It is undoubtedly the most conspicuous and beautiful pictorial feature of the sluggish and lonely Illinois, down which I lately made a delightful excursion, and is associated with the final extinction of the Illinois tribe of Indians. The legend which I heard from the lips of a venerable Indian trader, is as follows:

Many years ago, the whole region lying between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi was the home and dominion of the Illinois Indians. For them alone did the buffalo and antelope range over its broad prairies; for them did the finest of rivers roll their waters into the lap of Mexico, and bear upon their bosoms the birchen canoe, as they sought to capture the wild water fowl; and for them alone did the dense forests, crowding upon these streams, shelter their unnumbered denizens.

In every direction might be seen the smoke of Indian wigwams curling upwards to mingle with the sunset clouds, which told them tales of the spirit land.

Years passed on, and they continued to be at ease in their possessions. But the white man from the far east, with the miseries which have ever accompanied him in his march of usurpation, began to wander into the wilderness, and trouble to the poor red man was the inevitable consequence. The baneful "fire water," which was the gift of civilization, created dissensions among the savage tribes, until in process of time, and on account of purely imaginary evils, the Pottowattomies from Michigan determined to make war upon the Indians of Illinois. Fortune, or rather destiny, smiled upon the oppressors, and the identical rock in question was the spot that witnessed the extinction of an aboriginal race.

It was the close of a long siege of cruel warfare, and the afternoon of a day in the delightful Indian summer. The sunshine threw a mellow haze upon the prairies, and tinged the multitudinous flowers with the deepest gold; while, in the shade of the forest islands, the doe and her fawn reposed in quietness, lulled into a temporary slumber by the hum of the grasshopper and wild bee. The wilderness world wore the aspect of a perfect Sabbath. But now, in the twinkling of an eye, the delightful solitude was broken by the shrill whoop and dreadful struggle of bloody conflict upon the prairies and in the woods. All over the country was seen the dead bodies of the ill-fated Illinois, when it was ordered by Providence that the concluding skirmish between the hostile parties should take place in the vicinity of Starved Rock.

The Pottowattomies numbered near three hundred warriors, while the Illinois tribe was reduced to about one hundred, who were mostly aged chiefs and youthful heroes — the more desperate fighters having already perished, and the women and children of the tribe having already been massacred and consumed in their wigwams. The battle was most desperate between the unequal parties.

The Illinois were about to give up all for lost, when, in their frenzy, they gave a defying shout, and retreated to the rocky bluff. From this, it was an easy matter to keep back their enemies, but alas! from that moment they were to endure un-

thought-of suffering, to the delight of their baffled, yet victorious enemies.

And now to describe in words the scene that followed and was prolonged for several days, were utterly impossible. Those stout-hearted Indians, in whom a nation was about to become extinct, chose to die upon their strange fortress, by starvation and thirst, rather than surrender themselves to the scalping-knife of their exterminators. And, with a few exceptions, this was the manner in which they did perish. Now and then, indeed, a desperate man would lower himself, hoping thereby to escape, but a tomahawk would cleave his brain before he touched the ground or water.

Day followed day, and those helpless captives sat in silence, and gazed imploringly upon their broad beautiful lands, while hunger was gnawing into their very vitals. Night followed night, and they looked upon the silent stars, and beyond, to the home of the Great Spirit, but they murmured not at his decree. And if they slept, in their dreams they once more played with their little children, or held converse with their wives, and roamed the woods and prairies in perfect freedom. When morning dawned, it was but the harbinger of another day of agony; but when the evening hour came, a smile would sometimes brighten up a haggard countenance, for the poor, unhappy soul, through the eye of an obscure faith, had caught a glimpse of the spirit land. Day followed day, and the last lingering hope was utterly abandoned. Their destiny was sealed, and no change for good could possibly take place, for the human blood-hounds who watched their prey, were utterly without mercy. The feeble, white-haired chief, crept into a thicket and there breathed his last. The recently strong-bodied warrior, uttering a protracted but feeble yell of exultation, hurled his tomahawk upon some fiend below, and then yielded himself up to the pains of his condition. The little form of the soft-eyed youth parted with its strength, and was compelled to totter, fall upon the earth and die. The weary, weary days passed on, and the strongest man and last of his race was numbered with the dead: and a glorious banquet was presented to the vulture and the raven.

NAUVOO.

On my way up the Mississippi, I tarried a few hours at the far-famed city of Nauvoo: and when I resumed my course, I felt like one just awakened from an incomprehensible dream. Surely, surely fanaticism is a most foul fiend, and we ought to rejoice with exceeding joy that He who ruleth the armies of heaven, is yet the protector of earth, and its inhabitants, and will not leave the whole of mankind to the mercy of their idols.

The Mormon city occupies an elevated position, and, as approached from the south, appears capable of containing a hundred thousand souls. But its gloomy streets bring a most melancholy disappointment. Where lately resided no less than twenty-five thousand people, there are not to be seen more than about five hundred; and these, in mind, body and purse, seem to be perfectly wretched. In a walk of about ten minutes, I counted several hundred chimneys, which were all that number of families had left behind them, as memorials of their folly, and the wickedness of their persecutors. When this city was in its glory, every dwelling was surrounded with a garden, so that the corporation limits were uncommonly extensive; but now all the fences are in ruin, and the lately crowded streets rank with vegetation. Of the houses left standing, not more than one out of every ten is occupied, excepting by the spider and the toad. Hardly a window retained a whole pane of glass, and the doors were broken, and open, and hingeless. Not a single laughing voice did I hear in the whole place, and the lines of suffering and care seemed to be imprinted on the faces of the very children who met me in the way. I saw not

a single one of those numerous domestic animals, which add so much to the comforts of human life; and I heard not a single song even from the robin and the wren, which are always so sure to build their nests about the habitations of man. The very sunshine, and the pleasant passing breeze, seemed both to speak of sin, sorrow, and utter desolation.

Yet, in the centre of this scene of ruin, stands the Temple of Nauvoo, which is unquestionably one of the finest buildings in this country. It is built of limestone, quarried within the limits of the city, in the bed of a dry stream, and the architect, named Weeks, and every individual who labored upon the building, were Mormons. It is one hundred and twenty-eight feet in length, eighty feet wide, and from the ground to the extreme summit it measures two hundred and ninety-two feet. It is principally after the Roman style of architecture, somewhat intermixed with the Grecian and Egyptian. It has a portico, with three Roman archways. It is surrounded with pilasters; at the base of each is carved a new moon, inverted, while the capital of each is formed of an uncouth head, supported by two hands holding a trumpet. Directly under the tower in front is this inscription, in golden letters: "*The House of the Lord. Built by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Commenced April 6th*, 1841. *Holiness to the Lord.*" In the basement room, which is paved with brick, and converges to the centre, is a Baptismal Font, supported by twelve oxen, large as life, the whole executed in solid stone. Two stairways lead into it, from opposite directions, while on either side are two rooms for the recording clerks, and, all around, no less than twelve preparation rooms besides. On the first floor are three pulpits, and a place for the choir; and on either side eight Roman windows. Over the prophet's pulpit, or throne, is this inscription: "*The Lord has beheld our sacrifice: come after us.*" Between the first and second floors are two long rooms, appropriated to the patriarchs, which are lighted with eight circular windows each. The room of the second floor, in every particular, is precisely like that of the first. Around the hall of a spacious attic are twelve small rooms, with circular windows,

and a massive lock on each door. At the two front corners of the edifice are two winding stairways, which meet at the base of the tower, and lead to the summit,—while the roof of the main building is arranged for a place of promenade; and the walls of the noble edifice vary from four to six feet in thickness.

Estimating the manual labor at the usual prices of the day, it is said that the cost of this Temple was about $800,000. The owners now offer to sell it for $200,000, but it will be a long time, I fancy, before a purchaser is found.

The history of Mormonism is among the wonders of modern times. The delusion, or shallow imposition, originated with Joe Smith, while he was a tavern idler in Palmyra, New York, about twenty years ago. The "Mormon Bible," or "Book of Mormon," is a jargon of nonsense, which the Prophet cooked up out of what he called the Golden Bible, and which he pretended to have found in the cleft of a rock, to which he had been guided by a vision. Smith's first convert was a substantial, but weak-minded farmer, named Harris, at whose expense the book was first printed in Rochester; and the bloody scenes which attended the sudden death of the Great Impostor, seem only to have increased the number of his blind followers.

The Mormon, who took me over the Temple, and gave me the above information, was nearly broken-hearted. Like the majority of his brethren, remaining in the city, he was without money, and without friends; and yet, it was to be his destiny, in a few days, to push his way into the wilderness, with a large family depending upon him for support. It was in a most melancholy tone, indeed, that he spoke to me the following words: "Mine, sir, is a hard, hard lot. What if my religion is a false one, if I am sincere, is it not cruel, in the extreme, for those who call themselves the only true church, to oppress me and my people, as they have done? My property has been stolen from me, and my dwelling been consumed; and now, while my family is dependent upon a more fortunate brother for support, my little children cannot go into the streets without being pelted with stones, and my daughters cannot go to the well after a pail of water, without being insulted by the young

and *noble* among our persecutors. I do not deserve this treatment. I am not a scoundrel, or a foreigner;—far, far from the truth is this supposition. My grandfather, sir, was killed at the battle of Yorktown, as an officer of the glorious Revolution; my own father, too, was also an American army officer during the last war; and all my kindred have ever been faithful to the upright laws of the government. Knowing, therefore, these things to be true, and knowing, too, that I am an honest man, it is very hard to be treated by my fellow-countrymen as a 'vagabond.' O, I love this sacred Temple dearly, and it makes me weep to think that I must so soon leave it to the tender mercies of the *Christian* world."

Thus far had this poor man proceeded, when his utterance was choked with tears,—and I was glad of it, for my own heart was affected by his piteous tale. I gave him a bit of money for his trouble, when he was called to attend a new arrival of visitors, and I was left alone in the belfry of the Temple.

Then it was that I had an opportunity to muse upon the superb panorama which met my gaze upon every side. I was in a truly splendid temple,—that temple in the centre of a desolate city,—and that city the centre of an apparently boundless wilderness. To the east lay in rare beauty the grand Prairie of Illinois, reaching to the waters of Michigan; to the north and south faded away the winding Mississippi; and on the west, far as the eye could reach, was spread out a sea of forest land, entering which, I could just distinguish a caravan of exiled Mormons, on their line of march for Oregon and California. As before remarked, when I went forth from out the massy porches of the Mormon Temple, to journey deeper into the wilderness, I felt like one awakened from a dream.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN.

JUST above Rock Island are the Upper Rapids of the Mississippi, which extend some fifteen miles, and have a fall of twenty-seven feet. They made a deep impression upon my mind, because it was there that our steamboat swung upon a rock for some thirty hours, and where, soon as we were clear, we ran into a downward-bound steamer, and settled her to the bottom; but fortunately no lives were lost. I noticed on these and the Lower Rapids a certain fly or miller, which were at the evening hour flying about in immense numbers. They are called the Mormon fly, and I was told were found on these rapids alone, and that wherever they alight, there they remain, if not disturbed, until they *die*.

Soon after we had passed these rapids, I enjoyed another prairie scene, which was even more superb than the one I have already attempted to describe. On this occasion the bank in the foreground was covered with grass that must have been at least six feet high, and the only living creatures that I saw were a beautiful doe and her fawn, quenching their thirst in the limpid stream.

The Illinois side of the Mississippi, between the Upper Rapids and the Fever river, which leads you to Galena, is characterized by an extensive range of fantastic bluffs and isolated rocks. Covered as they are with vines and mosses, they present the appearance of ancient ruins; and it requires no great stretch of the imagination to discover towers and turrets of ancient castles, fortress walls that have been partly battered down, and solitary pillars rising in gloomy grandeur, as if to preach a

salutary lesson to the passing traveller, upon the ravages of time. This same kind of singular scenery ornaments the river in the vicinity of Dubuque, (which, like Galena, is some distance from the Mississippi,) and extends as far as Prairie Du Chien, only, as you ascend, the bluffs become more lofty and imposing. On the summit of one of the most beautiful of these bluffs is a small cabin and a large wooden cross, where the French trader and miner, Dubuque, was buried, according to his own request, and in a coffin made of solid lead.

Prairie Du Chien is undoubtedly one of the most interesting and beautiful places on the Mississippi. It takes its name from the fact that it was once the camping place of a Fox Indian Chief, whose name was—*The Dog*. The prairie extends along the eastern bank of the river for about ten miles; on the one hand it slopes gently down the river, and on the other is bounded by a range of bluffs, which are some five hundred feet high, and exceedingly picturesque. The houses that shelter the inhabitants of this place are planted without any order, but as it is one of our more ancient trading posts, there is a rude and romantic appearance about them which is quite refreshing. Here, in the form of an isolated square, lie the barracks of Fort Crawford, where the discordant sounds of the drum and the shrill whistle of the fife are often heard; while in another part of the plain are the ruins of an old fortress almost level with the ground. Now a lonely Catholic church is seen holding forth its gilded cross; and now, the store of the Indian trader is surrounded with a herd of Winnebago Indians, who resort here for purposes of trade. The territory of this tribe lies directly on the opposite side of the Mississippi, where the eye is again gratified by a range of wood-covered bluffs, rising directly from the margin of the stream. From the regular lines of naked strata which extend along the sides of all the bluffs in this vicinity, it is evident that the spot called Prairie Du Chien was formerly the bed of the Mississippi, but how many centuries ago this was the case, it is impossible to imagine. And yet if this conclusion is correct, and we remember that there are hundreds of similar prairies as well as bottom

lands on the Mississippi, we must also conclude that this stream is now a mere rivulet to what it was in the times of old.

On the bluffs, in the immediate vicinity of Prairie Du Chien, are some of the most remarkable of those strange memorials of a forgotten race which have yet been discovered in our country. Like those of Ohio, Kentucky, Missouri, and Illinois, those of the more northern wilderness will long continue to puzzle the antiquarian, and furnish food for the poet and the moralist. Here the mounds, trenches, and cellars are found connected in one series of works, which seem to have been used for military purposes. Deep under the surface of the ground, tomahawks of brass (differing materially from those now in use) have been found; and stories are told of gigantic skeletons having been disinterred in the neighborhood. The only things which throw any light upon these singular ruins, are the uncouth and unsatisfactory legends of the Indians, who tell us that a race of white giants were once the possessors of the soil which they have inherited from their warlike and victorious ancestors. These vestiges of an extinct race, "lie in their sunless chambers like the spirits of the past, as if in mockery of an age which arrogates to itself the term of an age of light. They will probably remain for ever a signal rebuke upon the learning of modern times, assuming, as it does, the pride of universal knowledge."

At this place I met and had a long conversation with an Indian trader, who had lived in the wilderness for more than half a century. He gave me an interesting account of the battle of Bad Axe, at which he was present. This spot lies some distance below Prairie Du Chien, and received its name from an Indian, who was killed and buried there at an early day. The trader told me that the word *battle* was not the right one to use in speaking of that conclusion of the Black Hawk war;—it was a cruel *massacre*. The poor Indians were crossing the river (as they had been for days) with all possible despatch, when they were overtaken by a force of three thousand of our well-armed soldiers. The surprise caused great consternation among the Indians; all who could, made their escape, and the

leader of *this crowd* was Black Hawk himself. Six of our people alone were killed: and *nine-tenths* of the two hundred red-skins slain, were *women* and *children*. The famished condition of the *enemy* on that occasion must have been melancholy indeed. My old friend told me, that among the scenes which he witnessed on the ground after this massacre, was a dead child, with the meatless bone of a young colt's leg grasped firmly in its little hand;—it had died of starvation while clinging to the body of its murdered mother. And this is a portion of the payment that our Government has ever been in the habit of awarding to the poor Indian, for the splendid territories which were his only inheritance.

The Winnebagoes are about the only Indians who visit Prairie Du Chien for purposes of traffic; formerly, however, it was the congregating place for the nations which lived upon the Fox and Wisconsin rivers, as well as those upon the head waters of the Mississippi. The Winnebagoes were once almost as numerous as the leaves upon the trees, but the nation has been so far reduced that only about three thousand now remain. And a more unhappy people do not exist upon the continent,—warriors, women and children are all apparently broken hearted. In olden times they were a race of brave men and beautiful women, but now they prowl among their native hills a brotherhood of vagabonds, exceedingly poor and universally despised. And yet the white man who was the author of all this misery counts his gold, and congratulates himself with the idea that he is a Christian.

But I am wandering from what I was about to record, viz., the history of a visit to the lodge of Winneshic, head chief of the Winnebagoes. The business which had brought the old man to the Prairie, was, to exchange the skin of a recently captured bear, for a small bag of flour and some ammunition. I had made him a present of tobacco, (which is about the only currency that a traveller can make use of in the wilderness,) and when it was intimated to him that I should be pleased to visit his lodge, he immediately pressed me to become his guest, which invitation was duly accepted. He had come to the

Prairie alone, in a small wooden canoe, in which, at the appointed hour, I seated myself and away we started up the Mississippi. With the language of my old friend I was partially acquainted, and this, with my knowledge of the Indian character, and his smattering of English, enabled me to carry on a respectable conversation. The old man told me that I must keep very quiet in my seat, as he thought me a novice in canoe navigation; whereupon I seized a paddle and feathered it a few moments in a style worthy of the chief himself, which not only surprised but pleased him. After a quiet sail of about an hour, during which time I enjoyed some of the finest scenery and one of the brightest of sunsets, the canoe suddenly turned into the mouth of a little creek, and I was landed at the threshhold of my companion's lodge. It was made of buffalo skins and shaped like a sugar loaf. It stood upon a plot of level ground, in the centre of a brotherhood of elms, and at the foot of an abrupt hill. It was so far elevated as to command a southern view of the Mississippi, extending at least a dozen miles,—the river meanwhile making two or three magnificent sweeps, as if in honor of the beautiful islands which rested like jewels on its peaceful bosom.

The extent of Winneshic's family I was unable to learn, but the only individuals whom I saw at his lodge were his wife, a couple of fine looking boys and a little girl. They were all glad to see me, and treated me with marked politeness. I was invited to a seat upon the handsomest mat in the lodge, and while the chief sat by my side smoking his pipe and entertaining me with the strange wild stories of his life, the wife busied herself in finishing a pair of moccasins, while the children were cooking a wilderness supper. That supper consisted of boiled fish, a roasted duck, and a piece of dough about half baked, all of which we ate with our fingers, and without salt.

After the repast was ended I thought it my turn to entertain my friends, and for this purpose had brought my portfolio of sketches, which were carefully examined by the light of a blazing fire. Some of the scenes I had sketched were recognized by the whole family, and caused them to look with wonder

upon my supposed talent and upon the lead pencil which I also exhibited to them. Their astonishment amused me exceedingly, and I greatly increased it by sketching a profile of the chief and his better-half. It so happened that I was successful in my attempt, and when I presented the sketches to the individuals represented, they ransacked every nook and corner of their lodge for something to give me in return. The chief handed me a beautiful pipe from the famous red stone quarry, while the wife presented me with the most fantastic pair of moccasins in her possession; the little girl gave me a cake of maple sugar, and one of the boys presented me with an eagle's plume, and the other with a bow and arrows.

It was near midnight before I was suffered to lie down to rest, but before taking this step I emerged from the wigwam for the purpose of looking upon the Mississippi at that hour. And a lovely sight indeed was it my privilege to behold. The moon was sweeping across her cloudless field of blue—a beautiful but impatient queen—while an occasional star gazed upward from its watchtower, as if in admiration of the heaven-born spectacle. All the hills and islands were in deep shadow, and before me, far as the eye could reach, lay exposed the windings of the stream, which was brighter than a shield of burnished steel. So very still was the air around, that you might now hear the shrill note of some frightened deer far away upon the hillside; and now the scream of a lonely loon, the splashing of a leaping fish, and the rippling of the rivulet at my feet, which glided into the bosom of its parent stream through a cluster of tall reeds. With this picture and its manifold associations deeply fixed in my mind, I re-entered the lodge, threw myself upon a mat in the midst of my Indian friends, and was soon in a deep sleep.

I arose, on the following morning, at an early hour, and after partaking of a breakfast of boiled fish, I entered, with the chief, into his canoe, and in forty minutes was at my quarters in Prairie Du Chien.

THE LEAD REGION.

THE lead region of the Mississippi occupies not far from one hundred square miles. The two principal towns are Galena and Dubuque, which are both handsome and flourishing. The original possessors of this land were the Saque and Fox Indians, who used to sell to the white settlers on the frontier the ore which they often found upon the surface of their soil. The first white man who went into the mining business here was Dubuque. Of this man many strange stories are related. He was a kind of medicine prophet among the Indians, and is said to have had a remarkable influence over them, as well as over the rattlesnake, the bite of which he pretended to cure by enchantment. He became a great favorite with the Indians, and for a long time was the only man, not of their blood, whom they would suffer to live upon their soil. After his death, they placed him in a leaden coffin of their own manufacture, and buried him on the picturesque bluff which bears his name as already mentioned; and after this they destroyed every vestige of his property.

In process of time, extravagant mineral stories were circulated throughout the country, and the general government purchased the Indian El Dorado of its possessors. The first man who went into the mining business of Galena, after the country had become our own, was Col. Richard M. Johnson. Since that time, thousands of people, on various occasions, have made and lost money in this peculiar business, which, from its very nature, is in reality, a lottery. Lead, lead is the burthen of every body's song, and the quantities weekly shipped to Saint

Louis are truly immense; thirty million pounds having been smelted in a single year. In 1825, a vein of astonishing richness was found by three brothers named Gratiet, and that too, after digging only a single foot, while shafts have since been sunk at least two hundred feet. But a man may dig until doomsday without finding a *lead*, and consequently die a beggar — while another, in a few months will realize a fortune, upon which he is too apt to retire, and then squander at the gaming table, so that you also soon find him an idler, and in want. One individual I have myself known, who came to Galena with five hundred dollars; and having labored with unceasing industry for about three years, and expended his little fortune, when I saw him, had not the means of purchasing a loaf of bread, and was utterly without employment. Notwithstanding the liberal mining regulations of the government, the fates were against him, and he was compelled to give up his mineral dreams in despair. Another individual, whom I saw at Galena, was remarkably fortunate in his operations. A little more than a year ago he commenced digging a certain hillside, and the first thing he knew, his spade struck against a solid mass of ore. He was encouraged, and proceeded in his excavations, and, in the course of a single year, sold a sufficient quantity of eighty per cent. ore to amount to the sum of twenty-three thousand dollars. His mine is still yielding quite abundantly, and as it is probably the best in this region, I will describe it in a few words.

After descending a shaft of some eighty feet in depth, by jumping into a tub attached to a stout rope, you find yourself in the centre of an immense cave, with chambers leading in various directions. The walls and ceilings are mostly of pure sand, excepting where an occasional solid mass of native lead glistens like silver or gold, in the torch-light. Square blocks of the ore, weighing from half a pound to one hundred, all lie as accurately dovetailed together, as if placed there by the hands of a master mason. While looking upon these singular masses, I could hardly banish the thought from my mind, that we were in view of treasures which had been hidden here in those days

when giants inhabited the world. When my curiosity was fully satisfied, I seized the rope, and with a palpitating heart passed upward out of the bowels of the earth into the pleasant sunshine.

Twenty years ago it took forty days to perform a trip to Saint Louis from Galena, and now the same trip is accomplished in as many hours; then in pirogues by means of what was called *bushwhacking*, *cordeling* or *warping*, but now by swift and handsome steamers. Rare society had they at Galena in those days, and the mixture is not yet extinct. The working men are the diggers and smelters, and then come the store-keepers, the black-legs and innocent gentlemen from afar, vagabond Irish, *Wolverines* from Michigan, *Hoosiers* from Indiana, *Suckers* from Illinois, *Buckeyes* from Ohio, *Pukes* from Kentucky, and *Half horse and Half alligators* from everywhere on the Lower Mississippi.

Major Campton is the name of a noted character, who once resided at Galena, and whose hand I have shaken in a not very distant city. He is a powerfully built man, who has spent his whole life among the wildest of mortals, and whose various occupations have caused him to be well known from the banks of the Ohio to the shores of Lake Superior, where he is now figuring in the copper line, having made and lost a fortune at Galena. A natural consequence of his peculiar experience is, that he perfectly understands the art of fighting: though he is so much of a gentleman, that he could not be called a bully.

It so happened that, while travelling in his own conveyance, and accompanied by his wife, during a pleasant day last summer he came to a halt on the margin of a certain river, and shouted for the ferryman. In due time the indispensable gentleman was ready, and while inquiring the news of the day, he was suddenly smitten by a new thought, and dropping the painter of the old scow, looked inquiringly into the major's face, when the following dialogue ensued:—

"Stranger, is'nt your name Major Campton?"

"Yes, sir, it is. What business have you to transact with me?"

"You are the very man I have long been wanting to see, for you must know that I am the bully of the north."

"Indeed! What do I care for that?"

"I've hearn tell that you are a famous fighter, and I should like to have you give me a thrashing if you can."

"Why, man, I have nothing against you, and do not want to make a fool of myself."

"But you shall, though, my honey; and you don't cross this ferry until it is decided who is cock of the walk."

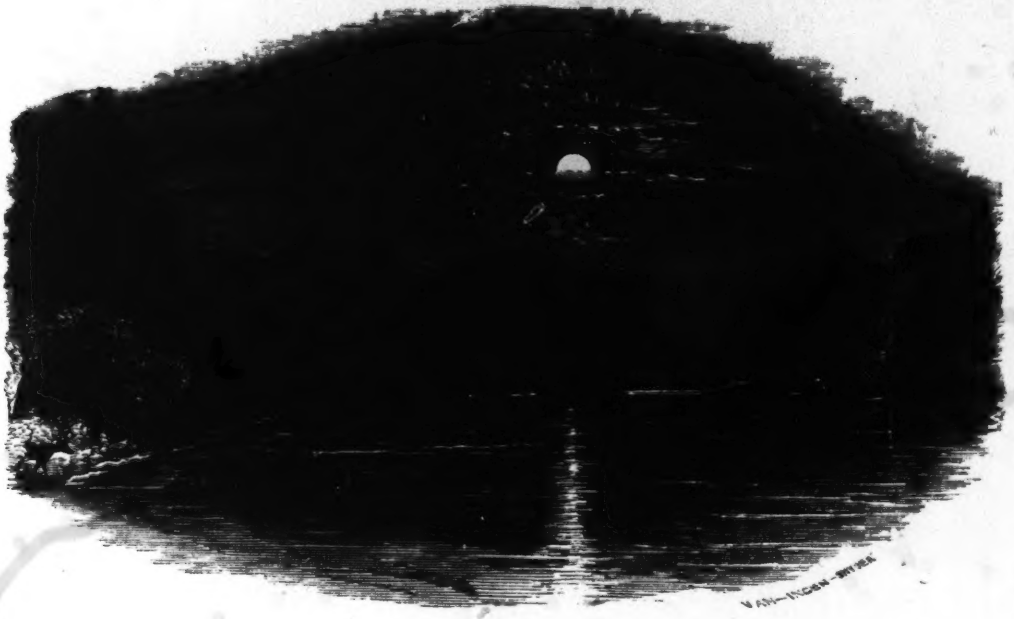
Remonstrance on the part of the major was all in vain, the ferryman was determined to fight. The major held a short consultation with his wife, who was of course in great trouble, but taking off his coat and unbuttoning his straps, he stept out upon a grassy spot and waited for the ferryman's attack. To shorten a long story, the fight was a tedious one, and ended in the total defeat of the challenger, who presented in himself, after the struggle, an admirable picture of border heroism. He had strength enough left, however, to ferry the champion over the river; and when the major offered to pay the accustomed fare, the latter held not out his hand, but making a rude bow, he exclaimed;—"*Not a dime, sir, good afternoon.*"

THE ALPINE REGION.

That portion of the Mississippi which extends from Prairie Du Chien, to Lake Pepin is the most mountainous and truly beautiful on the whole river, and may with strict propriety be called the Alpine Region. The river here varies from a quarter to a full mile in width, and on either side throughout the whole distance is a range of mountains which sometimes actually bend over the river, and sometimes recede into the interior for several miles. The Mississippi here is rather sluggish, but translucent, and filled with islands which are covered with every variety of forest trees found between Kentucky and the Great Lakes. But the willow and the elm are pre-eminently beautiful. Well do I remember with what delight I mused upon the changing landscape, as our vessel glided onward and onward into the wild and silent wilderness. The mountains of this region are not quite so lofty as the Highlands of the Hudson, (to which they have been compared,) but they are far more picturesque, fantastic, and extensive. At one moment may be seen a cone-shaped mountain rising to the height of some eight hundred feet, and completely covered, to the extreme summit, with a carpet of grass; now the eye will linger on a perpendicular bluff, pictured against the sky, like a fortress of the Mound Builders, and apparently frowning upon the softly flowing stream that laves its foliage-hidden base; now, you sail in the shadow of a pillared temple that seems to prop the sky: and now, along a continued succession of peaks and points that fade away, until lost in the rosy atmosphere of evening. During all this time, your vessel will be gliding around and between

the most charming of green islands, some of them containing a solitary grave, others a little brotherhood of Indians, lounging upon the grassy opening before their wigwams; while some happy bird will favor you with an occasional song, or the leap of a trout take the fancy captive, to revel in the cool chambers of the stream. Here it is, too, that the famous Island Mountain rises to the height of five hundred feet, completely covered with trees, and capped by a cluster of broken rocks. It is several miles long and about one in width, and is the largest island in the Mississippi. From time immemorial it has been celebrated for the number of its rattlesnakes, and on a grassy plot at its base stands a cluster of graves, where repose the ashes of stranger Indians who died upon the island from wounds inflicted by these reptiles.

The next object that I would attempt to describe on my way up the Mississippi, is Lake Pepin. It lives in my memory as the Horicon of the wilderness. It is an extended portion of the Mississippi, — twenty-three miles long, and from three to four wide. It is surrounded with hills, which abound in almost every variety of game; its shores are gravelly, abounding in valuable agates and cornelians; the water is clear, and very deep, and it yields the very best of fish in great abundance. My first view of Lake Pepin (I wish I knew how it came by that name!) was on one of the most charming evenings that I ever witnessed. The cloudless sky was studded with stars, and the moon sailed upward and onward with an uncommon beauty, as if proud of the wilderness world she was then flooding with her beams. For hours did I sit musing upon the eastern shore, near the outlet, whence I could discern no less than sixteen peaks or bluffs, looming in solitude against the horizon. "The holy time was quiet as a nun, breathless with adoration." The water was without a ripple, and reflected in its pure bosom every star, while the moon, as if determined that it should so remain forever, spanned it with a bar of gold. The only sounds that trembled in the air were the hoot of an owl, the wail of a loon, and a hum from the insect world. I looked and wondered, until the night was far spent, and the dew was heavy and cold.



LAKE PEPIN.

It was while tarrying at this lake, that the captain of our steamer was honored by a visit from Wabashaw, or Red Leaf, the head chief of the Sioux nation. He was attended by several of his counsellors, and in all his movements had the bearing of a proud prince. He is a young man, and said to be a brave and eminently successful warrior. Our captain treated him to wine, and I gave him a present of tobacco. The captain was so pleased with the natural curiosity, as he called the chief, that he summoned all his lady passengers to obtain a glimpse. The ladies soon made their appearance, and while staring at the chief, now laughing, and now laying their hands upon his ornaments, a most ferocious glance all at once shot from his eye, and uttering a scornful speech, he bolted from the ring of impudent spectators. The cause of this singular movement was, that it is considered disgraceful for a Sioux chief to be seen in company of women, or to be spoken to and stared upon by them. The only person whose hand he would take on going ashore was mine; and when I happened to meet this chief on a subsequent occasion, he treated me with marked attention, and presented me with a handsome pipe.

At the time that I visited Lake Pepin, there were quite a number of Sioux Indians encamped upon its shores. Among the lodges which I visited was that of a woman, ninety years of age and a widow. She looked exceedingly wretched, but was so intelligent and amiable that I almost fell in love with the old antediluvian. I cannot give the whole of her long story, for it was not all translated to me, but an idea of its character may be obtained from the following episode, which I listened to, seated by her side, and that of her only descendant—a handsome boy. Her attention had been directed to our steamer, which lay moored a short distance off, when she suddenly broke out with the following:—"How rapidly does time fly! A short time ago the light canoe was the only thing that glided upon this lake; but now we often hear the groaning of the great fire-vessel, as it sweeps along like an angry deer. The white man's conduct appears strange. I cannot understand its purpose. O, I am an old woman and a fool!

"Many, very many have been my trials. Thirty years has my husband been dead. Eight brave sons have I had, but they were all killed in battles with the Chippeways. I also had two daughters, who were like the does of the prairie, but the Great Spirit has long since taken them to the happy land. My only relative, now living, is this boy. O, I am an old woman, and have no business to live!

"But I will not despair. The Great Spirit is at my fireside, and has given me a helper in the dark evening of my days. This boy-hunter supplies me with food. His arrow never fails, and the winds always tell him where to find the sweet fish. He paddles my canoe, he brings me wood for my fire, and he sleeps by my side in my comfortable lodge. O, I am an old woman! but what is there in the world that I need, and cannot obtain?"

May the smiles of Providence rest upon this mother of a great nation, whose glory is personified in her feeble and decrepit form.

The most romantic legend, however, associated with the Mississippi Horicon, is the oft-repeated story of Winona. She was the daughter of a chief, and lived about one hundred years ago. She was exceedingly beautiful, and universally beloved. Her father had promised her hand to a favorite warrior, but her heart had been pledged to another, not less brave, but more noble and youthful. For many months she would not listen to the wishes of her father; but his sterner nature was roused, and he vowed that she *must* marry the object of *his* choice. Weeks passed on, and she knew that she must yield. Nightly did she meet her accepted lover, but always talked to him of the Spirit Land, as if she had been a queen of that fantastic realm. The marriage-night had been appointed, and the chief had proclaimed a feast. To all outward appearance a change suddenly came over the daughter's mind, and she smiled and talked like one about to be made a happy bride. Among the delicacies that were to be eaten on the occasion, was a certain berry that was found in great perfection upon a certain hill or bluff. It was a pleasant summer afternoon, and all the female friends

of Winona, accompanied by herself, were picking the desired berries.

Carelessly did they all wander up the hill-side, while an occasional laugh would ring upon the air; but Winona was only seen to smile, for (though those loving friends knew it not) her heart was darkened by many a strange shadow. Carelessly did the berry-gatherers wander on; when all at once a low melancholy song fell upon their ears, and lo! upon the very edge of a beetling precipice stood the form of the much loved Winona.

Her song was death-like, and when her companions were intuitively convinced of the contemplated deed, they were stupified with horror. Winona motioned them to keep back, while her song increased until it became a wail. The burthen of it was,

"Farewell, sisters:—
I am going to the Spirit Land;
My warrior will come after me,
And we shall be blessed."

One moment more, and Winona, the pride of all the Indian villages on Lake Pepin, was deeply buried in its clear cold bosom. And this is the story that hallows the loftiest peak of this lake. I obtained it, as here related, from one of her kindred, and I believe it to be true. As to Winona's warrior, it is said that he lived for many years a hermit, and finally died a madman. So runneth many a song of life.

RED WING VILLAGE.

THE scenery between Lake Pepin and the Saint Croix is not as lofty nor as picturesque as that we have already passed, but its interest is greatly enhanced by the greater number of Indians that we here meet. The Red Wing village is nearly midway between the two lakes mentioned, and contains about six hundred souls. A short distance from this place are two isolated mountains, whence may be seen a magnificent panorama of the wilderness, and when viewed at sunset presents more the appearance of dream-land than reality. These mountains from time immemorial have been used as the altars where Indian war parties have offered up their sacrifices previous to going to battle. At the present time, however, their only inhabitants are rattlesnakes, which slumber on their sunny slopes or in the clefts of the rocks during the long summer. And thus is it throughout the world, in the wilderness as well as the city, death and the beautiful are ever linked together in an unbroken brotherhood.

I only remained at the Red Wing village one night, but such a night I hope never to pass again. An outcast of a trader had furnished the Indians with "fire-water," and the whole posse of them were quite mad, for spirituous liquor always makes the poor Indian miserably crazy. For want of a better place, I had to sleep in the cabin of this very trader. My bed was on the floor, while my host and his family occupied a couple of beds in opposite corners of the only room in the house. And such horrible yelling and screaming as I heard during the first half of that night, I can never forget. The

noises were unearthly and devilish. Now, you might hear the clashing of knives, as some of the more desperate spirits came together in a fight; and now you might hear the sobbings and moanings of a miserable woman, as she exposed and mutilated her body, to perpetuate the memory of a dead husband or child.

But there was one incident which made my hair stand out like the quills of the porcupine. I should premise that the few white people of the wilderness never think of locking their doors at night; and also that the Indians of this region claim it as a privilege to enter and depart from your cabin whenever they please, and their intrusions are always looked upon as matters of course. It was somewhat after midnight, and the yelling of the savages had partly subsided. I had just fallen into a doze, when I was startled by the stealthy opening of our cabin door and the tread of a muffled footstep. It was intensely dark, but I *knew* it was an Indian, and thought that somebody was about to be murdered. The object in the room made only noise enough to rack my brain, and then was perfectly still. I listened, and with hardly a breath in my body, continued to listen, until I finally slept, and my dreams were of blood, and blood only. The first peep of day, however, awakened me, when I saw directly at my side, flat on the floor, a huge Indian, breathing in his deep slumber like a porpoise. The first intelligence that I heard on going out of the door was, that one Indian had been killed during the night, and that another was at that moment in the agonies of death. As may be supposed, I left the Red Wing village with pleasure.

Lake Saint Croix empties into the Mississippi, and its principal inlet is a river of the same name which rises in the vicinity of Lake Superior. This is the valley through which the traders and Indians have been in the habit of passing, for a century, on their way from the western prairies to Lake Superior, and from the lake back again to the prairies. The river has one waterfall of uncommon beauty. The lake is about twenty-five miles long, from two to five wide, and surrounded with charming scenery. The water is clear, but of a rich brown color, and well supplied with fish, of which trout are the most abundant.

At the outlet of this lake, I visited another encampment of the Sioux or Dacotah Indians, where I saw a noted chief, named Little Crow. He was a handsome man, but both his arms had recently been broken by a rifle ball, which was shot by one of his own brothers,—who was envious of his station as chief. As a punishment for his wickedness, Little Crow had ordered four bullets to be fired at his brother, which of course numbered him with the dead. I saw his grave, and his wife wailing over it, like one sorrowing without hope.

From Lake Saint Croix to the Saint Peter's River, the banks of the Mississippi are steep, and about one hundred and fifty feet in height. The river is here studded with islands whose shadowy recesses are cool during the hottest weather; and I imagine a more delightful region for the botanist to ramble cannot be elsewhere found. The water is clear as crystal, and its bosom is generally covered with water-fowl, from the graceful snow-white swan to the mallard and wood-duck. Isolated Indian wigwams are frequently seen here, pitched on the margin of the stream, and at the foot of vine-covered precipices.

But there are three landscape views connected with this portion of the Mississippi, which I thought magnificent. I witnessed them all during a single afternoon, and in the light of a mellow sunshine. The first was of a rolling prairie that faded away to the western sky, until its outline was lost in the hazy atmosphere. Not a solitary tree did I behold, but a sea of grass, that was delightfully relieved with flowers of every variety of shape and color. Occasionally a breeze would pass across the scene, causing unnumbered tiny billows to quiver over the surface of mightier ones, which seemed to be careering onward to some unknown shore. Covering the foreground of this picture might be seen an immense flock of grouse, feeding, or chasing each other in sport; and then, an occasional prairie squirrel as it sat at the entrance of its hole; while in the middle distance a robber wolf glided over one of the ridges of the prairie, with his form pictured against the sky. The lone lost feeling which possessed me, when I thought of the great prairie-world then

lying before me, I cannot describe; it was composed of delight and melancholy, of confidence and fear.

Another picture which I witnessed from a commanding hill top, was an untrodden wilderness of woods, reaching to the extreme horizon on the north. Owing to my elevated position the forest-world appeared level, and, excepting one barren ledge, was without an object to mar the monotony of the scene. On that ledge, however, with the aid of my glass, I could just discern the dead body of some animal, with a black bear reclining at its side, as if sated with his feast; while in his neighborhood were standing some thirty crows in a state of delightful anticipation.

The other scene alluded to was witnessed from the lofty bluff that fronts the mouth of the Saint Peter's River. Far beneath my feet glided the majestic Mississippi;—on my right stood the handsome and commanding barracks of Fort Snelling, surmounted by the stars and stripes; on my left, the naked peak of the Pilot's Nob, with a cluster of trading-houses at its base; directly before me, winding away like a mighty serpent between a multitude of islands, lay the deep and turbid Saint Peter's River; and far beyond—far as the eye could reach—the prairie land, whose western boundary is the Rocky Mountains.

The landscape was indeed glorious, and there was something to gratify my national pride in the flag that fluttered in the breeze; but when I thought of the *business* of that Fort, and the *end* for which the people of the hamlet were living in the wilderness, the poetry of the scene was marred, and I longed to dive still deeper in the wild world which reposed so peacefully before me.

THE FALLS OF SAINT ANTHONY.

The hamlet of Saint Peter is at the mouth of the Saint Peter's River, at the head of steamboat navigation on the Mississippi. My sojourn here has been interesting from many circumstances. I feel that I am on the extreme verge of the civilized world, and that all beyond, to the ordinary traveller, is a mysterious wilderness; and every object which attracts my attention is made doubly entertaining by the polite attentions I receive from several gentlemen connected with Fort Snelling and the Fur Company.

In this vicinity I first saw an extensive encampment of Sioux or Dacotah Indians, who had, within six miles of the Fort, no less than three large villages. This, as is well known, is one of the most peculiar and savage tribes of the northwest, and as I happen to be here during their gala season, I have had an opportunity of being present at some of their feasts and games.

On one occasion it was announced throughout the village that the Indians were to have a Dog Feast, in which none but the bravest and most distinguished of the warriors are allowed to participate. The idea that lies at the bottom of this rite is, that by eating of a dog's liver the heart is made strong. The feast took place on the open prairie, in the afternoon, and was attended by about one hundred men, while there must have been a thousand spectators. The first step in the ceremony was for the Indians to seat themselves in a circle around a large pole, and devote a few moments to smoking. Their only article of clothing was the clout, and their only weapon a long

knife, while their heads were decorated with death-trophies, and their bodies encircled by a belt from which hung all the scalps the wearers had taken. Suddenly a whoop was given, and the whole party commenced dancing to the monotonous music of a drum. Then broke upon the ear the howl, and in a moment more the dying groan of a dog from without the circle of dancers. The carcass was thrown into their midst by a woman. A chorus of deafening yells resounded through the air, the dog was immediately opened, his liver taken out, suspended to the pole by a string, and the dance resumed. A moment had hardly elapsed, however, before the dancers, one after another, stepped up and took a bite of the yet warm and quivering liver. Soon as this was all eaten, another dog was thrown into the ring, and the same horrible ceremony repeated; and so they continued until the carcasses of several dogs were lying at the foot of the pole in the centre of the dancing crowd. Another human howl ascended to the sky, and the feast was ended. All the while the river flowed peacefully onward, and the mellow sunlight bathed in its own hues the illimitable prairie.

I have also had an opportunity of witnessing in this place the Indian mode of playing ball. There is nothing exclusive in this game, and every male Indian who is sufficiently active may take a part therein. It sometimes lasts for several days, and when I witnessed it, was played by two companies or bands, of about one hundred and fifty individuals each. The balls used are formed of a deer-skin bag, stuffed with the hair of that animal and sewed with its sinews. The clubs are generally three feet long, and have at the lower end a sinewy netting, sufficiently large to hold the ball, and each player is furnished with one of these clubs. With these they catch and throw the ball, and though they are not allowed to touch it with their hands, it is sometimes kept from once touching the ground for a whole afternoon. The station of each party is marked by a pole, on a line with which the players stand, just before beginning the game. The poles are usually about five hundred yards apart. The ball first makes its appearance midway between the par-

ties, to which point a most furious rush is made, and the object to be attained is, for the player to throw the ball *outside* his own line of standing.

The Olympic beauty of this game is beyond all praise. It calls into active exercise every muscle of the human frame, and brings into bold relief the supple and athletic forms of perhaps the best built people in the world. The only *ornaments* worn are of paint and marked all over the body, which, with the usual exception, is entirely naked. At one time a figure will rivet your attention similar to the Apollo Belvidere, and at another, you will be startled by the surpassing elegance of a Mercury. The only music that accompanies the game is a chorus of wild clear laughter. The only drawback connected with it is the danger of getting your legs broken, or the breath knocked out of your body, which are calamities that frequently happen.

There are not many particulars with regard to manners and habits wherein the Sioux Indians differ from their surrounding brethren. Living, as they mostly do, in a vast prairie region, their favorite and principal mode of travelling is on horseback; and away from the larger rivers, you will find them possessed of the finest horses, which they love and protect with true Arabian affection. They are of course admirable horsemen, and very expert in hunting the buffalo. They are cruel and vindictive towards their enemies, and have, from time immemorial, been at war with their neighbors of the north and west; and their hatred of the white man seems to be a cherished emotion of their nature. Physically speaking, they are a noble race of men and women, but universally considered as the Ishmaelites of the wilderness. Speaking of these Indians, reminds me of their pictorial historian, Capt. Seth Eastman. This gentleman is an officer in the army, and an artist of ability. He is a native of Maine, has been in the service about eighteen years, and stationed at Fort Snelling for the last five. All his leisure time has been devoted to the study of Indian character, and the portraying upon canvass of their manners and customs, and the more important fragments of their history. The Sioux tribes have attracted the most of his attention, although

he has not neglected the Chippewas, and he has done much to make us acquainted with the Seminoles of Florida, where he was, formerly, stationed for several years. Excepting a few, which he has occasionally presented to his friends, all that he ever painted are now in his possession, and it was my good fortune to spend many agreeable hours admiring their beauties. The collection now numbers about four hundred pieces, comprising every variety of scenes, from the grand Medicine Dance to the singular and affecting Indian Grave. When the extent and character of this Indian gallery are considered, it must be acknowledged the most valuable in the country, not even excepting that of George Catlin. But what adds greatly to the interest called forth by these pictures is the use to which they are to be applied. Instead of being used as a travelling exhibition to accumulate gold, this gallery is to be presented to a distinguished college, from which the artist will only demand the education of his children. There is something in this movement so foreign to the sordid passion of our age, and so characteristic of the true spirit of art, that the heart is thrilled with pleasure as we remember the American soldier-artist of the wilderness.

I have also had the pleasure of meeting at this point M. Lamarre Piquo, the distinguished French naturalist from Paris. He has been in the Indian country upwards of a year, and is to remain some months longer. He is on a professional tour, collecting specimens in every department of natural history, and for that purpose is constantly wandering along the rivers, through the woods, and over the prairies of the north-west, with no companions but Half-breeds or Indians. He seems to be a passionate lover of his science, and the appearance of his temporary store-room or museum is unique and interesting. Here, an immense buffalo stares at you with its glassy eyes, while just above it, pinned to the wall, may be seen a collection of curious beetles, butterflies, and other insects; then an elk and a deer will display their graceful forms, while at their feet will be coiled up the rattlesnake, the adder, and other frightful serpents; here the otter, the beaver, the fox, the wolf, the bear,

and other native animals; there a complete flock of web-footed creatures, from the wild swan and pelican, to the common duck; here an eagle and hawk, a partridge and scarlet bird; and there, embalmed in spirit, a vast variety of curious reptiles. M. Lamarre Piquo belongs to that honorable class of scholars, whose labors tend to develop the resources of our country, and among whom we find such men as Wilson, Audubon, Silliman, and Houghton.

Among the natural beauties associated with St. Peter ought not to be forgotten Carver's Cave, the Cascade Waterfall, the Lakes, and the Pilot's Nob. The cave is about four miles below, and was named after Carver, who was the first white man that explored it thoroughly; its Indian name, however, was Wahon-teebe, which means dwelling of the Great Spirit. The entrance to it is on the brink of the river, five feet high and about twice as wide; and the arch within is not far from fifteen feet high and twenty broad. The bottom is covered with sand, which slopes down to a lake of pure water, the opposite boundary of which has never been visited. On one of the inner sides, not far from the entrance, are quite a number of Indian hieroglyphics, partly covered with the moss of by-gone centuries.

About two miles north of St. Peter there empties into the Mississippi a small river, the parent of a most beautiful waterfall, called the Laughing Water. The stream is perhaps fifty feet wide, and after a wayward passage across the green prairie, it finally comes to a precipice of more than one hundred feet deep, and in an unbroken sheet discharges its translucent treasure into the pool below. So completely hidden by a mass of foliage is this fall, that you would pass it by unnoticed, were it not for its ever-murmuring song, and the clouds of ascending spray.

The Lakes in the neighborhood of St. Peter, on the bosom of the prairie, number some four or five, the most conspicuous of which are Harriet and Calhoun. They are not deep, but clear, abound in fish, and encircled with sand. The Pilot's Nob is a grass-covered peak, commanding a magnificent series

of views. To the west lies a boundless prairie; to the north and south the fantastic valley of the Mississippi; and to the east a wilderness of forest and prairie, apparently reaching to the shores of Michigan. But let us pass on to the Falls of St. Anthony, which are a few miles above St. Peter.

These falls are more famous than remarkable. They were first visited by Father Hennepin in 1689, who gave them their present name, out of respect to his patron saint. Their original name, in the Sioux language, was Owah-Menah, meaning falling water. They owe their reputation principally to the fact that they "veto" the navigation of the Upper Mississippi. They are surrounded with prairie, and therefore easily approached from every direction. The river here is perhaps half a mile wide, and the entire height of the falls, including the upper and lower rapids, is said to measure some twenty-five or thirty feet, and they are consequently without an imposing feature. The line of the falls is nearly straight, but broken near the centre by a large island, and just below this are no less than seven smaller but more picturesque islands, which are looked down upon by steep bluffs on either side of the river. For half a mile before the waters make their plunge, they glide swiftly across a slanting, but perfectly flat bed of rock; and after they have reached the lower level, they create a sheet of foam, as if venting their wrath upon the rocks which impede their progress; but in a few moments they murmur themselves to sleep, and then glide onward in peace toward the far distant ocean.

These falls seem to be the grand head-quarters for the eagles and buzzards of the wilderness, which congregate here in great numbers. At one moment a hungry individual might be seen, struggling with a bass or trout, directly in the pure foam; and then another, with well-filled crop, high up in heaven, would be floating on his tireless pinions. At another time, too, you might see a crowd of them hovering over the body of some floating animal which had lost its life while attempting to cross the upper rapids, and exciting indeed was the conflict between these warriors of the air.

Associated with the Falls of St. Anthony is the following Indian legend. A Chippewa woman, the daughter of a chief, and the wife of a warrior, had been cruelly treated by her faithless husband. She was not beautiful, but young and proud, and the mother of a lovely daughter-child. Goaded to the quick by repeated wrongs, she finally resolved to release herself from every trouble, and her child from evil friends, by departing for the Spirit Land, and the falls were to be the gateway to that promised heaven. It was an Indian summer evening, and nature was hushed into a deep repose. The mother and her child were alone in their wigwam, within sight and hearing of the falls, and the father was absent on a hunting expedition. The mother kissed and caressed her darling, and then dressed it with all the ornaments in her possession, while from her own person she rejected every article of clothing which she had received from her husband, and arrayed herself in richer garments which she had made with her own hands. She then obtained a full-blown lily, and crushing its petals and breaking its stem, she placed it on a mat in the centre of her lodge, as a memorial of her wrongs. All things being ready, she seized the child, hastened to the river, launched her frail canoe, and in a moment more was floating on the treacherous stream. According to a universal Indian custom, she sang a wild death song,—for a moment her canoe trembled on the brow of the watery precipice, and in an instant more the mother and child were forever lost in the foam below.

A RIDE ON HORSEBACK.

My mode of travelling, from the Falls of St. Anthony to Crow-Wing river, was on horseback. I obtained my animal of a Frenchman, who accompanied me as a guide. There was no regular road to follow, but only a well-beaten trail, which ran, for the most part, along the eastern bank of the Mississippi, where lie a succession of prairies and oak-openings. We were each furnished with a blanket, a small stock of bread and pork, ammunition and a gun. Our ponies were young and fleet, and mine was particularly easy and graceful in his movements. The day was scorching hot, but I was so anxious to proceed that I ventured out, and by six o'clock we were on our winding way.

A few hours had elapsed without meeting with a single adventure, when I fixed my eyes upon my gun, (which then seemed to be about six times as heavy as when we startled,) and began to wonder whether I was not in a fair way of illustrating Dr. Franklin's story of the whistle. But before I had a chance even to cast a look behind, I was startled by the report of my companion's gun, when lo! just in the shadow of a neighboring thicket, I saw a large buck make two frightful leaps and then drop to the earth quite dead. In a very few moments the two hind quarters of the animal were enveloped in his hide, and strapped to my friend's saddle; the tune of my intentions was changed, and after taking a lunch of bread we continued on our journey.

Our route, during the afternoon, lay over a portion of the prairie that was alive with grouse. My guide considered them

unworthy game for his gun and skill, and left me to enjoy the sport alone. I had no dog to point them, but my horse was so well trained to shoot from, that he answered very well as a substitute. I only had to ride into the midst of a flock, frighten them, bang away, and dismount and pick them up. And this was the manner in which I spent the "lucid intervals" of our frequent "halts," by way of *resting myself*, and *keeping cool*. At sunset I had, fastened to my saddle, upwards of thirty prairie birds.

We were now on the margin of a handsome stream, in a natural meadow, and as we found it necessary to feed and rest our horses, we gave them some water, hobbled them, and turned them at large. In the mean time we amused ourselves by cooking and enjoying a portion of our game, and that was my first supper in the wilderness. We roasted our meat on one stick, while just above it with another stick we melted a slice of pork, for the sake of its salty drippings. We dispatched a comfortable quantity of venison, with an occasional mouthful of pork and bread, and used the brains, legs, and breast of a grouse, for dessert. Our beverage consisted of the purest water, which we quaffed in a position approaching to the horizontal, though our heels were somewhat nearer heaven than our heads. We concluded our repast with an hour's snooze, and by the light of a thousand stars, saddled our horses once more, and resumed our journey.

It was a cool, calm, cloudless night, and we were the only human beings on a prairie which appeared to be illimitable. I was informed, however, that a little speck that caught my eye far to the westward, was the cabin of an Indian trader, whose nearest neighbor, with one exception, was fifty miles off; also that the place was the Mississippi (which we had left for a time) and was known as Little Rock. As I was a good deal fatigued, the poetry of that unique ride did not make much of an impression upon me. I tried to muster a little sentiment on the occasion, but just as it was about to manifest itself in words, my head would suddenly drop upon my shoulder heavier than a clod; and like a feeble, flickering lamp, my senses

would revive, only to be lulled again into a doze and nod. But this sleepy state of things was not to last forever. It so happened that we discovered directly in our pathway a solitary wolf, which was snuffing the ground as if on the scent of some feeble creature that would afford him a hearty feast. He was an ugly-looking rascal, and called forth from my companion a bitter curse. At his suggestion we dismounted, and with our guns cocked, approached the wolf, using our horses as a kind of shield. We had approached within a reasonable shot of the animal, when it suddenly started; but seeing nothing but two horses, it paused, pricked up its ears, and seemed to be whetting its appetite for a supper of horse-flesh. In a moment, however, the signal was given, and the two heavy charges of our guns were lodged in the body of the wolf, which was at that instant supposed to be in a precarious condition; and having seen him die, and taken off his hide, we once more mounted our faithful ponies.

Our excitement having subsided, we gradually fell into a drowsy state that was "heavier, deadlier than before." But from this we were also roused, by the tramp or pattering of feet in our rear. We looked, and behold! a herd of wolves were coming towards us on the run. Our horses took fright and became unmanageable. The prairie devils were now almost upon us, when our horses became alarmed and away they ran, swift as the breeze that suddenly burst upon the plain. It was not long before we left our enemies far out of sight, and at the very moment the day was breaking we reached the mouth of Crow-Wing river. My companion managed to retain his venison, but when I came to count my birds, I found only five remaining, the balance having unintentionally been left upon the prairie as food for the robbers of the wilderness.

CROW-WING,

THE spot thus designated is beautifully situated on the east side of the Mississippi, directly at the mouth of the river known by that name. It is here that the trader Allan Morrison resides, whose reputation as an upright, intelligent, and noble-hearted man, is co-extensive with the entire wilderness of the northwest. He is a Scotchman by birth, somewhat advanced in life, and has resided in the Indian country for thirty-five years. He possesses all the virtues of the trader and none of his vices. He is the worthy husband of a worthy Indian woman, the affectionate father of a number of bright children, and the patriarch of all the Chippewa Indians, who reside on the Mississippi. Around his cabin and two rude store-houses, at the present time, are encamped about three hundred Indians, who are *visiting* him, and I am informed that his guests, during the summer, seldom amounted to less than one hundred. And this is the place where I have passed several of the most truly delightful days that I ever experienced. It is at this point that I am to embark in a canoe, during my summer tour with Morrison, (accompanied by his unique suite,) who is to be my guide, counsellor, and friend, while I wander, according to my own free will, over the lake region of the extreme Upper Mississippi. The particular canoe in which I am to embark, has been made by a Frenchman under my own eye. The process, though simple, was to me most interesting. Birch-bark, cedar slats, and willow thongs were the only articles used; but the first was dried, the second seasoned, and the latter was used in its green state.

Crow-Wing is not only one of the most delightfully located

nooks in the world, but it is rich in historical and legendary associations. A famous battle was once fought here, between the Chippewas and Sioux. A party of the latter had gone up Crow-Wing river for the purpose of destroying a certain Chippewa village. They found it inhabited only by women and children, every one of whom they murdered in cold blood, and consumed their wigwams. It so happened that the Chippewa warriors had been expecting an attack, and had consequently stationed themselves in deep holes on a high bank of the river at Crow-Wing, intending to fall upon the Sioux party on their way *up* the river. But they were most sadly disappointed. While watching for their enemies, they were suddenly startled by a triumphant shout that floated *down* the stream. In perfect agony they looked, when lo! the very party that they were after, came into full view, shouting with delight and tossing up the scalps which they had taken. Many a Chippewa brave recognized the glossy locks of his wife or child, and knew his gloomiest anticipations to be true. They remained in ambush for a few moments longer, and when the enemy came within reach of their arrows, every one of them was killed, while their canoes, plunder, and bodies were suffered to float down the stream unmolested; and the pall of night rested upon the hills, the glens, the waveless river, and the Chippewa camp.

Among the many legends associated with Crow-Wing is one about a white Panther, whose home was here when the world was young. That Panther was the Prophet of a certain Chippewa tribe, and had power to speak the Chippewa language. A young brave was anxious to revenge the death of a brother, and had sought the oracle to learn the success of his intended expedition. The Panther told him that he must *not* go, but wait until a more propitious season. But the young man headed his party, and *went;* and every one of his followers was killed—himself escaping by the merest chance. Thinking that the Panther had caused this calamity, he stole upon this creature and slaughtered it, in the darkness of midnight. The dying words of the oracle were—"Cruel and unhappy warrior, I doom

thee to walk the earth forever, a starving and undying skeleton." And it is said that this spectre man, whenever the moon is tinged with red, or the aurora borealis floods the sky with purple, may be seen flitting in solitude along the banks of the Mississippi.

Crow-Wing is the Windsor of the wilderness, for it is the nominal home of the head Chief of the Chippewa nation. His name is Hole-in-the-day, and I had frequent opportunities of visiting him in his lodge. He is about sixty years of age, and a remarkably handsome man. He is stern and brave, but mean, vain, treacherous and cruel. He is in the habit of resorting to the most contemptible tricks, for the purpose of obtaining whisky, with which he always makes a beast of himself. He is constantly in the habit of talking about himself, and exhibiting the official papers which he has received from the Government in making treaties. The following was the most famous of his deeds, and one that he had the hardihood to boast of as something creditable. He and some six warriors, while on a hunting tour, were hospitably entertained in a Sioux lodge, where resided a family of seventeen persons. The two nations were at peace, and for a time their intercourse had been quite friendly. On leaving his host, Hole-in-the-day shook him cordially by the hand, with a smile upon his countenance, and departed. At midnight, when the Sioux family were reveling in their peaceful dreams, Hole-in-the-day and his men retraced their steps, and without a reasonable provocation fell upon the unprotected family and cruelly murdered every member, even to the lisping babe. And it was in the lodge of this titled leader, that I spent whole hours in conversation, and from whom I received a present, in the shape of a handsome red-stone pipe. It is indeed a singular fact, that the most interesting and intelligent nation of the West should be ruled by such an unworthy chief as Hole-in-the-day.

A word now about his household. He is the husband of two wives, who pursued, while I was present, their various avocations in studied silence. Each of them presented me with a pair of moccasins, and placed before me whole mococks of

maple sugar. In passing I might remark, that when the Indians are hard pushed for flour or game, they will resort to their sugar, upon which they can live for days, and which they consider the most wholesome of food. The children that swarmed about the chief's lodge, I was unable to number. His eldest son and successor I frequently met, and found him to be quite a Brummel of the woods. The following story gave me a glimpse of his character. Some months ago, the idea had entered his head that his father was jealous of his increasing popularity among the *people*. He was seriously affected by it, and in a fit of anger resolved to starve himself to death. His friends laughed at him, but to no purpose. He left his home, marched into the woods and ascended a certain hill, (called Look-Out hill, and used from time immemorial, by the Indians, as a point from which to watch the movements of their enemies ascending or descending the Mississippi,) where he remained four days without a particle of food. He was only rescued from death by the timely discovery of his friends, who took him away by force, and actually crammed some nourishment down his throat.

But my Crow-Wing stories are not all related yet. I here saw *alive* and *quite happy*, a warrior who was once *scalped* in a skirmish on the northern shore of Red Lake. His enemies left him on the ground as dead, but wonderful to relate, he gradually recovered, and is now as well as anybody, but hairless, of course, and wears upon his head a black silk handkerchief. The summer after this event he was hunting buffalo in the Sioux country, when he had another fight with two Indians, both of whom he succeeded in butchering, and one of those very men was the identical Sioux who had taken his scalp a few months before.

During my sojourn here, I have had frequent opportunities of witnessing the Indian mode of swimming. To speak within bounds, there must be some sixty boys at Crow-Wing, who enjoy a swim about every hour. When not in the water, they are hard *at work* playing ball, and all in the sweltering sunshine, with their ragged looking heads entirely uncovered, and

their bodies almost naked. Just as soon as the child is loosened from its prison cradle, it is looked upon as a fit candidate for any number of duckings, which are about its only inheritance. These children are just as much at home in the water as a full-fledged duck. They swim with great rapidity, always extending one arm forward, like a bowsprit, and holding the other closely at the side. They are so expert in diving that when a number are pursuing a particular individual, and that one happens to dive, the whole of them will follow after, and finally all come up fifty or a hundred yards off. To bring up a pebble from a hole twenty feet deep is looked upon as a very common feat. This art seems to be inherent in their nature, and is the gift of a wise Providence;—for all their journeys are performed on the water, and their canoes are as frail as frailty itself. It is very seldom that we hear of an Indian being drowned.

The only Indian ceremony I have witnessed at this place is called the Begging Dance. A large party of *brave* warriors had come to pay their white father (Mr. Morrison) a *disinterested* visit, but as they were nearly starved, they said not a word, but immediately prepared themselves for the dance, that is universally practised throughout the nation. It was night, and all the people of Crow-Wing were stationed in a large circle before Morrison's door; while one swarthy form held aloft a birchen torch, which completed such a picture as was never equaled upon canvas. The everlasting drum, and rattling of "dry bones," commenced their monotonous music; when the most ridiculously dressed man that I ever beheld, stepped out from the crowd and commenced dancing, keeping time with a guttural hum. Upon his head was a peaked woollen hat, and his flowing hair was filled and entangled with burs. On his back he wore the remnant of an ancient military coat, and on one leg the half of a pair of breeches, while his other propelling member was besmeared with mud. In one hand he held the empty skin of a skunk, and in the other the gaunt body of a dead crane. Immediately after this rare specimen, appeared in regular succession about twenty more dressed in the same

manner, and when all out, their dancing capers were even more uncouth and laughable than their personal appearance. The object of all this was to exhibit their abject poverty, and create an atmosphere of good nature; and it was their method of asking Mr. Morrison for food. Soon as he had supplied them with flour and pork, they ceased dancing, seized the booty, and departed for their wigwams to enjoy a feast. On the following day, this band of gentlemen made their appearance, painted, and decked out in most splendid style, with the feathers, ribbons, scarlet leggins, and other ornaments which they had kept hidden until after the dance and feast were ended.

I have as yet accomplished but little in the way of hunting; that is, but little for this region. On one occasion I killed seven fine *looking* ducks, which turned out, however, to be unfit to eat, as they were of the dipper species, and a little too fishy even for my taste; at one time I killed twenty-five pigeons; at another, about a dozen grouse; and last of all a couple of young coons. The latter game, I would remark, afforded one of the most delectable of feasts.

But in the way of fishing, the waters about Crow-Wing have treated me to some of the rarest of sport. The Mississippi at this point contains a great variety of fish of the mullet and sucker genus, but the only two desirable kinds are the muskalounge and a very large pike. I tried some of these with a fine hook hidden in a frog, but I could not tempt them in that way. The *fashionable* mode for taking them is with a spear, by torch-light, and during half the hours of one night I performed the part of a devotee to fashion. My pilot was an Indian, and we went in a birchen canoe, using birch-bark for a torch. There were quite a number of canoes out that night, and the gliding about of the various torches, the wild shores, the ever-varying bed of the river, and my own occasional struggle with an immense fish,—conspired to throw me into a nervous state of excitement which has not entirely left me at the present moment. I did think of mentioning the number of prizes that were taken on that memorable night, but my modesty forbids; I will only say that I saw extended on the shore a muska-lounge

that weighed thirty-seven pounds, and a pike that almost weighed twenty-four.

Two miles east of Morrison's house is a little lake, some four miles in circumference, which is said to contain no other fish than black bass. My own experience tells me that this report is true. I angled along its sandy shores a number of times, and could take nothing but bass. They were small, weighing about a pound, of a dark green color on the back, sides a brilliant yellow, and belly white. I took them with a fly, and to the palate found them delicious eating.

THE INDIAN TRADER.

THE Indian trader belongs to the aristocracy of the wilderness. His business is to barter with the Indians for their furs, as the agent of some established fur company. He is generally a Frenchman, whose ancestors were traders before him, and of course a native of the wild region he inhabits. Such are the facts with regard to the individual I am about to portray, and I purpose, by this specimen, to give my reader a faithful idea of the class to which he belongs.

The residence of my friend is on the Saint Peter's river, near the brow of a picturesque point formed by a bend of the river, and his nearest white neighbor is *only* two hundred miles off. The dwelling that he lives in is built of logs, and contains one large room and a garret. Adjoining this cabin is another of the same character, where he keeps his merchandise which consists chiefly of pork, flour, blankets, blue and scarlet cloths, and various kinds of trinkets. His household is composed of an Indian wife and a full assortment of half-breed children, who are generally possessed of a good deal of natural shrewdness, but of course utterly ignorant of books and the ways of the civilized world. Adjoining the trader's residence is about one acre of ploughed ground, where he cultivates a few common vegetables; and he keeps a solitary cow, which yields him the only luxury that he enjoys. His live stock is very extensive, but not of that character which is profitable,—it is peculiar to the wilderness, and in our section of country would be called a menagerie. The following is a correct list of my friend's treasures in this particular, viz.:—one grizzly bear,

two black bears, two fawns, one fox, one coon, one eagle, one crow, one cormorant, a flock of wild geese, two swans, and one owl. In addition to these I ought to mention a herd of Indian dogs, and a brotherhood of Indians, who are nearly always encamped in the vicinity of the trader's dwelling.

Now, as to the manner of the trader's life. Though I did not intend to make a hero of my friend, I must say that the life he leads is heroic to an uncommon degree. His resting time is during the summer months, when his principal business is to obtain his merchandise and attend the various Indian payments that may happen to be made. But during the winter, which is long and very severe in this region, he visits, with one or two companions, the hunting-grounds of the Indians,—leaving his home heavily loaded with goods and provisions, and returning, still more heavily laden with packs of furs and peltries. The hardships and privations that he then endures, would, in a single month, destroy a common constitution; but they are treated by him as matters of very little consequence, for his constitution seems to be of an iron nature. Several days does he sometimes spend without a particle of food;—now, snow-bound in the pathless woods, and now surrounded, perhaps, by a band of hostile Indians, who may succeed in robbing him of his furs. Now it is his fortune to struggle for life with some half-famished beast; and now he has to endure the frightful dangers of fording angry and partly frozen rivers. Cold, fatigue, and hunger are at the foundation of almost every scene that he passes through during the cheerless winter months of every year, in the Indian Territory of the northwest.

The intellectual and moral character of our Indian trader is what would be expected from a man in his condition. He knows not how to read or write, and is consequently dependent upon a clerk for the prosecution of his epistolary business and the keeping of his memorandum books. In politics he is nothing, as he has not, from his location, the privilege of voting; but his sympathies are invariably with those officers of the Government who project and carry out measures nominally for the benefit of the poor Indians, but more particularly for

his own. In religion, he is a blind adherent to the Pope of Rome. The glittering dollar appears to be the star of his ambition. Having been for many years an agent for the famous American Fur Company, he has become hardened, and, like his *teacher* in the science of oppressive monopoly, seldom hesitates at any course of conduct that will prove lucrative. He avows himself the best and only friend of the Indian, and yet his every act of kindness is accompanied by a moral stab. He buys a pack of furs and allows the hunter the current price, but then he pays him in flour at perhaps *fifty* dollars per barrel, and blankets at ten dollars apiece;—but far worse, he sells to the benighted savage the baneful fire-water, which makes him a devil.

But the trader has some redeeming qualities, and I know not that I am disposed to write him down as more ignorant or wicked than his *civilized* fellow-men in the same sphere of life. At the same time that he imposes upon the poor Indian, in more ways than one, it is also true that he is his friend when cold and hungry. The Indian is such a thoughtless and improvident creature, that it is absolutely necessary he should have some one to watch over him and keep him from starving. And often is the trader's duty, in this particular, faithfully performed; with all his faults, he would sooner die than see an Indian suffer from want of food. Take the trader away from the cares of business, as you sometimes may employ him as your guide in a hunting expedition, and you will find him a most interesting companion. Strange as it will seem, he is a devoted lover of nature, and being superstitious, he has a legend in his head for every picturesque nook of the woods and prairies, and for every beast or bird that may happen to cross your path. He is well acquainted with the geography of the northwest, and makes an occasional rude map upon birch bark, which are of great value to those who execute them on a large scale for our Government. That portion of Nicolet's map, representing the extreme head of the Mississippi, was made upon bark, by Francis Brunet, one of these very men. The Indian trader is also well acquainted with the traditionary history of

the Indian tribes, and knows well the character of every chief and remarkable personage now living. He has a kindly nature, and his whole conduct is agreeably softened by an innate politeness. He is, to sum up all, a most romantic, but very useful and influential character, and in intellect the aristocrat of the wilderness.

I may append with propriety to this sketch, a few words about the fur trade generally, as it now exists beyond the Mississippi. A division took place in the American Fur Company a few years ago, and while one party was headed by Pierre Choteau, and traded on the Missouri, the other remained under the guiding hand of Ramsey Crooks, and confined its operations to the region of the Great Lakes. The principal men in this fur trade, before and since the family division, succeeded in accumulating large fortunes, but both of the companies are now supposed to be insolvent. For my part I am not surprised at this result, when I know the overbearing and monopolizing character of these companies, and when I believe in the theory that iniquity has its reward even in this world. Many of the deeds that have been, and are still, sanctioned by the so-called American Fur Company, are of such a character as to be worthy of the severest condemnation. But of its many iniquities I will mention only one. This company has located its agents in every eligible corner of the wilderness, for the ultimate purpose of accumulating gold; and when the poor missionary of the cross has crept along through untold hardships to plant the banner of a pure religion, for the benefit of the red man, he has been insulted and driven away. But I like not this theme, and will let it pass into forgetfulness. When I am told that the beaver and the otter and other valuable animals are rapidly becoming extinct, and that the glory of the American Fur Company is for ever departed, I cannot but believe that there is a wise and just Providence, who holdeth the world in the hollow of his hands.

SPIRIT LAKE.

THIS Lake, which the French have named Mille Lac, and certain ignorant Yankees, Rum Lake, was originally called by the Chippewas, Minsisagaigoming, which signifies the dwelling place of the Mysterious Spirit. In form it is almost round, and nearly twenty miles across in the widest part. The shores are rather low, but covered with a luxuriant growth of oak, hard maple, and tamarack. It is shallow, but clear and cold, has a rocky bottom, yields a variety of fish, contains only three islands, which are small and rocky, and is skirted with a barrier of boulder rocks.

The Mysterious Spirit alluded to above has acquired a great notoriety on account of his frequently taking away into the spirit land certain people whom he loved. Sometimes he would take them for a few days, and sometimes he would not return them at all. The following stories were given to me as facts, and I know were actually believed. An Indian, with his family, had encamped upon the lake for one night, and just as he was about to depart on the following morning, he could not find his only child, a little girl. At one moment she was seen picking up some pebbles near her father's canoe, and the very next was gone. For six days did they seek the child, but in vain. On the seventh day, however, as they were about to depart once more, (having given up all hope of recovering the lost one,) they looked, and behold! she was again picking up pebbles beside the canoe, as unconcerned as if nothing had happened. When questioned, she answered that she had only been taken away by a beautiful lady to a beautiful land, where she had been happy in seeing many beautiful things.

Once when there was a party of Indians encamped here, a favorite young girl was discovered to be missing, and her friends, supposing that she had been drowned, were mourning bitterly at her departure; one day she made her appearance in her father's lodge, as if nothing had happened, and was accompanied by two dogs. Her story was, that an old woman had taken her to an island, presented her with the animals, and bade her prepare for a long journey. She was absent for three weeks, but on the day of her return was numbered with the dead.

A little boy was also once lost on the margin of this lake. The only trace of him that ever could be discovered, was one of his arrows found lodged in a tree. And the Indians believe, too, that the aged mother of Hole-in-the-day (the great chief) was also carried away by this Mysterious Spirit. One thing is certain, say they, she disappeared in the twinkling of an eye from the party with whom she was travelling many years ago. These are indeed idle legends, but give us an insight into the Indian mind.

The following is an historical fact, which only proves the obstinacy of the principal actor. Many years ago, a chief named White Fisher, with his family and a party of braves, were encamped in one large lodge on the north side of Spirit Lake. A friendly Indian entered the cabin at sunset, and told the chief that he had seen a war-party of three Sioux on his trail. The chief scorned to believe the story, because his dreams told him nothing about an enemy. In a short time his eldest son returned from his evening hunt, and said that he had also seen three Sioux in the woods about a mile off;—but the father continued to disbelieve. Finally the chief's own brother told him a similar story, which was also treated with contempt. It was now morning, and the chief made his appearance outside of his lodge, and was about to go upon a hunt;—but in the twinkling of an eye three balls passed through his body, and he died. Every single member of his household was killed, excepting his youngest son, who was taken prisoner, lived in the Sioux country for twenty years, but finally re-

turned to his own people, and he was the identical individual from whose lips I obtained the above facts. He is now a chief, and universally known by his father's name, Wabogike, or White Fisher.

On the west bank of Spirit River, where it leaves the lake, is the rude grave of Kitcheoseyin, or Elder Brother, who was one of the most famous orators of his nation. He was a noted chief, and on one occasion had given up into the hands of the white men a certain Chippewa murderer. His people were very angry at him, and it was currently reported that he was about to be assassinated. He heard of this interesting movement, and immediately summoned a council. The warriors were all present, and when the pipe had been passed entirely round, the chief stepped forward and addressed the council in the following words, which were repeated to me by one who heard them:

"Friends, relatives, and brothers. My object in calling you together in council is this. I hear that you desire to take away my life because I have given up to the white men a Chippewa Indian, who had murdered one of their people. I have done so, brave men, and I think I have done right. That man who committed the murder was a *bad dog*,—he was not a true Chippewa Indian, and for his wicked deed he deserves to die. Had we been at war with the white nation, it would have been well,—but we are at peace.

"But, brothers, I understand that you accuse me of siding with the pale faces, and that you think such conduct wrong. I do love the white men, and I do not think my conduct wrong. Who is it, I would ask you, that supplies us with food when game is scarce, and who gives the warm blanket to protect us from the winter cold? Who is it that gives us the guns that we so much need, and the tobacco that we so much love? You know that it is the white man, and you know, too, that you act like fools to blame me for my conduct, and seek to kill me because I would be an honest Chippewa.

"I tell you, warriors, that I do love the white man, and I am ready to die for his sake. You cannot compel me to change

my opinion. Make a hole in the lake yonder, take me by force and place me under it until I am almost dead, then pull me up and ask me, 'Will you side with the white man now?' and I will answer, 'Yes.' Do it again, and again, and again, and I will always answer, 'Yes,' and also that 'the white man is the best friend we have.' Friends, I command you to go home, and ever hereafter mind your own business."

Strange as it may seem, this speech had the desired effect, and entirely quelled the rising storm. The chief was not killed, but died many years afterward with the lockjaw, from a cut that he accidentally received on his foot.

The ruling chief of Spirit Lake, at the present time is Naguanabic, or Outside Feather. He is said to be the most worthy, intelligent and influential of all the Chippewa chiefs. I spent many agreeable and instructive hours in his lodge, and among my Indian curiosities there is nothing that I value more highly than the presents I received from him. It does my heart good to remember the old man, and the beautiful lake which is his home.

A son of this old Indian, while hunting, once pursued a deer to a very great distance, which he finally captured. Out of revenge for the *improper* conduct of the animal, the cruel Indian tortured it in a variety of ways, and came home boasting of what he had done. At the feast usually given on such occasions, this old chief addressed his son in the following words: "We are thankful to the Great Spirit for furnishing us with food. But my son has acted very wrong in torturing that animal, and if the laws of the Great Spirit are not changed from what they were in times past, that boy shall not be privileged to kill another deer during the whole winter." And I was told that he did not, and that no cruel hearted man ever can, under similar circumstances.

It was from the lips of this aged Indian that I obtained the following legend.

A thousand winters ago, the Great Spirit caused the sun to be fastened in the heavens, for the purpose of destroying the world on account of an enormous sin which had been committed.

The men of that time assembled together in council, but could devise no means to avert the calamity. The animals of the earth also held a council, and they were about to give up all hopes of a release, when a small animal stept forth and avowed its intention of gnawing off the string that held the sun. He entered the earth, and after traveling a long time, finally reached the desired planet and accomplished his purpose. The heat of the sun, however, was so great, that the sight of the heroic little animal was impaired, and it returned to the earth —a poor blind mole.

LAKE WINNIPEG.

WINNIPEG, is the first lake of importance which the traveler *passes through* on his way up the Mississippi from Crow-Wing, and it is a namesake of the great northern lake. The banks of the river throughout this long distance do not average more than about ten feet in height, and are all the way covered with a stunted growth of trees, where the birch, the elm, the pine, and the spruce mostly predominate. It is so exceedingly winding here, that by making a portage of fifteen rods, you may often save some three or four miles of canoe travel. The stream varies from an eighth to half a mile in width; sometimes shallow and rapidly running over a rocky bed, sometimes widening into a shallow lake, and sometimes deep, and running sluggishly through a soil of clay or sand, and almost blocked up with snags and sand bars.

The meaning of Winibigoshish, or Winnipeg, is, muddy water. The lake is twelve miles in length and perhaps ten in width. It is nearly round, has no islands, but a gravelly and sandy bottom, and is surrounded by a handsome beach; the water is clear and shallow, and it contains no fish but those that I have elsewhere mentioned as peculiar to this section of the Mississippi. The surrounding country is a dead level, composed of continuous woods, which are everywhere interspersed with lakes and rice swamps, where unnumbered waterfowl have lived and multiplied for centuries.

The only inhabitants that we found on the shores of Winnipeg, were three bands of Chippewas, numbering in all about one thousand souls, who were drawn together by an agent of

the American Fur Company who had come to barter with them. We pitched our tent in the midst of their encampment, or village, and managed, so far as I was concerned, to spend a day and night among them quite pleasantly. Immediately on my arrival there, I heard something about a contemplated bear hunt. It happened to be the month when this animal performs its annual journey to the south, whence it returns in October. A number of them had already been killed, and there was a crossing place on the Mississippi, where a good marksman might take one almost at any time. I found that there were but two men going on the hunt, and, as a present of tobacco soon initiated me into their good graces, the party of course was increased to three. We started at sunset and descended to the crossing place in a canoe, where we ambushed ourselves in one of the wildest recesses of the forest, seated on a mossy rock that commanded an opening between the trees, while our canoe was hidden by a willow that bent gracefully over the stream. It was a clear, still night, but quite dark, as there was no moon. Here we spent a number of hours, without uttering a word; but listening meanwhile to the dismal shriek of an owl, or the silvery dropping of the dew on the gently flowing river. Finally, however, one of the Indians tapped me on the shoulder, and pointed to a large black object, which I saw was a bear just wading into the water, directly on the opposite side from where we were seated. I had been told not to fire until the signal was given, and so the following five minutes seemed longer than an ordinary hour, to my impatient mind. The bear took it quite leisurely, not dreaming that an enemy was so near. But just as his feet touched the bottom on our side of the stream, the Indians gave me a nod, and raising our several guns, we all three fired at the poor animal, who dropped into the water quite dead, creating around him a crimson pool. We shipped the animal on board the canoe, paddled to the village, and hanging it on the high limb of a tree, retired to our several wigwams and slept until morning.

On making my appearance among the Indians after breakfast, I found that I was to witness the ceremony which invari-

ably follows the capture of a bear. I ought to remark in this place, that the animal in question was supposed by Morrison to weigh three hundred pounds. The Indian who had first *touched* the bear with his hand, (according to a universal custom among the Chippewas,) was the one who claimed it as his own. When he had taken off the skin, he presented it to a brother hunter, who from that moment considered himself under obligations to return the compliment at the earliest moment after his next successful hunt. The animal was then dressed, and the four quarters hung up in our hunter's wigwam, that being the only portion allotted to him by custom; while the head, back-bone, and ribs, the feet, the heart, liver and fat, were all served up for a feast. A red feather was then sent to all the principal men in the village as an invitation, which they understood to be to a bear feast, while the *common* class of men were verbally invited, women and children being denied the privilege of participating. At the appointed hour the guests made their appearance, in a neighboring grove, each one carrying in his hand a wooden bowl or dish. After they were comfortably seated in a large circle, a bag of ka-nick-a-nick and tobacco was circulated, and a cloud of fragrant smoke ascended to the sky,—for the Indians invariably commence their ceremonies by smoking. The next step was to place upon a fire in their midst a large kettle containing the remnants of the bear, which were to be boiled to a kind of soup, without the least particle of seasoning. While this was cooking, one of the orators of the day delivered a speech, wherein he thanked the Great Spirit for telling his red children where to find the bear, and concluding with some remarks upon the characteristics of the animal. When the bear chowder was done, it was equally distributed among the assembled crowd, and each one required to eat the whole that was placed before him, and this too without a ladle or lifting his dish, but on his hands and knees in the common attitude of a bear. The bones were then all replaced in the kettle and deposited in some safe place; to neglect this part of the ceremony would be to anger the Great Spirit, who would not allow the giver of the feast to kill another bear.

Among the stories which I heard at Lake Winnipeg, was the following,—given to me by an aged chief as a fact, but which I cannot consider in another light than as a legend. It illustrates, however, the influence of dreams upon the savage mind. An Indian named Otneagance (Little Shoulder,) while hunting after deer, on a cold winter day, came to the margin of this lake, where he built a fire and spent the night. He had a dream, and thought that he was crawling under ground, for the purpose of rescuing a human being from death. On opening his eyes in the morning, he was greatly surprised to see a woman on the ice a short distance off. She was standing near an air-hole, and wailing on account of her child, a little boy, who had fallen through and must inevitably perish. Soon as the hunter heard the woman's story, he dove into the hole, saw the child a great distance off, holding out its hands, swam to it, and in a few minutes placed it in its mother's arms—alive. "And yonder," said the chief, pointing to a little mound, "is the resting place of the good mother, and before you stands that boy—changed to an old man. As to my saviour, Otneagance, he has, for many moons, been a resident in the Hunting Grounds of the Blessed."

Speaking of the dead reminds me of the Winnipeg graveyard. The Chippewa mode of treating their dead, is to envelop the body of their friend in a bark box, which they expose upon a scaffolding, supported by four poles, and surmounted with a piece of skin or cloth as a flag. After the body has remained there until all decomposition is at an end, they then bury the bones, placing at the head of the grave a portion of the best food at that time in their possession. They afterwards cover the hillock with bark, somewhat after the manner of a roof, leaving at one end a little window or door, for the departed spirit to enter, when it comes to take away its bones, on a certain mysterious day, to which the living all look forward with reverence. When a friend dies, for one whole year thereafter they place food and tobacco periodically upon his grave; and all the articles that he left behind are venerated and cherished, as if endowed with life. Their manner of

mourning for the dead ordinarily is, to paint their faces black; but when their friend is taken away by violence, they wail and mutilate their bodies. It is a part of their religion to protect from sacrilege and exposure the remains of their departed friends, and the survivors are constantly repairing every ruin that accident or time may bring upon the graves of their kindred. The grave-city that attracted my attention at Winnipeg, consisted of seventy-six bark houses like those that I have described. In fifty-two of them reposed the ashes of fourteen families who were butchered, at midnight, by a Sioux war-party. In five of them were buried a mother and four daughters, who lost their lives while fishing on the lake, in frail canoes, that were swamped by a sudden storm. In seventeen of them lay the remains of as many warriors, who were attacked by a Sioux party of two hundred,—they fought in a single trench, for one whole day, but were finally overcome and destroyed.

The melancholy impression which these brief facts left upon my mind, as I stood in that wilderness grave-yard, I could not easily dissipate. What a strange contrast in every particular did it present to the grave-yards of the civilized world! Not one of all this multitude had died in peace, or with a knowledge of the true God. Here were no sculptured monuments, no names, no epitaphs;—nothing but solitude and utter desolation.

RED CEDAR LAKE.

Red Cedar Lake is the sheet of water Mr. Schoolcraft has attempted to name after a distinguished friend; I say *attempted*, because the Indians and traders of the northwest do not recognize his change. I agree with them in the opinion that it *is not right* for travellers to glorify themselves or friends by attempting to supplant with their own, the original and appropriate names that belong to the rivers and lakes of our land. If the ambitious can discover *nameless* wonders, they will then be privileged to use *them* in extending their reputations.

Red Cedar Lake takes its Indian name from the tree that mostly abounds upon its shores. It contains little more water than Winnipeg, but it has near its centre a large island, which causes it to appear much larger on the map. It has a great many bays and several islands; has a sandy bottom and fine beach; is shallow, clear, and yields a small white fish, a few trout, and the plebeian varieties hereafter mentioned as native to the Mississippi. The shores of this lake are gently undulating, from twenty to thirty feet high, and must have been originally quite beautiful. A mission house has been recently established here, and for many years the American Fur Company have had a trading post in its vicinity. Among the Indian families that I saw here was one composed of a widow and her children, whose father had died two winters ago, while crossing the lake on his return from a hunting expedition. He perished from cold and hunger, while in full view of the cabin which sheltered his wife and children. And here, more than a thousand miles from a really comfortable dwelling,

lived this unfortunate widow—ignorant, destitute, and without friends. The story which she told, and the wretched picture that her condition presented, kept me from inquiring into the legendary lore of this lake, so that I spent my only evening there, listening to the desultory conversation of my friend Morrison. The *facts* which I then gathered are now subjoined.

The entire region watered by the unnumbered lakes of the Upper Mississippi, including Superior and Michigan, is now inhabited by the Chippewa nation. The most of it they have acquired by the right of conquest, and principally from the Sioux nation, which is the principal cause that has so often deluged this territory with blood. Their idea of the creation is as follows. Originally, when the globe was an entire mass of water, the only living creature that existed was an immense bird, from whose eyes glanced the lightning, and whose voice was thunder. It so happened that this creature was oppressed with solitude, and having touched the water with its wings, the continents immediately appeared; and from the beams of the stars were born the first race of men, and from the winds all the animals of the earth. The Chippewas universally acknowledge the existence of a Supreme Being, whom they call Kitchi-Manitou, which signifies Great Spirit, and they reverence this Being as one from whom nothing but good can proceed. They also believe in an Evil Spirit, called Matcio-Manitou, who is a hater of all men, and the source of every misery. They also believe in a great number of spirits of more limited power than the above; and they have one of these for the sun and moon, for every lake, river, and mountain, of any note; and for every season of the year, as well as for every beast, bird, fish, reptile, and insect, that may have acquired a reputation among them. To all of these they are in the habit of making offerings, which are as various as the spirits themselves. Death, with them, is always looked upon as a mater of course, and a blessing. When a good man dies they suppose that he is taken across a certain river into a land of perpetual sunshine, of beautiful woods, streams, and prairies, where every variety of game is always at hand, and fruit upon

every tree; where they will have nothing to do but love each other, and live in the enjoyment of peace. When a bad man dies, he is compelled to attempt to cross another river on a bridge of reeds, through which he inevitably falls into the angry waters, which are sure to transport him to a distant country, which is barren, always covered with snow, and very cold. He is to live there in a state of perpetual hunger, shivering under the influence of biting winds.

Their manner of winning the title of a Brave, when there is no chance of distinguishing themselves in war, as at the present time, is to retire into a lonely nook of the woods, where they remain for six days without a particle of food. While there, they commemorate each day by making a notch on a stick, and when they finally appear in the village, with a stick of six notches, they are welcomed as accomplished warriors. They are trained, almost from the hour of their birth, to endure every possible hardship, which ever makes them superior to a sense of suffering or fear of death. And the two great objects which prompt them to all this, are, that they may be able always to protect their relatives and friends from harm, and to shield their country from every aggression. It is a part of their religion to revenge every wrong, and when their terrible passions are roused, nothing but blood can stop them in their march of cruelty. This trait is inherent in their nature, even as the taste of blood will whet the appetite of the leopard and lion,—and I doubt if the Divine Will, in its wisdom, would have this state of things altered. If otherwise, it were reasonable to expect that the hand of God would fall heavily upon the white man, for placing the yoke of a most bitter oppression upon the unhappy Indian tribes. Many of the vices which were once almost hidden in their simple nature, have been ripened into full maturity by the example and allurements of their civilized brethren. They deeded to us their beautiful domains, and we have recompensed them with a cup of poison, and the deadly principles of infidelity. And yet we (as a people) think it just and charitable to speak of the poor Indian with a curse upon our lips.

The following is an outline of the Indian's manner of life. In November he enters his hunting grounds. After remaining in one place until he can find no more game, he removes to another a few miles off, and so continues until the whole region is explored and the winter months are gone. Early in March, he settles his family in the maple forest; and while his wife and children are left to make sugar, he enters alone upon his spring hunt. Returning in May, he takes his family and pitches his tent in the vicinity of the various military establishments and trading-houses of the wilderness, where he spends the summer months, feasting, gaming, and idling away his time. In September, he plucks his corn and gathers his wild rice; and in October, prepares himself for the approaching winter hunt. In the winter they rove about in companies of about five families, but in summer congregate in villages.

A few words as to their ideas of marriage. Each man is allowed to have as many wives as he can support, and it is a singular fact that they invariably live together in the greatest harmony. Those that are young and have no children, are compelled to act (and they do it willingly) as servants to those who are mothers. It is also true that some of them are allowed to retain their virginity until death. Though the Chippewas are permitted by their customs to have a number of wives, they are generally so poor that the majority of them have only one. When a young man fancies himself in love, he invites two or three of his companions to go with him, and they pay a visit to the loved one's lodge. During this visit not one word is uttered by the guests, and when they depart the Indian lady is left in doubt as to the particular one who thus commences his loving attack. On the succeeding evening, the lover performs his visit alone. When he enters, if the lady speaks to him, he is accepted; if not, he is rejected. If the father offers him a lighted pipe, it is a sign that his consent is granted; if he does not, and keeps silent, it is understood that the young man must not persevere. When accepted, the lover makes some rich presents to the father and mother, and the lovers are considered husband and wife. Until the bride becomes a

mother, she resides in her father's lodge; and all the game that the young hunter kills, is given to the wife's parents, but the furs to his wife. After this, the young woman packs up her apparel, which is usually her whole fortune, and takes up her residence with her husband in a new lodge. Divorces among the Chippewas are hardly ever known; and adultery is considered a heinous crime, and always punished with severity.

Travelling among the Chippewas may be considered a good deal safer than it is among the *half savage* inhabitants of the frontier. The most dangerous to deal with are the young men, who, in civilized society, would be called "snobs." They are idle, haughty, and revengeful, and the only right way to treat them is with the utmost coldness. Allow them to be familiar, and they will soon be impudent and overbearing. Unlike civilized barbarians, those of the wilderness know not what it is to use profane language. When they have reason to despise a man, they call him a bad dog; and when they have chastised such an one, they wear a skunk skin at one of their heels as a memento of the mean man's disgrace.

The hospitality of the Chippewas is proverbial. When a stranger enters their cabin, he is invited to a seat on their best mat, and always treated with the very best that they possess in the way of food. Visit a chief at an untimely hour, at midnight for example, and he will arise, stir up his fire, and give you a pipe with all the air and politeness of a polished gentleman. Call upon him, when you know that he has reason to consider you his enemy, and he will not tell you to leave his wigwam, but it may be that in an unguarded moment, when in your own lodge, he will cleave your skull with a tomahawk. They are also exceedingly affectionate, and do everything in their power to make their children happy. When a party of them are in a state of starvation, and one individual happens to have a bear or a deer, he will distribute it equally at a *feast*. They treat their infirm people with tender care; and never refuse to present to a brother Indian any pipe, weapon, or ornament that may have been solicited. They extend the same civility to all

white men whom they esteem. As the Chippewa country is mostly covered with a dense forest, this people are unacquainted with the use of the horse. Their mode of hunting the buffalo has always been to drive them over bluffs, or to shoot them while disguised in the skin of a wolf or buffalo. Their only vehicle is the birchen canoe, so famous for its beautiful model, its frailty and feathery lightness. The bark of the birch, out of which it is made, is found in great abundance throughout their entire territory, and they use it, not only for canoes, but for their lodges, their grave-houses, their baskets, their mocucks, their dishes, and exquisitely worked boxes, which they dispose of as curiosities.

ELK LAKE.

Elk or Itasca Lake is the fountain head of the Mississippi. It is thought to be three thousand miles from the Gulf of Mexico and two thousand feet above the level of the Atlantic. It is a small sheet of water, about five miles long, one to two miles wide, and contains only one island, which lies directly in the centre. The first traveller who visited the lake was Henry R. Schoolcraft, after whom the island has been justly named. On the south side is a ridge of wood-crowned hills, which give birth to tiny streams, that eventually empty their waters into the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The whole region on the north is woody, low and marshy. The water is clear, deep, and full of fish; the bottom gravelly; and the entire shore covered with reeds and rushes. The trees which abound here are the pine, oak, elm, maple, birch, and poplar; and the fish are principally the trout, pike, and black bass. The Mississippi when it leaves this lake is only about twenty feet wide, but after passing through a great number of lakes it spreads itself to the width of one hundred and fifty feet, and empties into Red Cedar Lake. This portion of the Great River might well be likened to the infant Hercules, for it is the master of every thing around it, and rambles onward as if conscious of its dawning power. Upon the whole, however, it is through a cheerless wilderness.

The region of Elk Lake was once famous for the number of its animals, and derives its name from the following legend of a mammoth elk. This creature is said to have measured the length of two large canoes, and with his horns had power to

split a pine tree. His lair was in a valley in the neighboring hills, where he reigned supreme; and it was customary for all the animals of the north, which were of giant size in those days, to make him an annual visit. As they were so numerous, they were compelled to occupy the country for many miles around, which accounts for its excessive flatness. The object of this "world's convention" was to consult the king of beasts as to the forests and plains they were to occupy during the following year; and to partake of the water of the small lake, which had power to protect them from every disease or accident; and such was the state of things, when an enemy made its appearance, and the reign of the Emperor Elk was ended.

Those were the days when giants inhabited the earth, and the regions where most they congregated was in the far South. It so happened that a hunting party of these people wandered to the North, and finally pitched their tents in the vicinity of this lake. Among the animals they succeeded in killing was the Mammoth Elk, which they found asleep and pierced with a poisoned arrow. The heavens were immediately filled with clouds, and a heavy rain deluged the earth, and with their booty, in melancholy mood, the hunters started on their return. The rain was so abundant that the lake overflowed its banks, forming a little stream, which finally widened into a broad river, and emptied into an unknown sea; and on the bosom of this river did the hunters float in their newly made canoes, until they found themselves in their own country. The conclusion of the whole matter was, that from that year all the animals of the earth began to dwindle in size, and the men of that time were reduced in stature to the height of their younger children.

A more suggestive legend than the above I have seldom heard. To my mind, it illustrates the poetical genius of the Indian, and throws much light upon the history of the Mound Builders. I obtained it from the lips of an old Indian hermit, as I sat in his solitary lodge.

On the gentle hills which overlook this lake I spent a number of days, pondering upon the strange wild scenery which surrounded me. At one time I reveled over a morning landscape.

The sun had risen above an ocean of forests, and the air was tremulous with melody. Earth was awake, and clothed in her fresh green garment. The mists had left the long low valleys, and revealed to the open sky winding rivers and lakes of surpassing loveliness. Everything was laughing with joy under the glorious influence of the summer sun.

The elk and the deer were cropping their morning repast, with the dew-showers trickling from their sides. Gracefully did the smoke curl upward from a distant Indian village. The hunters were preparing for the chase. I saw them enter their canoes, silently glide down a river, and finally lose themselves among the islands of a vast swamp. None were left in that village but women and children. While the former busied themselves in their rude occupations, the latter were sporting in the sunshine, some shooting at a target, some leaping, some swimming, and others dancing.

At one time I gazed upon a noontide panorama. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the atmosphere was hot and sultry. The leaves and the green waves of a distant prairie were motionless. The birds were tired of singing, and had sought the shadowy recesses of the wood. The deer, my fancy told me, was quenching his thirst in some nameless stream, or panting with heat in some secluded dell. On an old dry tree, whose giant arms stretched upwards, as if to grasp the clouds, a solitary eagle had perched himself. It was too hot even for him to enjoy a bath in the upper air; but presently, as if smitten with a new thought, he spread out his broad pinions, and slowly ascended to the zenith—whence I fancied that the glance of his keen eyes could rest upon the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The butterfly and wild bee were resting on the full-blown flowers. Earth and air were so tranquil, that it seemed as if nature were offering up a prayer. Winding far away to the south was the Mississippi, fading away to the bending sky.

Towards evening a cloud obscured the sky. The wind arose, and was soon followed by a roaring sound,—and now a storm was spending its fury upon forest and prairie. Loud thunder echoed through the firmament, and the lightnings flashed forth

their fire. The forests were bending as if every tree would break. An old oak, which stood in its grandeur above its fellows, now lay prostrate. The parched soil was deluged with rain. But finally the storm spent its fury, and the clouds, like a routed army, were passing away in dire confusion. A rainbow then arched the heavens, and a fresh but gentle breeze was fanning my face, and thrilling me with pleasure.

I also looked upon this wilderness landscape at a later hour. As the sun descended, the clouds came out to meet him, decked in their most gorgeous hues, while the evening star smiled at his approach. He had left the valleys in twilight, and I knew that his last beams were gilding with gold the Rocky Mountains. The moon ascended to her throne; and the whippoorwill commenced her evening hymn. On heavy wings a swan flew past me; he was going perhaps to his home on the margin of Hudson's Bay. A stir was in the Indian village, for they had returned with their canoes loaded with game. The customary festival had commenced, and most strangely did their wild music sound, as it broke on the surrounding solitude. The doe had gone to her grassy couch, the feathered multitudes were sleeping, and the mantle of night had fallen upon the world.

It was now midnight, and I stood in the centre of an apparently boundless wilderness of forests and prairies;—while far away to the northwest reposed a range of hills, which seemed to me like a vast caravan of the antediluvian Mound Builders. The moon had compassed the heavens, and was near her setting. A thousand stars were by her side. She flooded with her silver beams the leaves, the waves, and distant hills. Every voice within the Indian village was hushed. The warrior, asleep upon his mat, was dreaming of a new hunting ground; the youth, of the dark-eyed maiden whom he loved; and the child, of the toys of yesterday. The wind was up, and wailed a solemn anthem as it swept through the dark pines. The owl was noiselessly flying from tree to tree, and the beautiful whippoorwill was sleeping. The splash of a leaping fish, or the howl of a wolf, were the only sounds that fell upon my ear, and most impressive was the hour.

LEECH LAKE.

Leech Lake lies in the midst of a forest, mostly composed of pine, maple, oak, elm and tamarack. It is supposed to be about forty miles in length, and perhaps twenty to twenty-five in width. Its shores are very irregular, it contains a number of large islands, and a trading post of some antiquity. It derives its name (Casagasque) from the story, that the first man who discovered it, saw in it a leech that was wider across the back than an ordinary Indian mat. It is deep and clear, has a sandy bottom and shores, and is far-famed for its white fish, though possessing almost every other variety in great abundance. Three of its most prominent islands are known by the names of the Goose, the Pelican, and the Bear. The first has a desolate appearance, and is inhabited only by immense numbers of water-fowl; the second is noted for its fishing grounds and a certain species of the pelican, said to be found only on its shores; and the third has a good soil, is thickly wooded, and somewhat cultivated by a tribe of Indians, who own the lake and inhabit the surrounding country.

This tribe of people glory in the name of *Pillagers*, and are fully deserving of the name. If they happen to meet a stranger Indian or trader, *each* one will unceremoniously help himself to an article that he likes, politely remarking that for *his* part he desires nothing more, after which they feed the unfortunate man well, but let him depart with nothing but a blanket or jacket. The Pillagers are a brave, proud, and warlike people, but on account of their thieving peculiarity, are universally hated and feared. But they are good hunters, and pay more attention to agriculture than any other tribe in the nation.

During my stay at Leech Lake I had an opportunity of witnessing a Medicine Dance, and of obtaining some information with regard to the Medicine Society. It is a religious rite, and practised on a great variety of occasions. At this time the dance was given by a man who had lost a relative. The ceremony commenced at twelve o'clock at night, and lasted until the evening of the following day; and such a mixture of ridiculous dancing, horrible yelling, and uncouth dressing, I never before witnessed, and never wish to witness again. It seemed as if all the more unearthly creations of Dante had been let loose upon the earth, and had sought the heart of the wilderness, to rejoice at their freedom and portray the miseries of hell. I would, but cannot, adequately describe the scene, and I can only expect my more imaginative readers to obtain the faintest idea of its strange appearance.

White men and Indians who have never been initiated into the mysteries of the Grand Medicine, are not allowed to be present during the first part of the celebration. From what I have seen and heard about it, I am convinced that it is nothing in the world but an Indian and *savage* species of Free Masonry. A Medicine man would sooner die than divulge the secrets of his order. The ceremony on the occasion above mentioned, was performed in the immediate vicinity of the deceased; while a conversation was carried on with the dead, and food placed by its side, as if it had been a living and hungry individual. Then it was that their medicine bags were taken out, and as each Indian has a certain medicine, or preparation which he supposes his skin to possess, he attempts to manifest its virtues on this occasion. By breathing into the nostrils of the skin, he imparts to it a particular charm, by which he can cure the sick or destroy his enemies. Hence the great fear that these conjurors inspire in all others. Medicine men support each other in every thing they may happen individually to require, even to the murder of an unfortunate child. When a man has passed the highest degree, he can command the services of his brethren for any purpose. The price of admission is six pieces for each grade, and there are eight grades. By

one piece they mean a blanket, a pair of leggins, a knife, a gun or any other useful article. The man who gives the most expensive piece is highly honored, and can make the largest demands upon the Society, so that the older members obtain quite a revenue for their former expenditures. When they wish to inform a distant lodge of the faithlessness of a member, they despatch a piece of tobacco; the guilty man is always known and never admitted; but when they prove true, their membership is inherited. The missionaries of the west are inclined to believe that this Medicine institution is the grand obstacle to the promulgation of the Christian Religion among the Indians.

I also witnessed while at Leech Lake the *conclusion* of a ceremony that was commenced some weeks before. There had been a Virgin Dance, the prominent features of which are as follows: All the virgins of the village assemble together, and seat themselves in a large circle. In the midst of this company are collected all the young men of the village, who dance for the amusement of the ladies. But if it so happens that one of the men stops suddenly, and points his finger at a particular girl, she is at once looked upon as having lost her virginity; if the charge is substantiated, the girl is disgraced; but if not, the young man must *die*. The *conclusion* that I alluded to, was the execution, in cold blood, of a fine looking young man, who had attempted, without cause, to ruin the reputation of a girl by whom he had been rejected. In an unguarded moment he had been stabbed, and when I saw him he was weltering in his blood. It was a terrible exhibition of justice and cruelty, and made me partly admire and then utterly despise the character of the Indian race.

While at this lake a couple of trappers made their appearance from the Red River wilderness, where they had been hunting during the past winter, but owing to an accident had been detained from returning until the present time. They were Half-Breeds, and as wild a pair of beings as I ever beheld. Their furs, at the usual prices, would probably bring them some fifteen hundred dollars. Their place of destination was St.

Louis, where each one had a wife and children. Their intention was to remain with their friends until November, when they would dive into the wilderness again.

I only heard three legends at Leech Lake. One gives the origin of a certain miniature whirlpool, which may be seen on the south side of the lake. A couple of Chippewa women, while crossing in a canoe, were pursued by Sioux Indians, but the Lake Spirit, out of compassion for their misfortune, struck the water with his wings and opened an easy pathway to the Spirit Land. The second story is about Pelican Island. It is said that no Indian ever visited it without being caught in a storm; and that it has for centuries been inhabited by strange people. They were never visible excepting from the main shore, for when the island was searched no tracks or wigwam-poles could be seen, nothing but rocks, grass, and reeds. At the present time, none but the bravest dare land upon its shore with their canoes.

The third legend that I heard was about a famous battle once fought, between the gods of the white man and the red man. A great many summers ago, a race of white people made their appearance on the shores of this country, and as they were a strange people, the red men of the wilderness were disposed to love them. As the former were very poor, the latter presented them with a few acres of land to cultivate. As the white men increased in numbers, they craved more land, but the red men would not yield to their extravagant solicitations. In the mean time the strange people were becoming powerful. In process of time the Big Manito became displeased with them, and was determined that this usurpation should cease. He visited the white man's god, and told him that he must take back his ambitious children. The white man's god replied that he would do no such thing, but was determined to protect his own. Manito then told him that the question must be decided by battle. A famous battle was fought, and the white man's god triumphed. He took Manito prisoner, and tied him to an oak with hickory saplings, but he finally made his escape, and with his children took up his home in the more remote wilderness.

The region of Leech Lake is somewhat famous for the quantity and good quality of the original maize or Indian corn. When I was there it was not sufficiently advanced to be eaten, even in a green state, but I obtained a fact with regard to corn planting, which may be new to my readers. All the labor connected with the raising of corn is performed by the women, who take it upon themselves as an offset to the hardships endured by the men in hunting. It is customary for them after they have planted the seed, to perform, in a state of nudity, a nocturnal walk through the field, which ceremony is supposed to protect the grain from the destroying insect or worm.

During my stay at this lake I received from my friend Morrison, the following facts with regard to the game now inhabiting this region. The black bear, the black and gray wolf, the elk, the moose, and the deer, the otter, the mink, porcupine, white fisher, fox, the coon, the martin, the rabbit, and a variety of squirrels are as abundant as ever; the grizzly bear and buffalo are found only occasionally; and the beaver is entirely extinct. Among the birds that I saw were eagles, fish-hawks, night-hawks, owls, loons, the swan, the crane, a great variety of ducks, the pigeon, the woodpecker, blue-jay, black and blue-bird, red-bird, and the king-bird; and among the fish that may be found in Leech Lake, are the white-fish, the trout, the pike, the pickerel, the bass, the sucker, and the mullet. It is said the white-fish of this lake, originated from the brains of a woman; and I am also told that its shores have in times past yielded more wealth in the way of furs than any other place of the same extent in the northwest. But enough. It is time that I should close this desultory paper, else my reader will accuse me of practising the most prominent peculiarity of the *animal Leech*.

FISH OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

THIS is to be my last letter from the Mississippi valley, and my passion for the gentle art of angling, will not allow me to leave the great river without recounting a few fishing paragraphs, as mementos of my journey thus far.

The largest and unquestionably the most abundant variety of fish found in the Lower Mississippi is the cat-fish, and here I believe they are found in the greatest perfection. They vary from one to six feet in length, and in weight from three to one hundred and fifty pounds. As an article of food they do not amount to much, and yet I have met with many people who considered them a great delicacy. They are invariably taken with the hook, and to those who admire muddy water, and love to handle the ugliest of creatures, capturing them must be a fascinating amusement. They are caught and eaten at all seasons of the year.

Another fish which abounds in the turbid portion of the Mississippi is called by the western people a perch, but is in fact only a sheep's-head. They are most abundant in the spring. They vary from one to eight pounds in weight, and as an article of food are about on a par with cat-fish. The above mentioned fish are the principal varieties which may be said to flourish in the Lower Mississippi; it is true, however, that specimens of almost every species of fresh water fish are occasionally taken. The baits used for the cat-fish and sheep's-head are pieces of fresh meat. Almost every steamboat on the river is well supplied with cotton lines and common hooks, and the principal anglers for this fish are steamboat hands and raftsmen.

But I must confess that I made a number of attempts to capture one of these monsters. The adventure took place after the following manner. Our boat had stopped at Alton in the evening, and was to remain there until about midnight. The river was without a ripple, and the marvellous beauty of the surrounding landscape threw me into a romantic mood; and tipping the wink to one of my companions to accompany me, we took an assortment of tackle with about two pounds of beef, and jumped into a skiff for an hour's sport. We pulled for the opposite side of the river, and having moored our shallop at the mouth of a bayou, baited our hooks, and threw them in. We had sat in silence just long enough to watch the shooting into darkness of a star, when my line was suddenly made taut, and I knew that I had a prize. I gave the fellow about one hundred feet of line, and he made use of his "largest liberty" by swimming around a certain snag, which of course was annoying and greatly increased my excitement. I managed, however, to disentangle my victim after a while, and in due time had him safely ensconced in the bottom of the boat. His length was nearly four feet, and his weight must have been upwards of sixty pounds. While we were recrossing the river to reach our steamboat, a savage little steamer from Keokuk came rushing down, ahead of another with which it was racing, and passed so very near our shallop that we were swamped, and while my companion and myself were swimming to the shore for dear life, the monster we had captured was probably scooting away towards the Torrid Zone, not much injured, but a good deal frightened. About two hours after that adventure, I was the victim of the nightmare, for I dreamed that I was dying from strangulation.

Before taking my leave of the cat-fish I must transcribe a description of him as recorded by Father Marquette:—"We saw also a very hideous sea monster; his head was like that of a tiger, but his nose was somewhat sharper, and like a wild-cat; his beard was long, his ears stood upright, the color of his head being gray and neck black. He looked upon us for some time; but as we came near him, our oars frightened him away."

This is about as near the truth as Marquette ever arrived, but every one acquainted with the cat-fish of the Mississippi will readily perceive the resemblance of the description to the original.

I would now descant upon the fish of the Upper Mississippi. The largest is the sturgeon, of which there are too varieties, the common and the long-billed sturgeon. They constitute a staple article of food with the Indians, who take them with gill-nets and the spear. Their manner of preserving them is by drying and smoking. In size they vary from three to eight feet in length, weighing from thirty to one hundred and thirty pounds. Like all the larger fish of the Mississippi, their flavor is far from being delicate. With the sturgeon, which is a plebeian fish, I am disposed to class the mullet, sucker, rock-bass, sun-fish, bill-fish, bull-head, and chub, and can affirm from personal knowledge that all these fish are abundant in the Mississippi.

They are in their prime in the spring, but very few of them are fit to eat in summer. With the Indians, however, they are eaten at all seasons, and I have never yet seen a fish in their country which they did not use as an article of food. Pickerel and perch also abound in all the waters of this region, but I do not consider them equal to the same varieties in New England. All the larger lakes that help to swell the Upper Mississippi are well supplied with white fish, the best of which are found in Leech Lake. As an article of food they excel all the fish of the northwest, but as they are of the shad genus, the angler can only praise them in the abstract.

The Indians employ a great variety of modes for taking all these fish, but the gill-net, the spear, and the bow and arrow, are the more successful ones.

But the regular game fish of the Upper Mississippi, are the muskalounge, pike, black bass, and trout; and of these it always affords me unfeigned pleasure to discourse. The two former varieties are so nearly alike in appearance and habits that I am disposed to speak of them as one and the same thing. Formerly I entertained the opinion that a muskalounge was

only an overgrown pike, but within the past year I have compared them together, and am convinced that they are materially different. Their habits, however, are precisely alike. They are exceedingly abundant in the sluggish waters of the Mississippi, and vary from five to fifty pounds in weight. They are in season about nine months of the year, but in the spring, at which time they ascend the river to spawn, are in their prime. It is well known that these fish are bold biters: but the pike is unquestionably the most active and cunning of the two, and consequently the most valuable to the angler. The muskalounge is somewhat of a sluggard, and owing to his size and hyena-like character, the very fish of all others for spearing by torchlight. The handsomest pike I ever had the pleasure of capturing was a resident of Lake Pepin. I was sauntering along the base of one of the rocky bluffs of this beautiful sheet of water, and had spent most of the day without success, trying to take a trout with a mammoth fly. I had thrown out my line for the last time, when, as I was carelessly winding it up, I was astonished by a sudden leap within twenty feet of me, and in a moment more it was whizzing through the water in fine style. I humored the gentleman for about ten minutes, leading him meanwhile towards a sand-bar, where I secured and placed him in my canoe. He weighed upwards of twenty-one pounds, was very fat, had a black back and silvery belly.

My best muskalounge fishing occurred at a bend in the Mississippi, about one hundred and fifty miles above the Falls of Saint Anthony. I took them with a spear and by torch-light, standing in the bow of a canoe which was propelled by an Indian. Noiselessly did our birchen torch glide into a thousand nooks of the stream, like a will-o'-the-wisp, with a couple of deluded followers. I took no note of time on that memorable occasion, and the only thing which prevented me from fishing until morning, was the fog which covered the river about midnight. We landed, however, with a sufficient quantity of fish to supply the whole encampment of Indians for at least three days, and among them were seven specimens of the muskalounge,—the remainder being composed of small fry in gen-

oral. On opening one of my prizes, an immense black snake was found in its bowels, from which time I date my antipathy to this fishy genus as an article of food.

The best, and one of the most universal fish of the Mississippi, is the black bass. They vary from one to seven pounds in weight, are taken with a fly, the minnow and the frog, and in my opinion, as a game fish, are only second to the trout. They are found in great abundance at all the rapids in the river, but afforded me the finest sport at the Falls of Saint Anthony. When I was there the water was uncommonly low, so that pool fishing was in its prime, and I enjoyed it to perfection. I captured no less than thirty-five superb bass in the space of two hours, and that too, without once moving the anchor of my boat. I took them with a hand-line, baiting with a minnow, and the majority of them weighed over two pounds apiece.

The only respectable trout region of the Mississippi extends from Prairie du Chien to Lake St. Croix. An expert angler may here capture an occasional pounder, out of the river itself; but the rarest of sport is afforded by all the neighboring brooks, which run through a hilly country, and are rapid, rocky, and clear. The trout of these streams average about eight ounces in weight. As I sailed up the Alpine portion of the river in a steamboat, my opportunities for wetting the line were not frequent or particularly successful, as the following illustration will testify.

I had just arisen from the breakfast table, when the pilot of the boat informed me that he was about to be delayed for two hours, and that there was a fine trout stream a little farther on, which I might investigate. I immediately hailed a couple of my travelling companions, and with our rods in prime order, we all started for the unknown stream. Owing to a huge rock that lay on the margin of the river, we were compelled to make an extensive circuit over a number of briar-covered hills, and we found the bed of our pilot's trout brook without a particle of water. What aggravated our condition was the intense heat of the sun. In about an hour, however, we succeeded in reach-

ing the Mississippi once more, and there, comfortably seated in the shadow of a bluff, we threw out our lines and awaited the arrival of the boat. We happened to be in the vicinity of a deep hole, out of which we brought five black bass, weighing three or four pounds apiece. We did not capture a single trout, but the sight of one immense fellow that I *lost*, agitated my nerves. Something very heavy had siezed my hook, and after playing it for some minutes I was about to land it, when I saw that it was a trout, (it must have weighed some three pounds,) but making a sudden leap, it snapped my line, and was, like a great many objects in this world, entirely out of my reach; and then I was the victim of a loud and long laugh. The only thing that kept me from falling into a settled melancholy was the incident which immediately followed. When the boat came along, a Frenchman who was a passenger, and happened to have a canoe floating at the stern, volunteered his services to take us on board the steamer. Knowing that my friends had never been in a canoe before, I would not embark with them, and in about two minutes I had the *pleasure* of seeing them capsized, and after they had become completely soaked, of seeing them rescued from all danger minus the three fine bass which they had taken. This feat was performed in the presence of quite a number of ladies, and to the tune of a hearty peal of laughter.

SANDY LAKE.

I NOW write from the margin of a stream which empties into Lake Superior, toward which I am impatiently pursuing my way. Sandy Lake, where ended my voyaging on the Mississippi, is one of the most famous lakes of the northwest. It lies only about two miles east of the great river, and almost directly west from Lake Superior. Over the intervening route which connects the two water wonders of our country, more furs and Indian goods have been transported, than over any other trail in the wilderness. The lake received its name from the French, on account of its sandy shores, which are remarkably beautiful, abounding in agates and cornelians. There is a trading post here, which is said to have been established ninety years ago; and in a certain log cabin which was pointed out to me, I was told furs had been stored, to the value of fifty millions of dollars.

The shores of this lake are hilly, full of beautiful islands, upon one of which we breakfasted, and presents a most interesting appearance. The water is clear and abounds in fish, of which the black bass, the pike, and white-fish are the most abundant.

The voyager in pursuing this route always finds it necessary to make a number of portages. The original manner in which I performed one of these I will briefly describe.

When the company to which I belonged had landed on the eastern shore of Sandy Lake, I immediately inquired for the trail, seized my gun and started on ahead, hoping that I might succeed in killing a few pigeons for supper. The path was

well beaten, the scenery interesting, and I went on with a light heart and a head full of fantastic images born of the wild forest. The only creature in the way of game that I saw was a large red deer, which suddenly startled me by a shrill snort, and bounded away as if in scorn of my locomotive powers. Soon as my *hair* was fairly settled to its natural smoothness on my head, (how very uncomfortable it is to be frightened!) the deer made a dignified pause, and I attempted to draw near by dodging along behind the trees.

Soon as I was through dodging, I looked up and found that my game was missing, and I therefore wheeled about to resume my journey. My intention was reasonable and lawful, but then arose the thought, what direction shall I pursue? The more I pondered the more my wonder grew, and after a series of ineffectual rambles, I finally concluded that I had lost my way, and must spend the night, literally speaking, "in the wilderness alone." I now record my tale without emotion, but my feelings and reflections on that occasion were uncomfortable in the extreme.

After wandering about the woods until my feet were blistered, I concluded to pitch my tent for the night, although the only things I had with me to make me comfortable in my solitude, were an unloaded gun, a horn half full of powder, and my shot-bag, empty of shot and balls. I happened to be in a deep valley, which was entirely covered with pine trees. One of them had two large branches that shot out together about a dozen feet from the ground, and as I had no sure way of keeping off an enemy, I managed to climb up to them, and there spent the night, without once budging from my interesting roost.

I was not visited by any goblins on that memorable night, but the actual miseries which ministered to me during the dark hours were quite numerous. In the first place, I had to watch the deepening shadows of the evening, tormented by hunger and thirst. Instead of having an opportunity to satisfy my own appetite, it seemed as if all the musquitos of the wilderness had assembled together for the purpose of having a feast

on my own flesh and blood. But nature granted me a brief respite from this torment, by causing a shower to fall, which had a tendency to cool my feverish lips and brow, and allowed me a little sleep.

But this blessedness was soon ended, for in a fit of the nightmare I had a very narrow escape from falling to the ground. After I had fairly recovered myself, and again drank in the horrors of a musquito dirge, I almost made up my mind to drop at any rate, and thereby end my life and the enjoyment of my infernal enemies.

But there was soon another change in the character of my miseries. An immense owl had the impudence to perch himself on a limb above my head, whence he poured forth a flood of the most horrible screaming that mortal ever heard. Soon as the echoes thus awakened had melted into silence, a crackling sound fell upon my ear, and I beheld an old bear, straggling along, as if he was sure of enjoying a feast of fresh meat.

He halted and snuffed around the base of a tree, which stood only a few yards distant from the one I occupied, and then continued on his way. He seemed to know that human feet had lately trodden the valley, but rationally concluding that no sensible man would remain in that particular region any longer than he could possibly help it, he did not trouble himself about the scent he had discovered. I felt grateful towards the old savage for his unintentional politeness, but if my gun had been loaded with only one ball, I should have favored him with an unexpected salute.

The hours which followed this event, and preceded the dawn, were the longest that I ever experienced. My wretchedness was indescribable; I was cold and hungry, and in want of sleep, but morning came at last, and with it the warm bright sunshine and the silence of the Sabbath; only a loud clear chorus of sweetest melody echoed through the pine forest valley, from the throats of a thousand birds.

On descending from my elevated position, I ascended a high hill, from whose summit I could look down upon a beautiful lake, where I saw my fellow travellers all quietly afloat in their

canoes. I loaded my gun with powder and fired a signal, which was answered by a deafening shout, that was far sweeter to my ears at that particular moment than even the song of birds. When the Indians who had been hunting after me had returned, and when I resumed my seat in the canoe, and had a slice of cold pork between my fingers, I was quite happy, in spite of the many jokes cracked at my expense.

THE SAINT LOUIS RIVER.

By looking on the map you will observe that this river enters Lake Superior on the extreme west. I had not the means of ascertaining its precise length, but was told that above the Savannah, where I struck it, it is an inconsiderable stream. From that point to the lake it is quite a majestic river, and I should suppose the distance to be nearly one hundred and fifty miles. It has more the appearance of a wild New England river than any other that I have seen in the western country. It is exceedingly rocky, and so full of sunken boulders and dangerous rapids, that it never could be made navigable further up than Fond du Lac, which is twenty miles from Lake Superior. The water is clear, but of a rich snuff color, owing probably to the swamps out of which it runs. It is said to rise and fall very suddenly. Its entire shores are without a solitary habitation (excepting at the trading post already mentioned,) and the scenery is picturesque, wild and romantic. But I hear the roar of its cataracts, and must attempt a description of them.

There is a place on this river called the Knife Portage, from the fact that the rocks here are exceedingly sharp and pointed, where the stream forms a large bend, and where the voyageur has to make a portage of twelve miles. The length of this bend may be sixteen miles, and in that distance the water has a fall of about three hundred and twenty feet. The width of the river may be from three to four hundred yards. At this point (just above Fond du Lac) are three nameless waterfalls, whose dimensions are indeed stupendous. The water of one tumbles

over a pile of pointed rocks, and after twisting itself into every possible variety of schutes and foaming streams, finally murmurs itself to sleep in a pool eighty feet below the summit whence it takes its first leap.

Another fall, or rather cataract, is not far from one hundred feet high, and the water at times rushes over almost in a solid and unbroken body.

The walls of slate on either side are lofty, and "crowned with a peculiar diadem of trees;" and as the roaring of the fall is deafening, its effect upon me was allied to that of Niagara. The pools at the bottom appeared to be black and fathomless, the spray whiter than snow, and the rainbows beautiful beyond comparison. When I gazed upon the features of this superb water-wonder, united as they were in one complete picture; when I listened to the scream of the eagle mingling with the roar, and thought of the uninhabited wilderness in every direction around me, I was most deeply impressed.

I visited this cataract accompanied by a party of Indians, and owing to the length of time it took us to reach it, we were compelled to spend the night in its immediate vicinity. We built our watch-fire on the southern shore, in a sheltering bay, about one hundred yards from the highest leap, and on a spot where we could command a complete view of the superb picture.

Our supper on that occasion was composed exclusively of venison, as one of the party had succeeded in killing a deer in one of his morning excursions; and though I had not eaten for nine or ten hours, I seemed to have lost my appetite, and took my food merely as a matter of necessity. After our repast was ended, two of the Indians lighted their birchen torches and jumped into a canoe for the purpose of spearing fish. I watched them with peculiar interest, and saw them perform one feat which was truly wonderful. They had wounded an immense pike on a shoal, very near a column of the falling element, when the stricken creature floundered away into the foaming water, and the canoe darted on in quick pursuit, as if its inmates were determined to capture or die. One moment it

seemed as if the torrent of water must be pouring into the canoe, and the torches be extinguished, and then again, I could only see a halo of light, looking like the sun rising at midnight, as the fishermen glided behind a sheet of water or a cloud of spray. They were successful in their sport, and finally returned and presented their prize at my feet. The party then enjoyed a pipe for about twenty minutes, when the younger Indians commenced playing their favorite moccasin game, and I spent the remainder of the evening conversing with the chief and patriarch of the band, from whom I gathered the following tradition respecting the cataract:

"More moons ago than I can count," said the old man, "the country lying between the big lake (Superior) and the place where the sun goes down, was owned by the Sioux nation, which was then immensely powerful. They were very cruel in their warfare, and did every thing in their power to annihilate the Chippewa nation. The Great Spirit was not their friend, but ours, and once, when a multitude of their warriors were pursuing some of our hunters down the river, the Great Spirit suddenly *kicked out the bottom* in this place, and the principal enemies of our nation were all destroyed. Since that time we have been the possessors of this vast country, and the children of our ancient enemies catch the buffalo in a far distant prairie land."

With this legend deeply impressed on my mind (the telling of which occupied my companion for nearly two hours) I ordered more wood to be placed on the fire, and leaving the others to take care of themselves, rolled myself up in my blanket, and was soon asleep. I was awakened only once during the night, and that was by the distant howl of a wolf, mingling with the solemn anthem of the cataract. I sat up for a moment to look upon the scene, but the sky was covered with clouds, and it was exceedingly dark. Even the embers of our watch-fire had ceased blazing. Around me lay my companions in a deep sleep. Once more did I listen to the howl, and that voice of many waters, until, like a frightened child, I hastily covered my head, and went to sleep. On the following morning we

resumed our journey in the midst of a rain storm, the memory of that night and that cataract, however, haunting me like a dream.

The next perpendicular fall within the bend I have mentioned, is some two miles down the stream, and is only about fifty feet in height, but its grandeur is somewhat enhanced by the rapids which succeed it, and have a fall of some forty or fifty feet more. An old trader tells me that I am the first traveller from the States who has ever taken the trouble actually to visit these cataracts. If this is a fact, and as the Indians, so far as I can learn, have never christened them, I claim the privilege of giving them a name. Let them, then, be known hereafter as the Chippewa Falls. It is a singular circumstance that a pine tree might be cut in this interior wilderness, and if launched in one of the tributaries of the Mississippi, or in the Saint Louis River, and propelled by favorable winds alone, could, in process of time, be planted in the hull of a ship at any sea-port on the globe.

The navigable portion of the Saint Louis, as before remarked, extends only about twenty miles from the lake, at which point is the place legitimately called Fond du Lac. It is an ancient trading post, and contains about half a dozen white inhabitants, viz., a worthy missionary and his interesting family. The agent of the Fur Company and his assistants are half-breeds, and a most godless set of people they are. It is a general rendezvous for several Indian tribes, and when I was there was quite crowded with the barbarians.

Fond du Lac, so far as the scenery is concerned, is one of the most truly delightful places that I ever met with in my life. The first white man who traded here was my friend Morrison, after whom the highest hill in the vicinity was named. Upon this eminence I spent a pleasant afternoon, revelling over a landscape of surpassing loveliness. Far below me lay an extensive natural meadow, on the left of which was a pretty lake, and on the right a little hamlet composed of log cabins and bark wigwams. The broad valley of the Saint Louis faded away to the east, studded with islands, and protected on either

side by a range of high wood-crowned hills, beyond which reposed in its conscious pride the mighty lake-wonder of the world. The atmosphere which rested upon the whole scene seemed to halo every feature, and with the occasional tinkling of a solitary cow-bell, combined to fill my heart with indescribable pleasure.

Most of my rambles about this place, were performed in company with the missionary already mentioned. He informed me that the surrounding country abounded in rich copper ore, in agates and cornelians of the first water, and that all the smaller streams of the country afforded rare trout fishing. If this end of Lake Superior should become, as I doubt not it will, famous for its mines, Fond du Lac would be a most agreeable place to reside in, as it is easily reached by vessels. I was hospitably entertained by this gentleman, and could not but contrast the appearance of his dwelling with that of his neighbor the French trader. In the one you might see a small library, a large family Bible, the floor covered with matting, &c., a neat, tidy, and intelligent wife, and children; in the other, a pack of cards, a barrel of whisky, a stack of guns, and a family whose filthiness was only equalled by the total ignorance of its various members. And this contrast only inadequately portrays the difference between Christianity and heathenism.

I left Fond du Lac about day-break, with a retinue of some twenty canoes, which were freighted with Indians bound to a payment at La Pointe. It was one of those misty summer mornings when every object in nature wears a bewitching aspect, and her still small voice seems to whisper to the heart that it is not the "whole of life to live, nor the whole of death to die," and when we feel that God is omnipotent and the mind immortal. But the scenery of this portion of the river is beautiful—beautiful beyond anything I had imagined to exist in any country on the globe. The entire distance from Fond du Lac to this place, as before mentioned, is not far from twenty miles. The river is very broad and deep, and completely filled with wooded islands; while on either side extends a range

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of mountains, which are as wild and solitary as when brought into existence.

Every member of the voyaging party seemed to be happy, and we travelled at our ease for the purpose of prolonging the enjoyment of the voyage. At one time we landed at the base of a cliff; and while I made a drawing or ransacked the shore for agates and cornelians, and the young Indians clambered up a hillside for roots or berries, the more venerable personages of the party would sit in their canoes, quietly puffing away at their pipes as they watched the movements of their younger companions. Ever and anon might be heard the report of a gun, or the whiz of an arrow, as we happened to pass the feeding place of a flock of ducks, the nest of an eagle or raven, or the marshy haunt of a muskrat or otter. Now we surprised a couple of deer swimming across the river, one of which the Indians succeeded in capturing; and now we hauled up our canoes on a sandy island, to have a talk with some lonely Indian family, the smoke of whose wigwam had attracted our attention, rising from between the trees. Our sail down the river occupied us until about ten o'clock, when we reached the mouth of the river, and disembarked for the purpose of preparing and eating our breakfast. We landed on the river side of a long sandy point, and while the Indians were cooking a venison-steak and a large trout, I rambled over the sand hills; and as the sun came out of a cloud and dissipated every vestige of the morning mist, obtained my first view of Lake Superior, where, above the apparently boundless plain, I could only discover an occasional gull, wheeling to and fro as if sporting with the sunbeams.

LAKE SUPERIOR.

I HAVE finished my canoe pilgrimage, and parted with my Indian guides and fellow-voyagers. It now remains for me to mould into an intelligible form the notes which I have recorded from time to time, while seated in my canoe or lounging beside the watch-fires of my barbarous companions.

Lake Superior, known to be the largest body of fresh water on the globe, is three hundred and sixty miles long, one hundred and forty wide, and fifteen hundred miles in circumference; its surface is six hundred and twenty-seven feet above the sea, and its greatest depth seven hundred and ninety-two feet. It is the grand reservoir whence proceed the waters of Michigan, Huron, and Erie; it gives birth to Niagara—the wonder of the world—fills the basin of Ontario, and rolls a mighty flood down the valley of the Saint Lawrence to the Atlantic. It lies in the bosom of a mountain land, where the red man yet reigns in his native freedom. Excepting an occasional picket fort or trading house, it is yet a wilderness. The entire country is rocky and covered with a stunted growth of vegetation, where the silver fur, the pine, hemlock, the cedar and the birch are most abundant. The soil is principally composed of a reddish clay, which becomes almost as hard as brick on being exposed to the action of the air and sun. In some of the valleys, however, the soil is rich and suitable for purposes of agriculture.

The waters of this magnificent lake are marvellously clear, and even at midsummer are exceedingly cold. In passing along its rocky shores in my frail canoe, I have often been

alarmed at the sight of a sunken boulder, which I fancied must be near the top, and on further investigation have found myself to be upwards of twenty feet from the danger of a concussion; and I have frequently lowered a white rag to the depth of one hundred feet, and been able to discern its every fold or stain. The color of the water near the shore is a deep-green, but off soundings it has all the dark-blue appearance of the ocean. The sandy shores are more abrupt than those of any body of water I have seen; and within a few feet of many of its innumerable bluffs, it would be impossible for a ship to anchor. It is a singular fact that the waters of this lake are much heavier than those of Huron, which are also heavier than those of Erie and Michigan. I am informed on the best authority, that a loaded canoe will draw at least two inches more water in Huron than in Superior.

The natural harbors of this lake are not numerous, but on account of its extent and depth it affords an abundance of sea-room, and is consequently one of the safest of the great lakes to navigate. The only trouble is that it is subject to severe storms, which arise very suddenly. Often have I floated on its sleeping bosom in my canoe at noonday, and watched the butterfly sporting in the sunbeams; and at sunset of the same day, have stood upon the rocky shore, gazing upon the mighty billows careering onward as if mad with a wild delight, while a wailing song, mingled with the "trampling surf," would ascend to the gloomy sky. The shipping of the lake in 1846 was composed of one steamboat, one propeller, and several small schooners, which were chiefly supported by the fur and copper business. The first vessel, larger than a canoe or batteaux, that sailed on this lake, was launched in August, 1835; she belonged to the American Fur Company, and her burthen was 113 tons.

And now a word or two about the climate of this region. The winters are very long, averaging about seven months, while spring, summer, and autumn are compelled to fulfill their duties in the remaining five. During the former season the snow frequently covers the whole country to the depth of three,

four, and five feet, but the cold is regular and consequently healthful. The few white people who spend their winters in this region, are almost as isolated as the inhabitants of Greenland. The only news which they then obtain from the civilized world, is brought them once a month. The mail-carriers are half-breeds or Indians, who travel through the pathless wilderness in a rude sledge drawn by dogs. But the climate of Lake Superior at midsummer is delightful beyond compare; the air is soft and bracing at the same time. A healthier region does not exist on the earth, and this assertion is corroborated by the well-known fact that the inhabitants usually live to an advanced age, in spite of their many hardships. The common diseases of mankind are here comparatively unknown, and I have never seen an individual whose breast did not swell with a new emotion of delight as he inhaled the air of this northern wilderness.

Before concluding this general description of the region I have recently explored, I ought to speak of the game which is found here. Of the larger animals the two principal species are the black bear and elk, but they are far from being abundant; of the smaller varieties, almost every northern animal may be found, excepting the beaver, which has become extinct. Water-fowl, as many people suppose, are not abundant, for the reason that the rocky bottom of the lake yields no plants to supply them with food; but westward of Superior, about the head waters of the Saint Louis and Mississippi rivers, they are found in incredible numbers. As to snakes, you might travel a thousand miles through the woods and not see a single specimen. They are not "native and to the manor born." The traveller through this region finds but little use for the gun; if, however, he is not too devoted a worshipper of mammon, he may bring with him a quantity of fishing tackle, and his brightest anticipations with regard to angling will be fully realized. But I must be more particular in my descriptions, and will therefore speak of the American and Canadian shores of Lake Superior.

It is computed that the American coast of this lake extends

to about twice the length of that which belongs to Canada. Our portion of the northern shore is skirted by a range of mountains which seem to be from two to three thousand feet in height; and it is said they extend in an unbroken chain from the river Saint Louis to the gulf of Saint Lawrence. Though they abound in cliffs, caverns, and waterfalls, when seen from the water, "distance lends enchantment" to these mountains, and they fade away, swell beyond swell, like the rolling billows of the ocean, while an occasional cloud will rest upon them, as if to remind the beholder of a ship, and thus complete the illusion. On the southern shore of the lake is a range called the Porcupine Mountains, which appear to be about as extensive (but not so lofty) as the Catskills; their varying outlines, seen as you sail along the coast, are very beautiful indeed. Point Keweenaw is also covered with hills, but less lofty and picturesque than those already mentioned. That portion of the coast lying between this point and the river Saint Mary, is low, and with the exception of the Pictured Rocks, uninteresting. Though the shores are not, generally speaking, what we should call rocky, yet they are distinguished for a variety of remarkable bluffs. Those alluded to above, are found on the east of Point Keweenaw, and extend along the coast some nine miles. They have been striped with various colors by mineral drippings, and are about one hundred and fifty feet high. The most conspicuous of them is perhaps three hundred feet high, but its most superb feature was demolished by a storm in the year 1816. That feature, according to a drawing in my possession, was an arch or doorway, fifteen feet broad and one hundred high, through which the Indians were accustomed to pass with their canoes. In those days, too, from the crevices in these solid walls of whitish sandstone leaped forth beautiful cascades, and mingled their waters with those of the lake. Beautiful caverns meet the eye in every direction, and the water at their base is of a deep green, and in some places almost fathomless.

A cluster of rocks similar to the above is found westward of the Apostle Islands. These, however, are composed of a deep

red sandstone, and are only about one hundred feet high, extending along the shore for about two miles. The arches here are almost numberless, and exceedingly picturesque and singular, and you may wind your way among them in a canoe without the least danger, provided you have a steady hand and sufficient nerve. And the caverns, too, in these bluffs are also very numerous, and some of them are so deep and dark that the eye cannot measure their depths,—and from these gloomy recesses, "even in a season of calm weather," always issues a sound like thunder, which must be terrific when a storm is raging. All these bluffs are covered with a stunted growth of Alpine and other trees.

The largest island in Lake Superior belongs to the American government, and is called Isle Royal. It is forty miles long, and varies from six to ten miles in width. Its hills have an altitude of four hundred feet, it is covered with forest, and has a bold shore. During the winter it is entirely uninhabited, but for the two last summers has been thoroughly explored by the copper speculators. The northern side is bold and rocky, but the southern shore has a number of fine bays and natural harbors. The soil is barren, but distinguished for its fishing grounds. According to the Indians, it is the home of all the spirits of their mythology.

Near the western extremity of this lake are the Apostle Islands, which are evidently detachments of a peninsula, running out in the same direction with Keweenaw, which is known as La Pointe. The group consists of three islands, and they stud the water most charmingly. There is a dreamy summer beauty about them, which made me anxious to linger along their peaceful and solitary shores. They are covered with dense forests, and ascend from the water's edge to a conspicuous height.

On the extreme point of the largest island is situated a trading post known as La Pointe. When I was there, it contained about a dozen inhabited log cabins, and the wigwams of about three thousand Chippewa Indians. They were assembled there to receive their annual instalment in money and goods from the general government, as a return for the untold acres,

BLUFFS ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

which they had deeded to their "Great Father and Protector," the President. The sum allotted to each was four dollars in money, and in goods one blanket and a sufficient amount of cloth to make a pair of leggins. This was all, and yet many of these poor wretches had paddled their canoes more than a thousand miles, to obtain this meagre present. The great majority had reached La Pointe in a state of starvation, and were therefore immediately compelled to transfer their money into the open hands of the American Fur Company, for pork at *fifty* dollars per barrel, and flour at *fifteen* dollars per hundred. It was understood, however, that when the red barbarians should start for their distant homes, the white barbarians would furnish them with sufficient provisions to take them out of sight. This unhappy state of things took such firm hold upon my feelings that my reflections upon the fate of the Indian tribes prevented me from enjoying my visit on the island. There is a Protestant missionary establishment at this place, but the missionaries are compelled to prosecute their labors as if with tied hands and closed lips, on account of the superior power of the Romish church. From time immemorial La Pointe has been the Mecca of the fur traders and the poor Indians. After exploring the immense wilderness on the west and north, enduring the severest hardships, they look forward to their visit at this place as the prominent event of the year. It is also the recruiting or starting place for all expeditions to the Mississippi river, there being only two routes,—that by the Brulé and Saint Croix rivers, and another by the Saint Louis.

The rivers running into Lake Superior from the south, are quite numerous, but none of them are very large. They are all remarkably clear, and abound in waterfalls. They invariably enter the lake in some sandy bay, and it is a singular fact, that shortly after a severe storm many of them cannot be entered even by a canoe, owing to their being blocked with sand, which event is of course followed by an overflow, for the time, of the surrounding country. When the storm has subsided, however, they break through the sandy barriers, and rush with great velocity into the lake.

The entire Canadian shore of Lake Superior might be denominated as bold and rocky, but there may occasionally be seen a line of the smoothest beach, as if for the very purpose of affording protection to the voyaging Indians when exposed to the dangers of sudden storms. The bluffs are generally of a green sandstone, and frequently rise to the height of five hundred feet above the water, like massive bulwarks, which seem to have battled with the elements for many ages. The mountains which skirt the northern shore of Superior, form the dividing ridge between the streams which run into the Lake and those which take a northerly direction into Hudson's Bay. After passing the first and most lofty range, the country for about fifty miles is mainly made up of low granite hills, when it settles into a level wilderness, extending, as is supposed, to the Arctic Sea, and where tamarack swamps may be seen in their greatest perfection. This entire region produces but little for purposes of agriculture.

The two most prominent peninsulas on this shore are called Thunder Cape and Carriboo Point. The former is about fourteen hundred feet high, and frowns upon the waste of waters, like a crouching lion, which animal it closely resembles in its outline. When passing near its base, it looms against the sky in awful grandeur, the seeming lord and master of the boundless wilderness world around. Carriboo Point is less lofty, but far-famed on account of the hieroglyphics which have been painted upon its brow in other years, by an Indian race now supposed to be extinct. In the vicinity of these bluffs, are found large and beautiful agates.

The Canadian shore of this lake abounds in rocky islands, but there is only one deserving of particular notice. It lies in the northeastern part of the lake, and is unquestionably the greatest natural curiosity in this wilderness,—not even except the Chippewa Falls, or the Pictured Cliffs on the southern shore of Superior. It is found about twenty miles from the main coast, and is supposed to be about a dozen miles in circumference. The shores are of sandstone, and for the most part rise abruptly from the water to the height of four or five

hundred feet. But the wonder is, that in the centre of this island lies embosomed one of the most beautiful lakes imaginable. It is about a mile long, and the perpendicular cliffs which look down upon it, are not far from seven hundred feet in height. It has an outlet, which is impassable for a canoe, on account of the rocks and trees that have blocked up the narrow chasm; and at the opening of this outlet stands a column of solid rock, which is estimated to be eight hundred feet high. The base is probably one hundred feet in diameter, and it gradually tapers off to about twenty feet in thickness, while the summit of this singular needle is surmounted by one solitary pine tree. The waters of this inner lake are clear, but have a blackish appearance, and are very deep. It is so completely hidden from the surrounding world, that the passing breeze scarcely ever ruffles its tranquil bosom, and the silence which reigns there, even at noonday, is intense. In some places the walls which surround the lake appear to have been recently rent asunder, and partly demolished, as there were immense piles of broken rocks lying at their base; while in other places the upper points and edges are overgrown with moss, and from their brows occasionally depends a cluster of fantastic vines, drooping perpendicularly to the tranquil water, which reproduces the beautiful pictures in its translucent bosom. The lake is destitute of fish, and the island of animals, but gulls of every variety, and in immense numbers fill the air with their wild screams. The entire island seems to be composed of rocky materials, but it is everywhere covered with a stunted growth of vegetation.

Of the countless Indian legends, which create a kind of classical interest in the scenery of Lake Superior, the most singular and universal have reference to a noted personage whose name was Menaboujou; and as it is a *traditionary* fact, that he was, owing to his passion for water, buried in the liquid centre of the island I have described, it is meet, I ween, that I should devote a portion of this chapter to a record of his history. He was the Noah as well as the Jonah of this portion of the heathen world, and is said to have been created by Manito

for the especial purpose of acting as the ruler of all men, and guardian of Lake Superior in particular; while some affirm that he was Manito himself. The Indians describe him as a being of immense size—who could stride across the widest rivers and grasp the lightning in his hands, and whose voice was like the roar of Superior in a storm. They also affirm that he excelled in all the arts of war and of the chase, that the Chippewa nation are his legitimate descendants, and that he died at the advanced age of one thousand winters. At the mention of his name in the Indian lodges, the children hush their prattle, and listen with wonder to the tales which are sure to follow. It is alleged that he was gifted with the strange powers of the necromancer, could transform himself into any animal or inanimate object in nature, at a moment's warning, and was wont to hold converse with every living creature at his will. There is not a headland on Lake Superior, or a river emptying into it, which is not hallowed in Indian story by his wonderful exploits. The revolving seasons were at his command. He covered the earth with snow, and fettered the streams with ice. At his mandate the mountains were covered with verdure, and northern flowers bloomed in surpassing beauty. He commanded, and the terrible storm-winds broke from their prison caves, and lashed the mighty plain of waters into pure white foam; and the zephyr, which scarcely caused a leaf to tremble, or a ripple on the sleeping waves, was also attributed to his power. In fine, the qualifications of this noted individual were as numerous as they seem to us incongruous and heathenish. To the philosopher, however, these glimpses into the mythology of the aborigines are not without their value, and this conviction is my apology for recording them. Another name for Menaboujou was Hiawatha.

The death of Menaboujou was an important era in the history of the Chippewa nation. During his life the calamities of war and intemperance were unknown, but the Evil One having challenged him to mortal combat, a desperate battle was fought between the mighty potentates, which resulted in the triumph of evil, and the extinction of all good, in the person of

its chief author. The battle occurred in the midst of a thunder-storm and on the summit of Thunder Cape, the only weapons used being clubs of immense size, made of the pine and spruce; and when the result was known, a mournful lamentation was heard throughout all the land. The entire Chippewa nation attended the funeral of the departed, and when they were bearing his huge corse to the lake within the nameless island, a rock was seen to rise out of the water, as a monument planted there by the Great Spirit, to perpetuate the memory of the beloved Menaboujou. The rock alluded to, rises to the height of about thirty feet, and bears an astonishing resemblance to a human head.

THE VOYAGEUR.

GENERALLY speaking, the voyageur of the northwest is the shipping merchant of the wilderness; for his principal business is to transport furs from the interior country to the frontier settlements, or merchandise from the settlements into the interior. By birth he is half French, and half Indian, but in habits, manners, and education, a full-blooded Indian. Like the Indian, his home is where he may happen to pitch his tent. His usual possessions consist of a good supply of bark canoes, and he ever holds himself in readiness, either to transport goods, or act as a guide and companion to the traveller who may require his services. His dress is something less than half civilized, and his knowledge of the world equal to that of his savage brethren; —amiable, even to a fault, but intemperate and without a religion. The hardships to which he exposes himself at mid-winter, when his snow-shoes take the place of his canoe, are incredible; but in all places, and at all times, he is a happy and contented being. His main stay in the way of food is salted pork, and for that reason has he been nicknamed a "pork-eater."

It was in a company of some fifty men, composed of voyageurs and Indians, and commanded by Allen Morrison, that I performed a part of my pilgrimage to the head waters of the Mississippi, and partly around the shores of Lake Superior. There were ten canoes in our *fleet;* the largest (about forty feet long) was occupied by Morrison, myself, and five picked men. He was on his annual visit to the north, to attend the Indian payments, and the great majority of the Indians tra-

THE VOYAGEUR'S CAMP.

velled under his flag, partly for the fun of it, but principally for the purpose of drawing upon him for food, which he always dealt out to them with a liberal hand.

Our time of starting was at day-break, and having paddled three pipes, (about eighteen miles,) we generally landed upon a pleasant sand-bar, or in some leafy nook, and spent an hour or more in cooking and eating our breakfast. A "pipe," I should here remark, is what a sporting gentleman might call a *heat* of six miles, at the end of which our oarsmen would rest themselves, while enjoying a smoke of ten minutes. Our principal food consisted of pork and dough, which were invariably boiled in a tin kettle. Whenever we happened to have any game, or fish, this rarity was also placed in the same kettle with the pork and dough, all of which we disposed of with the assistance of our fingers and a large knife. As Mr. Morrison and myself were acknowledged to belong to the "first class" of people, we were privileged to use (without giving offence) a small quantity of tea and maple sugar, which we had brought with us. Simple as was our food, it was as wholesome, and at that time as palatable to my taste, as any that I could have obtained from Delmonico's. I was in the habit of devouring, and digesting too, long strings of heavy dough, which would, under ordinary circumstances, have destroyed me. Our meals, however, were always looked forward to with pleasure, and were considered a luxury to be enjoyed only twice during the day,—breakfasting, as we did, at ten, and supping soon after pitching our tents in the evening. Fifty miles per day, when there were no portages or rapids to pass, were considered a good run. The two or three hours before bed-time I generally spent in conversation with Morrison, the voyageurs, or Indians, —and usually retired with my head as full of wilderness images, as a bee-hive at swarming time. The only trouble with my ideas was, that they created a great excitement, but would not swarm according to my will. My couch (a part of which was appropriated to Morrison) consisted of a *soft spot of ground*, while my gun and pouch answered for a pillow, and my only covering was a large green blanket. When the weather was

clear, we did not pitch our tent, but slept under a tree, or used the star-studded sky for a canopy. After such a night, I have awakened, and found my blanket white with frozen dew.

The pleasures of this mode of travelling are manifold. The scenery that you pass through is of the wildest character, the people you meet with "are so queer," and there is a charm in the very mystery and sense of danger which attend the windings of a wilderness stream, or the promontories and bays of a lonely lake. The only *apparent* miseries which befall the voyageur, are protracted rain storms and musquitos. On one occasion, while coasting Lake Superior, we were overtaken by a sudden storm, but succeeded in reaching the shore (about a mile off) without being swamped. It was about sundown, and owing to the wind and rain we were unable to make a fire, and consequently went supperless to bed. For my part, I looked upon our condition as quite wretched, and cared little what became of me. We had landed on a fine beach, where we managed to pitch our tents, and there threw ourselves down for the purpose of sleeping; and though wet to the skin, I never slept more soundly in my life,—for the roaring of Lake Superior in a storm, is a most glorious lullaby. On the following morning, I was awakened *by the surf washing against my feet.*

As to musquitos, had I not taken with me a quantity of bar-netting, I believe the creatures would have eaten me. But with this covering fastened to four sticks, I could defy the wretches, and I was generally lulled to sleep by their annoying hum, which sometimes seemed to me like the howl of infernal spirits.

The only animals that ever had the daring to annoy us, were a species of gray wolf, which sometimes succeeded in robbing us of our food. On one occasion, I remember we had a short allowance of pork, and for the purpose of protecting it with greater care than usual, Mr. Morrison had placed it in a bag under his head, when he went to sleep.

"At midnight, in his un-guarded tent," his head was sud-

denly thumped against the ground, and by the time he was fairly awakened, he had the peculiar satisfaction of seeing *a wolf, on the keen run, with the bag of pork.*

The more prominent incidents connected with canoe voyaging, which relieve the monotony of a long voyage, are the making of portages, the passing of rapids, and the singing of songs.

Portages are made for the purpose of getting below or above those falls which could not be passed in any other manner, also for the purpose of going from one stream to another, and sometimes they are made to shorten the distance to be travelled, by crossing points or peninsulas. It was invariably the habit of our voyageurs to run a race, when they came in sight of a portage, and they did not consider it ended until their canoes were launched in the water at the farther end of the portage. The consequence of this singular custom is, that making a portage is exciting business. Two men will take the largest canoe upon their shoulders, and cross the portage on a regular trot, stopping, however, to rest themselves and enjoy a pipe at the end of every thousand paces. On landing, the canoe is not allowed to touch the bottom, but you must get out into the water and unload it while yet afloat. The loads of furs or merchandise which these men sometimes carry, are enormous. I have seen a man convey three hundred and fifty pounds, up a steep hill two hundred feet high, and that too without once stopping to rest; and I *heard* the story, that there were three voyageurs in the northern wilderness, who have been known, unitedly, to carry *twenty-one hundred pounds* over a portage of eight miles. In making portages, it is occasionally necessary to traverse tamarack swamps; and the most difficult one in the northwest lies midway between Sandy Lake and the Saint Louis River. It is about nine miles in length, and in crossing it you sometimes have to wade in pure mud up to your middle. On this route I counted the wrecks of no less than seven canoes, which had been abandoned by the over-fatigued voyageurs; and I also noticed the grave of an unknown foreigner, who had died in this horrible

place, from the effect of a poisonous root which he had eaten. Here, in this gloomy solitude had he breathed his last, with none to cool his feverish brow but a poor ignorant Indian;—alone, and more than a thousand leagues from his kindred and home.

But the excitement of passing the rapids of a large river like the Mississippi, exceeds that of any other operation connected with voyaging. The strength, dexterity, and courage required and employed for passing them, are astonishing. I have been in a canoe, and on account of a stone or floating tree have seen it held for some minutes perfectly still, when midway up a foaming rapid, merely by two men with long poles, standing at each end of the canoe. If, at such a time, one of the poles should slip, or one of the men make a wrong move, the canoe would be taken by the water and dashed to pieces either on the surrounding rocks, or the still more rocky shore. It is, however, much more dangerous to descend than to ascend a rapid; for it is then almost impossible to stop a canoe, when under full headway, and if you happen to strike a rock, you will find your *safety* canoe no better than a sieve. To pass down the Sault Saint Marie, with an experienced voyageur, is one of the most interesting, yet thrilling and fearful feats that can be performed. There are rapids and falls, however, which cannot at any time be passed with safety, and great caution is required in approaching them.

One of the more prominent traits of the voyageur's character, is his cheerfulness. Gay and mirthful by nature and habit—patient and enduring at labor—seeking neither ease nor wealth—and, though fond of his family, it is his custom to let the morrow take care of itself, while he will endeavor to improve the present hour as he thinks proper. He belongs to a race which is entirely distinct from all others on the globe. It is a singular fact, that when most troubled, or when enduring the severest hardships, they will joke, laugh, and sing their uncouth songs—the majority of which are extemporaneous, appropriate to the occasion, and generally of a rude and licentious character. Indeed it is said of some, that they will travel

hundreds of miles without once ceasing to sing, and without twice singing the same song. They are invariably sung in Canadian French, and the following literal translations may be looked upon as favorable specimens of songs, which I first heard on the Mississippi.

The Starting.

Home, we are leaving thee!
River, on thy bosom to sail!
Cheerful let our hearts be,
Supported by hope.
Away, then, away! Away, then, away!

Scenes of beauty will we pass;
Scenes that make us love our life;
Game of the wilderness our food,
And our slumbers guarded by the stars.
Away, then, away! Away, then, away!

Home, we are leaving thee!
River, on thy bosom to sail!
Cheerful let our hearts be,
Supported by hope.
Away, then, away! Away, then, away!

The Way.

The river that we sail
Is the pride of our country;
The women that we love
Are the fairest upon earth.
Row, then, row! Row, then, row!

Toilsome is our way,
Dangerous is our way;
But what matter?
Our trust is in Providence.
Row, then, row! Row, then, row!

The river that we sail
Is the pride of our country;
The women that we love
Are the fairest upon earth.
Row, then, row! Row, then, row!

The Return.

Joy, joy, our home is not far;
Love-smiles are waiting us;
And we shall be happy!
Happy, happy, happy.
Bend to your oars! Bend to your oars!

Loud, loud, let our voices be,
Echoing our gratitude;
Many leagues have we voyaged,
But soon shall we be at rest.
Bend to your oars, brothers! Bend to your oars!

Joy, joy, our home is in sight;
Love-smiles are waiting us,
And we shall be happy!
Happy, happy, happy!
Home! Bend to your oars! Bend to your oars!

The same canoe in which I explored the Upper Mississippi, also bore me in safety partly around the shores of Lake Superior: first, eastward, along the northern shore, then back again to Fond du Lac; and afterwards along the southern shore to the Apostle Islands. Delighted as I was with my canoe wanderings on the head-waters of the Mighty River, I am constrained to yield the palm to Superior. For many days did I explore its picturesque bays and extended sweeps of shore, following the promptings of my wayward will, and storing my mind with its unnumbered legends, gathered from the lips of my Indian companions. I seldom took a paddle in my hand, unless it were for exercise, but usually employed my time, when the weather was calm, by reading or sketching; and often, when the sunshine made me sleepy, have been lulled into a dreamy repose, by the measured music of the oars, mingling with the wild chanting of the voyageurs. It was the custom with my companions, whenever they caught me in those lucid intervals, to startle me, by a piercing whoop, which invariably announced a race upon the watery plain. And then, indeed, was it a most exciting spectacle to witness the canoes gliding to the destined goal. Whenever I expressed such a desire, the party

came to a halt upon the shore, and then it was that I mounted the headlands to gather berries, or obtain a bird's-eye prospect of the lake. At times, the roar of a distant waterfall would fall upon the ear, and I was wont to beg an hour's furlough for the purpose of catching a dozen or two of trout in the waters of a nameless stream. But my chief employment, whenever we landed, was to gather agates and pebbles. In many places the gravelly shores were completely covered with them; and often, when attracted by one of a particular color or an unusual size, and when deceived by the marvellous transparency of the water, have I found myself far beyond my depth in the sleeping waves, which event was about the only one that could bring me to my senses. Many a time, like a very child, have I rambled along the beach for miles, returning to my canoe completely loaded down with my treasures, which I sometimes carried with me on my journey for many miles, and then threw away to make room for others which I thought still more beautiful. Delightful, indeed, were those summer days on the bosom of that lonely lake. They are associated with my treasured dreams, and I cannot but sigh when I remember that I may never be privileged to enjoy the like again. My reason would not stop the tide of civilization which is sweeping to the remote north and the far Pacific; but if the wishes of my heart were realized, none but the true worshippers of Nature should ever be permitted to mar the solitude of the wilderness with the song of Mammon.

But, if that were possible, the nights that I spent upon the shores of the great northern lake have made a deeper impression upon me than those summer days. Never before had the ocean of the sky and the starry world appeared so supremely brilliant. Seldom would my restless spirit allow me an unbroken slumber from nightfall until dawn, and I was often in a wakeful mood, even after the camp-fires were entirely out, and my rude companions were all asleep.. One of those wonderful nights I never can forget. I had risen from my couch upon the sand, and after walking nearly half a mile along the beach, I passed a certain point, and found myself in full view

of the following scene. Black, and death-like in its repose, was the apparently illimitable plain of water; above its outline, on the left, were the strangely beautiful northern lights, shooting their rays to the very zenith; on the right was a clear full moon, making a silvery pathway from my feet to the horizon; and before, around, and above me, floating in the deep cerulean, were the unnumbered and mysterious stars. The only sound that fell upon my ear was the occasional splash of a tiny wave, as it melted upon the shore. Long and intently did I gaze upon the scene, until, in a kind of frenzy, or bewilderment, I threw myself upon the earth, and was soon in a deep sleep. The first gleam of sunshine roused me from slumber, and I returned to our encampment in a thoughtful and unhappy mood. My friends had not wondered at my absence, when they awoke, for they supposed that I had gone merely to take my accustomed swim. The voyageur's life is indeed a romantic one; but it will not do to talk about it forever, and I therefore bring my description to a close.

THE COPPER REGION.

I AM the owner of a few shares of copper stock, but exceedingly anxious to dispose of my interest, at the earliest possible moment, and on the most reasonable terms. This remark defines my position with regard to copper in general, and may be looked upon as the text from which I shall proceed to make a few general observations on the copper region of Lake Superior. I am curious to find out how it will seem, for the public at large, to read something which is not a purchased puff. Those, therefore, who are unaccustomed to simple matters of fact, will please pass on to another chapter of my book, or lay it down as the most insipid volume that was ever published.

It is undoubtedly true, that all the hills and mountains surrounding this immense lake, abound in valuable minerals, of which the copper, in every form, is the most abundant. The lamented Douglas Houghton has published the opinion, that this region contains the most extensive copper mines in the known world. The discoveries which have been made during the last three years would lead one to suppose this opinion to be founded in truth.

Not to mention the ship loads of rich ore that I have seen at different times, I would, merely to give my reader an idea of what is doing here, give the weight of a few distinguished discoveries that I have actually seen.

The native copper boulder, discovered by the traveller Henry, in the bed of the Ontonagon river, and now in Washington, originally weighed thirty-eight hundred pounds; a copper mass

of the same material lately found near Copper Harbor, weighed twelve hundred pounds; at Copper Falls, the miners are now at work (1846) upon a vein of solid ore, which already measures twenty feet in length, nine in depth, and seven and a half inches in thickness, which must weigh a number of tons; and at Eagle River another boulder has lately been brought to light, weighing seventeen hundred pounds.

As to native silver, the Eagle River valley has yielded the largest specimen yet found about this lake, the weight of which was six pounds ten ounces. These are mineral statistics from which may be drawn as great a variety of conclusions as there are minds.

The number of mining companies which purport to be in operation on the American shore of Lake Superior and on our islands, is said to be one hundred; and the number of stock shares is not far from three hundred thousand. But notwithstanding all the fuss that has been, and is still made, about the mining operations here, a smelting furnace has not yet been erected, and only three companies, up to the present time, have made any shipments of ore. The oldest of these is the Lake Superior Company; the most successful, the Pittsburg and Boston Company; and the other is the Copper Falls Company, all of which are confined in their operations to Point Keweenaw.

This point is at present the centre of attraction to those who are worshipping the copper Mammon of the age. It is a mountainous district, covered with a comparatively useless pine forest, exceedingly rocky and not distinguished for its beautiful scenery. As to the great majority of the mining companies alluded to, they will undoubtedly sink a good deal more money than they can possibly make; and for the reason, that they are not possessed of sufficient capital to carry on the mining business properly, and are managed by inexperienced and visionary men—a goodly number of whom have failed in every business in which they ever figured, and who are generally adventurers, determined to live by speculation instead of honest labor. The two principal log cabin cities of Point Keweenaw,

are Copper Harbor and Eagle River. The former is quite a good harbor, and supports a vacated garrison, a newspaper, a very good boarding-house, and several intemperance establishments. The latter has a fine beach for a harbor, a boarding-house, a saw-mill, and a store, where drinking is the principal business transacted. The number of resident inhabitants in the two towns I was unable to learn, but the sum total I suppose would amount to fifty souls.

Altogether perhaps five hundred miners and clerks may be engaged on the whole Point, while about as many more, during the summer, are hanging about the general stopping places on the shore, or the working places in the interior. This brotherhood is principally composed of upstart geologists, explorers, and location speculators. From all that I can learn, about the same state of things exists on the Canada side of the lake. Twenty companies are already organized for that section of country, the most promising of which is the Montreal Mining Company; but not a pound of ore has yet been smelted or taken to market, so that the "subject theme," for the present, is as barren of real interest there, as in our own territory. Rationally speaking, the conclusion of the whole matter is just this: the Lake Superior region undoubtedly abounds in valuable minerals, but as yet a sufficient length of time has not elapsed to develop its resources; three quarters of the people (the remaining quarter are among the most worthy of the land) now engaged in mining operations, are what might be termed dishonest speculators and inexperienced adventurers: but there is no doubt that if a new order of things should be brought into existence here, all those who are prudent and industrious would accumulate fortunes.

I ought not to leave this brazen theme, without alluding to the science of geology as patronized in the mineral region. Not only does the nabob stockholder write pamphlets about the mines of the *Ural* mountains, and other *neighboring* regions, but even the broken-down New York merchant, who now sells whisky to the poor miner, strokes his huge whiskers, and descants upon the black oxyd, the native ore, and the peculiar

formation of every hillside in the country. Without exception, I believe, all the men, women and children residing in the copper cities, have been crystalized into finished geologists. It matters not how limited their knowledge of the English language may be, for they look only to the surface of things; it matters not how empty of common sense their brain-chambers may be, they are wholly absorbed in sheeting their minds and hearts with the bright red copper, and are all loudly eloquent on their favorite theme.

But the grand lever which they use to advance their interests, is the word "conglomerate," which answers as a general description of the surrounding country. You stand upon a commanding hill-top, and whilst lost in the enjoyment of a fine landscape, a Copper Harbor "bear" or "bull," recently from Wall street, will slap you on the shoulder, and startle the surrounding air with the following yell: "That whole region, sir, is *conglomerate*, and exceedingly rich in copper and silver." You ask your landlady for a drop of milk to flavor your coffee, and she will tell you "that her husband has exchanged the old red cow for a conglomerate location somewhere in the interior," thereby proving that a comfortable living is a secondary consideration in this life. You happen to see a little girl arranging some rocky specimens in her baby-house, and on your asking her name, she will probably answer—"Conglomerate the man, my name, sir, is Jane." But enough. It will not do for me to continue in this strain, for fear that my readers will, like my mining friends, be made crazy by a remarkable conglomerate literary specimen from the mineral region.

SAULT SAINT MARIE.

One more letter from this place, and I shall take my leave of Lake Superior. Saint Marie was formerly a trading post of renown: it is now a village of considerable business; and as the resources of the mineral region are developed, will undoubtedly become a town of importance in a commercial point of view; and the contemplated ship canal through this place (which would allow a boat from Buffalo to discharge her freight or passengers at Fond Du Lac) ought not to be delayed a single year. There is a garrison at this point; the society is good, bad, and indifferent, and in the summer season it is one of the busiest little places in the country. At the present time its inhabitants are in a state of unusual excitement, on account of a cold-blooded murder recently committed here. The victim was a brother of Henry R. Schoolcraft, the well-known author, and the assassin was John Tanner. The deed was performed in open daylight, and the deceased was killed by a bullet shot from an ambush, while he was walking along the road. From all that I have heard, it appears that this man Tanner was born in Virginia, and having been kidnapped by the Indians on the Ohio, when a boy, has for forty-six years led the life of an Indian, but performing the duties of an interpreter. He is the same man, moreover, who went to New York in 1830, and published a history of his life and adventures. It is said that he, many years ago, had a quarrel with Mr. Schoolcraft, the author, but as that gentleman resided at the east, and there was no chance of Tanner's having an opportunity to revenge himself upon his enemy, he not long ago declared his intention of kill-

ing the brother, who resided here as a trader. The threat was treated as a joke, but terminated too fatally. A party of white men and Indians is now on Tanner's trail, but the prospect of capturing him is, alas, uncertain, and the white savage will probably seek a home in the Hudson's Bay Territory. But I intend this to be a piscatorial letter, and must therefore change my tune.

The river Saint Marie, opposite this village, is about two miles wide, and having found its way out of a deep bay of the ocean lake, it here rushes over a ledge of rocks in great fury, and presents, for the distance of nearly a mile, a perfect sheet of foam, and this spot is called the Sault, signifying falls. The entire height of the fall is about thirty feet, and after the waters have expressed, in a murmuring roar, their unwillingness to leave the bosom of Superior, they finally hush themselves to sleep, and glide onward, as if in a dream, along the picturesque shores of a lonely country, until they mingle with the waters of Lake Huron.

The principal fish of this region are trout and white-fish, which are among the finest varieties in the world, and are here found in their greatest perfection. Of the trout, the largest species of Lake Superior is called the lake trout, and they vary from ten to sixty pounds in weight. Their flesh is precisely similar to that of the salmon in appearance, but they are not as delicious as an article of food. The Indians take them in immense quantities, with the gill-net, during the spring and summer, where the water is one hundred feet deep; but in the autumn, when the fish hover about the shores, for the purpose of spawning, the Indians catch them with the spear by torch-light. They also have a mode of taking them in the winter through the ice. After reaching the fishing-ground, they cut a hole in the ice, over which they erect a kind of wigwam, and in which they seat themselves for action. They attach a piece of meat to a cord as bait, which they lower and pull up for the purpose of attracting the trout, thereby alluring the unsuspecting creature to the top of the hole, when they pick it out with a spear. An Indian has been known to catch a thousand weight

in one day, in this novel manner. But as the ice on Lake Superior is seldom suffered to become very thick, on account of the frequent storms, it sometimes happens that these solitary fishermen are borne away from the shore, and perish in the bosom of the deep.

My mode of fishing for lake trout, however, was with the hook. In coasting along the lake in my canoe, I sometimes threw out about two hundred feet of line, to which was attached a stout hook and a piece of pork, and I seldom tried this experiment for an hour without capturing a fifteen or twenty pounder. At other times, when the lake was still, and I was in the mood, I have paddled to where the water was fifty feet in depth, and with a drop-line have taken, in twenty minutes, more trout than I could eat in a fortnight, which I generally distributed among my Indian companions.

A fish called ciscowet, is unquestionably of the trout genus, but much more delicious, and seldom found to weigh more than a dozen pounds. They are a very beautiful fish, peculiar to this lake, and at the present time almost too fat to be palatable. Their habits are similar to those of the trout, and they are taken in the same manner.

But *the* fish of this region, and of the world, is the common trout. The five rivers which empty into Lake Superior on the north, and the thirty streams which run from the south, all abound in this superb fish, which vary from ten to forty ounces in weight. But the finest place for this universal favorite, in this region, is, without any doubt, the Falls of Saint Marie. At this spot they are in season throughout the year, from which circumstance I am inclined to believe that there must be several varieties, which closely resemble each other. At one time you may fish all day and not capture a single specimen that will weigh over a pound, and at another time you may take a boat-load of them, which will average from three to four pounds in weight. My favorite mode of trouting at this place has been to enter a canoe and cast anchor at the foot of the rapids, where the water was ten or fifteen feet deep, but owing to its marvellous clearness, appeared to be about three, and where

the bed of the river or strait is completely covered with snow-white rocks. I usually fished with a fly or artificial minnow, and was never disappointed in catching a fine assortment whenever I went out. My favorite spot was about midway between the American and Canadian shores, and there have I spent whole days enjoying the rarest sport; now looking with wonder at the wall of foam between me and the mighty lake; now gazing upon the dreamy-looking scenery on either side and far below me; and anon peering into the clear water to watch the movements of the trout as they darted from the shady side of one rock to another, or leaped completely out of their native element to seize the hovering fly. I have taken trout in more than one half of the United States, but have never seen a spot where they were so abundant as in this region; but I must acknowledge that there are streams in New England and New York where I have thrown the fly with more intellectual enjoyment than in the river Saint Marie.

But I must devote a paragraph to the white-fish of Lake Superior. They are of the shad genus, and with regard to flavor are second only to their salt-water brethren. They are taken at all seasons of the year, with gill-nets and the seine, in the deep waters of the lake; at this point, however, the Indians catch them with a scoop-net, and in the following manner. Two Indians jump into a canoe above the rapids, and while one navigates it among the rocks and through the foaming waters, the other stands on the look-out, and with the speed of lightning picks out the innocent creatures while working their way up the stream unconscious of all danger. This is a mode of fishing which requires great courage, immense strength, and a steady nerve. A very slight mistake on the part of the steersman, or a false movement of the net-man, will cause the canoe to be swamped, when the inmates have to struggle with the foam awhile, until they reach the still water, and then strike for the shore, there to be laughed at by their rude brethren of the wilderness, while the passing stranger will wonder that they should attempt such dangerous sport. But accidents of this kind seldom happen, and when they do the Indians anticipate no dan-

ger, from the fact that they are all such expert swimmers. It took me three days to muster sufficient courage to go down these rapids in a canoe with an Indian, and though I performed the feat without being harmed, I was so frightened that I did not capture a single fish, though I must have seen, within my reach, upwards of a thousand. The white-fish, ciscowet, and lake trout have already become an article of export from this region, and I believe the time is not far distant when the fisheries of Lake Superior will be considered among the most lucrative of the Union.

At the several distances of two or three miles from the village are two streams, called Carp River and Dead River, which also afford some capital trout fishing, but the black flies and musquitoes are intolerable upon both of them.

MACKINAW.

I NOW write from Mackinaw, the beautiful, which studs the waters of the north, as does the northern star its own cerulean home. But what can I say about this island that will be new, since "everybody" now pays it a brief visit while journeying in the West? It is indeed one of the most unique and delightful places in the world. Its shores are laved by the waters of Superior, Michigan, and Huron, and rising abruptly as it does to a conspicuous height, it seems as if planted there by nature as a fortress, for the express purpose of protecting the lakes from which it sprung. I first approached it from the north, on a mild and hazy afternoon, and as it loomed before me, enveloped in a purple atmosphere, I looked upon it in silence, almost fearing that even the beating of my heart would dispel what I thought to be a mere illusion. As our vessel approached, however, it gradually changed into a dreamy reality, and I could distinguish its prominent characteristics. First, was a perpendicular bluff, crowned with a diadem of foliage, at the foot of which was an extensive beach, occupied by an Indian encampment, where the rude barbarians were sunning themselves like turtles, playing fantastic games, repairing their canoes, making mats, or cooking their evening meal, as fancy or necessity impelled. One sudden turn, and our vessel was gliding gently into a crescent bay, which was skirted with a cluster of trading houses and ancient looking dwellings, above which, on a bluff, was a snow-white fortress, with soldiers marching to and fro upon the battlements.

The circumference of this island is about nine miles, and its

shores are bold and rocky. The scenery is romantic in the extreme, and it has four natural curiosities, either one of which would give a reputation to any ordinary island. Arched Rock faces the north, and rises from the water to the height of nearly two hundred feet, presenting from your canoe a superb piece of wave-formed architecture; and appearing, as you look through it from the summit, like the gateway to a new world. Robinson's Folly is also on the north shore, and is a picturesque bluff, which obtained its name after the following manner. Many years ago an Englishman, named Robinson, spent a summer on the island, and while here, erected for his own especial benefit, a summer-house on the summit of the bluff in question. He was laughed at for his pains, and was warned by the cautious traders and Indians not to spend too much of his time on the cliff, and especially not to visit it when the wind was blowing. He scorned the advice which was given him in kindness, and to show his independence, he frequently spent the night in his eyrie. On one occasion, however, in the darkness of midnight, a thunder-storm passed over the island, and at sunrise on the following morning, the "cabin of the cliff" and its unfortunate inmate were buried in the deep. Hence the name of Robinson's Folly. Another interesting spot on this island is called the Cave of Skulls. It lies on the western shore, and is mainly distinguished for its historical associations. More than a hundred years ago, according to one tradition, a party of Sioux Indians, while pursued by the Ottowas, secreted themselves in this cave; and when they were discovered, which happened soon to be the case, the Ottowas built a fire before the entrance to the cave, which they kept up for several days, and when they finally entered the gloomy chamber, their enemies were all dead. The truth of this story is corroborated by an incident recorded by Henry. After the massacre of Michilimackinack, this traveler, whose life had been threatened, was secreted in this cave by a friendly Indian. He was shown into it in the evening, scrambled over what he thought a very singular floor, slept soundly during the night, and on awaking in the morning, found himself reclining on a bed of human

bones. Another Mackinaw curiosity is called the Needle, and is a lighthouse-looking rock, which overlooks the entire island, and throws its shadow upon the ruins of Fort Holmes, which are now almost level with the ground, and overgrown with weeds.

During my stay at Mackinaw the weather continued extremely pleasant, and as I fancied myself midway between the wilderness and the crowded city,—escaped from the dangers of the first, and not yet entered upon the troubles of the latter,—I threw away all care, and wandered hither and thither, the victim of an idle will. At one time I took my sketch-book for the purpose of portraying some interesting point upon the island, and if a party of ladies happened to discover me in my shady haunt, I answered their smiles with a remark, and the interview generally terminated in my presenting each one of them with a sketch, when they would pass on, and I would dive deeper into the green woodland. At another time I sought the brow of some overhanging cliff, and gazed into the translucent waters, now letting my fancy revel among the snow-white caverns far below, and now watching the cautious movements of a solitary lake-trout, as he left the deeper waters for an exploring expedition in the vicinity of the shore. But I never witnessed such a sight without being affected, somewhat like the war-horse when listening to the trumpet's bray, and in an hour afterwards, I was usually in a boat, about a mile from shore, trying my luck with an artificial minnow and fifty yards of line. Now, I strolled along the beach where the Indians were encamped, and after gathering a lot of romantic legends from the old men, or after spending an hour talking with some of the virgin squaws, while making their beautiful matting, I would coax a lot of Indian boys to accompany me, when we enjoyed a swim, mostly for our mutual recreation, and partly for my own instruction in the manly art, which, with the red man is a part of his nature. Sometimes I strolled into the fort to converse with the commanding officers, or wasted a little powder in firing at a target with the soldiers.

Mackinaw, during the season of navigation, is one of the

busiest little places in the world. All the Detroit and Chicago steamers stop here in passing to and fro, and usually tarry a sufficient length of time to let their passengers take a hasty ride over the island, and to replenish their larders with trout and white-fish, which are commonly taken on board in cart-loads. From time immemorial the Indians have been annually summoned to this island, for the purpose of receiving their regular instalments from the government, in the shape of merchandise and money, and on these occasions it is not uncommon to see an assembly of three thousand fantastically dressed savages. But in the winter this place is entirely ice-bound, and of course, completely isolated. Then it is that the inhabitants are favored with a monthly mail, which is brought from Saginaw by Indians or Half-breeds, on sledges drawn by dogs; and fishing, skating, and story-telling are about the only things which tend to relieve the monotony of a winter spent upon the island.

Like so many of the beautiful places on our western frontier, Mackinaw is now in a transition state. Heretofore it has been the Indian's congregating place, but its aboriginal glory is rapidly departing, and it will soon be the fashionable resort of summer travelers. Its peculiar location, picturesque scenery and the tonic character of its climate, are destined to make it one of the most attractive watering places in the country. And now, I am admonished that one of the Chicago steamers is in sight, and I must prepare my luggage, previous to taking passage for the home of my childhood, in Southern Michigan, where I shall remain a few days, and then hasten to my city home on the Atlantic.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MICHIGAN.

MICHISAWGXEGAN is the Indian name for the State of Michigan, and the meaning of it is the Lake Country. It is my native State, and as I have recently visited it after an absence of more than a dozen years, and it is not yet entirely redeemed from its original state of nature, it is meet, I ween, that I should, while within its borders, wind up my echoes of the wilderness. This is the country where I spent the morning of my days;—the theatre where my future character in the drama of life was formed and first acted out. Remote from the glitter and noise of the great human world, I used to wander alone through its dark forests, and bathe in its pure streams, without a care or thought to mar the peacefulness of life. A thousand words, now full of meaning, and familiar to my ear, were then but unmeaning sounds. Those were the days when I sported on the lap of nature, feeling it a luxury to breathe. Will they ever return? Ask that evening breeze whether it will ever again cool the fevered brow of that dying man? But very dear to me are my recollections of Michigan, and I would not part with them for the treasures of the world.

The character of its scenery and people is as original as its situation. Almost surrounded by water, it possesses all the advantages of an island, while at the same time it is but a small portion of a vast whole. Its streams are numerous and clear, but generally sluggish. A portion of the extreme north is uninhabited by human beings, owing to its barrenness. Huge granite mountains here loom upward in eternal solitude; sometimes presenting the appearance of having been

severed asunder, and scattered around by some mighty convulsion of nature. On the borders of the cold and desolate lakes thus formed, the crane and bittern rear their young. Occasionally, on the brow of some jutting crag, may be discovered the meagre hut of some poor Indian. Perhaps a barbarous anchorite, to whom the voice of his fellow-man is a grating sound, and to whom existence is but a mist, a dream; or it may be some disgraced warrior, who has been banished from friends and home, to dwell in this dreary solitude, with no companions but a half-starved dog, rugged pines, and frowning rocks. But this section is said to contain the richest copper mine in the known world.

The surface of the western half is destitute of rocks, and undulating; and it is here that the loveliest of lakes and streams and prairies are to be found. Lake Michigan, the second in the world, is its western boundary. The eastern portion is entirely original in its appearance, possessing many beauties peculiarly its own. It is so level and low that a stranger approaching it from Lake Erie is often surprised to find himself in port, while in the act of looking out for land. This shore is watered by the Huron, St. Clair, and Erie.

No one, who has never witnessed them, can form any idea of the exquisite beauty of the thousand lakes which gem the western part of Michigan. They are the brightest and purest mirrors the sky has ever used to adorn itself. Their banks are frequently dotted by human dwellings, the humble though comfortable abodes of a sturdy yeomanry. That one which takes its name from an Indian called Baubeese, and is the outlet of the St. Joseph river, I will match against any other of its size in the world.

Notwithstanding what has been so often said by the artificial inhabitants of cities, concerning the hardships and ignorance of the backwoodsman's life, there is many a stout heart, exalted mind, and noble soul, whose dwelling-place has been for years on the borders of these very lakes. I know this to be true, for I have slept beneath their roofs, and often partaken of their johnny-cake and fat quails. No,—no. I love these men as

brothers, and shall always frown upon that dandy who sets down aught against them,—in malice or in ignorance.

Some of these little lakes smile in perpetual solitude. One of them is before me now. It is summer. The sun is above its centre. Deep and dark and still are the shadows of the surrounding trees and bushes. On the broad leaf of a water-lily a green snake is curled up, with his head elevated, and his tongue gleaming in the sunlight. He is the enemy of all flying insects and little birds, and if you watch him a little longer you will see one of them decoyed to death by the power of his charm. Hush! there is a stir among the dry leaves. It is but a lonely doe coming to quench her thirst. Is she not the Queen of Beauty? There she stands, knee-deep in water, looking downwards, admiring the brightness of her eyes and the gracefulness of her neck. How Leigh Hunt would enjoy a ramble here! His favorite flowers,—the rose, the violet, the lily, and the sweet-briar, would each sing him a song more sweet and delicate than their first. What bright hue is that in the middle of the lake? It is but the reflection of

"—— a vapor in the sky,
Thin, white, and very high."

A great proportion of Michigan is covered with white-oak openings. Standing on a gentle hill, the eye wanders away for miles over an undulating surface, obstructed only by the trunks of lofty trees,—above you a green canopy, and beneath, a carpet of velvet grass, sprinkled with flowers of every hue and form.

The prairies are another interesting feature of Michigan scenery. They meet the traveller at every point, and of many sizes, seeming often like so many lakes, being often studded with wooded islands, and surrounded by shores of forests. Their soil is a deep black sand. Grass is their natural production, although corn, oats, and potatoes flourish upon them. Never can I forget the first time I entered White Pigeon Prairie. Sleeping beneath the shadows of sunset, as it was, the effect upon me was like that which is felt on first beholding

the ocean,—overpowering awe. All that the poet has said about these gardens of the desert, is true.

Burr Oak Plains. The only difference between these and the oak openings, is the character of the trees and the evenness of their surface. The soil is a mixture of sand and black loam. They have the appearance of cultivated orchards, or English parks; and, on places where the foot of the white man has never trod, a carriage and four could easily pass through. They produce both wheat and corn.

The wet prairies have the appearance of submerged land. In them the grass is often six or seven feet high. They are the resort of water-fowl, muskrats, and otter.

But the best and most fertile soil in Michigan is that designated by the title of timbered land. It costs more to prepare it for the plough, but when once the soil is sown it yields a hundred-fold. And with regard to their beauty and magnificence, the innumerable forests of this State are not surpassed by any in the world, whether we consider the variety or grandeur of their productions.

A friend of mine, now residing in western Michigan, and who once spent several years in Europe, thus writes respecting this region:

"O, such trees as we have here! Magnificent, tall, large-leafed, umbrageous. Vallombrosa, the far-famed Vallombrosa of Tuscany, is nothing to the thousand Vallombrosas here! A fig for your Italian scenery! This is the country where nature reigns in her virgin beauty; where trees grow, where corn grows; where men grow better than they do any where else in the world. This is the land to study nature in all her luxuriant charms, under glorious green branches, among singing birds and laughing streams; this is the land to hear the cooing of the turtle-dove, in far, deep, cool, sylvan bowers; to feel your soul expand under the mighty influences of nature in her primitive beauty and strength."

The principal inland rivers of Michigan are, the Grand River, the Kalamazoo, the St. Joseph, the Saginaw, and the Raisin. The first three empty into Lake Michigan, and are about

seventy miles apart. Their average length is near two hundred and fifty miles, and they are about thirty or forty rods in width. At present, they are navigable half their length for small steamboats and batteaux. Their bed is of limestone, covered with pebbles. I was a passenger on board the Matilda Barney, on her first trip,—the first steamer that ever ascended the St. Joseph, which I consider a most perfectly beautiful stream. I remember well the many flocks of wild turkeys and herds of deer, that the "iron horse" frightened in his winding career. The Indian canoe is now giving way to the more costly but less beautiful row-boat, and those rivers are becoming deeper and deeper every day. Instead of the howl of the wolf, the songs of husbandmen now echo through their vales, where may be found many comfortable dwellings.

The Saginaw runs towards the north and empties into Lake Huron,—that same Huron which has been celebrated in song by the young poet, Louis L. Noble. This river is navigable for sixty miles. The river Raisin is a winding stream, emptying into Lake Erie, called so from the quantity of grapes that cluster on its banks. Its Indian name is Numma-sepee, signifying River of Sturgeons. Sweet river! whose murmurs have so often been my lullaby, mayest thou continue in thy beauty forever.

Notwithstanding the comparative newness of Michigan, its general aspect is ancient. The ruin of many an old fort may be discovered on its borders, reminding the beholder of wrong and outrage, blood and strife. This was once the home of noble but oppressed nations. Here lived and loved the Algonquin and Shawnese Indians; the names of whose warrior chiefs,—Pontiac the proud, and Tecumseh the brave,—will long be treasured in history. I have stood upon their graves, which are marked only by a blighted tree and an unhewn stone, and have mused thoughtfully as I remembered their deeds. But they are gone, like the lightning of a summer day!

It is a traditionary land. For we are told that the Indian hunters of old saw fairies and genii floating over its lakes and streams, dancing through its lonely forests. In these did they believe, and to please them was their religion.

The historian* of this State thus writes, in alluding to the olden times: "The streams rolled their liquid silver to the lake, broken only by the fish that flashed in their current, or the swan that floated upon their surface. Vegetation flourished alone. Roses bloomed and died, only to be trampled by the deer or savage; and strawberries studded the ground like rubies, where the green and sunny hillsides reposed amid the silence, like sleeping infants, in the lap of the forest. The rattlesnake glided undisturbed through its prairies; and the fog which hung in clouds over its stagnant marshes spread no pestilence. The panther, the fox, the deer, the wolf, and bear, roamed fearless through the more remote parts of the domain, for there were none to dispute with them their inheritance. But clouds thickened. In the darkness of midnight, and silence of the wilderness, the tomahawk and scalping-knife were forged for their work of death. Speeches were made by the savages under the voiceless stars, which were heard by none save God and their allies; and the war-song echoed from the banks of lakes where had never been heard the footsteps of civilized man."

Then followed the horrors of war; then and there were enacted the triumphs of revenge. But those sounds have died away; traced only on the page of history, those deeds. The voice of rural labor, the clink of the hammer, and the sound of Sabbath-bells now echo in those forests and vales. The plough is making deep furrows in its soil, and the sound of the anvil is in every part. A well-endowed University, and seminaries of learning are there. Railroads and canals, like veins of health, are gliding to its noble heart. The red man, in his original grandeur and state of nature, has passed away from its most fertile borders; and his bitterest enemy, the pale face, is master of his possessions.

The French were the first who settled in Michigan, and at as early a date as 1620, and for many years, they and the Indians, were the sole inhabitants. Here it was that the far famed Jesuit missionaries first pitched their tents in (what is

* James H. Lanman, Esq., uncle to the Author.

now) the United States. Now, people out of every civilized nation dwell within its borders. Detroit, on the superb river of that name, and Frenchtown, on the river Raisin, were both founded by the French. The former of these is a city, a flourishing city, of fifteen thousand inhabitants, where are to be found all the elegances and luxury of the most polite society. Its principal street would be an ornament in any city; its elevation is some fifty feet above the water, and from its docks, the eye wanders over a scene not unlike that visible from the North River side of the Empire city. Like most cities, it appears to the best advantage in winter. Then it is that you may often witness the beautiful Detroit River frozen like marble, and on its surface hundreds of sleighs and skaters gliding in every direction; while a chorus of bells comes faintly and sweetly to your ear. Monroe, is the modern name for Frenchtown. It is situated about two miles from Lake Erie, and is also a flourishing town, containing some four thousand inhabitants, a goodly portion of whom are the descendants of the early settlers. Detroit and Monroe, are two of the best wheat markets in the western country. Ann-Arbor on the Huron is the New Haven of Michigan, and possesses many attractions in the way of intelligent people, picturesque scenery, and handsome buildings. Niles, on the St. Joseph, is a most difficult place to pass *through*, for the traveller always feels an irresistible impulse to remain there for ever,—it is so charmingly situated, on such a charming stream, and inhabited by such charming people. But I might sing this song under the head of Kalamazoo, Ypsilanti, Tecumseh, Adrian, Pontiac, Grand Rapids, Jackson, Battle Creek, and twenty other thriving villages, which are all surrounded by a fine agricultural country. I cannot now dwell upon such themes. Numma-sepee is ringing in my ear, and my thoughts are with my body, on the river, and in the village, where I was born. Here, I am, after an absence of many years, a visitor, and to half the people a stranger, on the very soil where I spent my wild and happy boyhood. I will not touch upon the improvements that meet me at every turn, nor upon the troops of friends that surround me; my heart is with

the village of other days, not with the business city of the present time; and as to my friends, I thank them for their kindness, but they are not of my kindred; they are changed, and I can only look upon them as strangers. Reader, as you love to remember the sunny days of your own life, I invite you to listen to my words, as I attempt to summon from the past an array of my most dearly cherished recollections.

Judging from the many accounts I have heard, the spot now occupied by Monroe must have been, before the last war, one of the most delightful nooks in the wide world. Its original name, as before stated, was Frenchtown, and its only inhabitants were French, who had emigrated thither from France by the way of Canada. The families did not number more than about fifty, and the names of the most conspicuous were Navarre, Duval, Beaubien, Bourdeaux, Couture, Nadeau, Bannac, Cicot, Campau, Jobien, Godfroy, Lasselle, Corsenau, Labadee, Durocher, Robert, Lacroix, Dausette, Loranger, Sancomb, and Fourniet. They inhabited what might be called an oasis in the wilderness. Their farms all lay directly upon either side of the river, and though principally devoted to agricultural pursuits, they were content with but a few acres of cleared land, and beyond these, on either hand, stood the mighty forests in their original solitude and luxuriance. Along their doors glided the ever-murmuring Raisin, whose fountain-head was then among the things unknown, and its waters mingled with those of Erie, without being disturbed by the keel of any steamboat or white-winged vessel. Comfort and beauty characterized their dwellings, and around them grew in great abundance domestic trees, that yielded the most delicious fruits. In their midst stood a little chapel, overgrown with ivy and surmounted by a cross, where the Jesuit missionaries or Catholic priests performed their religious duties. The soft-toned bell that summoned them to worship, was not without its echoes, but they dwelt far away upon the sleeping lake or in the bosom of the surrounding wilderness. Here the tumult of the great human world was never heard, and money and fame were not the chief desire of the secluded husbandman, for he was at ease in his possessions.

Indians, the smoke of whose wigwams ascended to heaven on every side, were the only people with whom the early settlers had intercourse; from them they obtained valuable furs, by barter, which they sent to Montreal, receiving in exchange the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life. They maintained the habits which were brought from the provinces whence they emigrated. The gentleman preserved the garb of the age of Louis XIV., while the peasant wore a long surtout, sash, red cap, and deer-skin moccasins. Their knowledge of agriculture was very limited, and the policy of the fur trade was calculated to keep down the spirit of improvement in that respect. Of corn and wheat they were anxious only to raise enough to last them during the year. A surplus of anything but furs they did not desire, and never possessed. Their grain was ground in windmills, whose picturesque features added to the poetry of the scenery. Their amusements were confined to the sound of the violin, at their unaffected assemblies.

The forest afforded them an abundance of game, which constantly led them to the hunt, and their beautiful stream abounded in fish, which they captured with the net, the hook, and the spear. A dreamy summer atmosphere seems to rest upon this region, when viewed in the light of the olden times. There was poetry in everything which met the eye: in the priest, with cowl and satin vestments, kneeling before a wooden cross, on his way to the place of prayer; in the peasant, as he performed his rural labors, attended by his wife and playful children; in the rude Indians, with fantastic costumes, who were wont to play their uncouth games on the green-sward, or perform their dexterous feats in the bark canoe; in the sky, which smiled perpetually upon the virgin wilderness; and in that wilderness, whose peculiar features verily blossomed as the unplucked rose. And there was poetry in all that fell upon the ear: in the lowing of the cattle and the tinkling of their bells; in the gentle flowing waters, and the sound of the summer wind, as it sported with the forest trees, and wandered away, laden with the perfume of nameless flowers; in the singing of unnumbered birds, which ascended to the skies in a per-

petual anthem; and in the loud clear laugh of French and Indian children, as they mingled together in their simple games. But those patriarchal days are for ever departed! In another part of the country Tecumseh and Pontiac were beginning to figure in successive battles against the United States, and their hostile spirit soon manifested itself upon our frontier. The Indians upon this river became the enemies of the settlers, which turned out to be the prelude to a storm of war that scattered death and desolation along its path. But many years have fled since then, and the blessings of peace and prosperity are resting upon our country.

The poor Indians have almost withered from the land, and those French inhabitants, like all things earthly, are on their way to the land of forgetfulness. Another race of men succeeded here, and can be numbered by thousands; and where once extended the dominion of the wilderness, a business city now looks down upon the river, which river has become an adopted servant of commerce.

I cannot refrain from here quoting the following passage from Charlevoix, descriptive of the scenery as it existed when he passed through this region in seventeen hundred and twenty-one:

"The first of June, being the day of Pentecost, after having sailed up a beautiful river (the Raisin) for the space of an hour, which has its rise, as they say, at a great distance, and runs betwixt two fine meadows, we passed over a carrying place of about sixty paces in breadth, in order to avoid turning round a point which is called Long Pointe. It is a very sandy spot of ground, and naturally bears a great quantity of vines. The following days I saw nothing remarkable, but coasted along a charming country, hid at times by disagreeable prospects, which, however, are of no great extent. Wherever I went ashore, I was enchanted by the beauty and variety of a landscape, terminated by the noblest forests in the whole world. Add to this, that every part of it swarms with waterfowl. I cannot say whether the woods afford game in equal profusion. Were we all to sail, as I there did, with a serene sky, in a most

charming climate, and in water as clear as that of the purest fountain; were we sure of finding everywhere as secure and agreeable places to pass the night in; where we might enjoy the pleasures of hunting at a small expense, breathe at our ease of the purest air, and enjoy the prospect of the finest of countries; we might be tempted to travel to the end of our days. How many oaks represented to me that of Mamre! How many fountains put me in mind of that of Jacob! Each day a new situation, chosen at pleasure, a neat and commodious house built and furnished with all necessaries in less than a quarter of an hour, and floored with a pavement of flowers, continually springing up on a carpet of the most beautiful green;—on all sides simple and natural beauties, unadulterated and inimitable by art."

In this region I spent my wild and wayward boyhood. In the prime of summer I have watched for pigeons on the margin of the forest springs, or waded the streams after the sweet crawfish; in the strangely beautiful autumn and Indian summer I have captured the squirrel and partridge; and in the winter the turkey and the deer. Reader! have you ever, while roaming in the woods bordering a prairie, startled from his heathery couch a noble buck, and seen him dart from you, "swift as an arrow from a shivering bow!" Was it not a sight worthy of a purer world than ours? Did you not hail him "king of the beautiful and fleet?"

There is one hunting incident which I met with when about fourteen years of age, that I can never forget. I had entered upon a cow-path, and as it led through so many and such beautiful places, I forgot myself and wandered on until the shadows of evening warned me of my situation. Great oaks and hickories, and walnut trees were with me wherever I went. They cast a spell upon me like that which is wrought by the old of other days. The black night came at last, and there I was, alone, and lost in that silent wilderness. Onward still did I continue, and even in my great fear was at times startled by the flapping of an owlet's wing or the howl of a wolf. The stars were above, shining in their brightness, but invisible to

me, so closely woven were the tops of the trees. Faintly glimmering in the distance, I saw a firelight, and on coming near, found a party of Indians encamped. My breast panted with excessive fear, and yet I could not speak—could hardly breathe, and still my mind was free and active. I stood and listened to the faint sound of a distant waterfall. Would that I had power to express the emotions that came like a flood pouring into my soul. Covered by a blanket, and pillowed by a mocuck of sugar, each Indian was asleep upon his rush-mat. Parents, children, and friends, promiscuously disposed, though all of them with their feet turned towards the expiring embers. The dogs, too, looking ferocious and cunning as wolves, were all sound asleep. I stole softly into the midst of the wild company, and covering myself with an odd blanket, strange to say, I slumbered. When morning was come, and the Indians discovered a pale-faced boy among them, their astonishment can be more easily conceived than described. I at length informed them by signs that I was lost, and that my home was in the village of Monroe. I partook with them of a hearty breakfast, composed of venison, hominy, and water, and ere the sun had mounted high, was on my way homeward, with an Indian for my guide. As we parted on the outskirts of the village, I offered to pay him for his trouble, but he declined receiving anything. I turned around, and the thick forest shielded him from my sight. Of course my friends were much concerned at my absence, and the majority of them insisted upon my having been drowned. For one whole week after this adventure, I was compelled to stay at home; but after that, it was forgotten, and I was in the forests again.

But my heart-song of other days is just beginning, and I cannot yet drop my pen. My father's residence was upon one of the old French farms, that were once so famous for their Arcadian beauty. The hand of improvement has despoiled them of their original glory, and the strange, gaudy scenes that I now behold, only tend to oppress my spirit with gloom. The city dwellings around me I cannot see, for my mind is upon the village of my birth. The farm alluded to above, was about

half a mile in width, and extended back to the distance of nearly two miles. Leaving the river and going back, you first pass through an orchard containing four or five hundred trees. Here a row of splendid pear-trees, and there a regiment of old black apple-trees, staggering under their weight of fruit. Entering a little enclosure behind a barn, you might see fifty small light-green trees, with an innumerable number of rosy-cheeked peaches under their leaves. And now we pass the great cider-press, where I was wont to imbibe the rich American wine through an oaten straw. A little further on, we come to a green pasture, where there are cows, oxen, sheep and horses grazing; onward still, and a wheat-field, yellow as gold, bowing before the breeze. Then our path lies across a pleasant meadow, watered by a sparkling stream; and after a brief walk we find ourselves in the forest, dark and gloomy. And such *was* the spot where I spent the morning of my days. Is it strange, then, that a deep and holy love for nature should be rooted in my heart?

That description reminds me of another hunting expedition, of which I would merely give an outline. It is early morning, and the latter part of spring. Breakfast is ended. My cap and buckskin shirt are on, the latter gathered round my waist by a scarlet worsted belt. My powder-horn and shot-pouch are filled with the nicest kind of ammunition, and in my hand is my valued little gun, (bought expressly for myself,) polished bright as a sunbeam. I have kissed the baby, and am now on my winding way. At the mouth of the river, I borrow a canoe of some old Frenchman who resides there. If I were to offer him pay he would not accept it; for the interesting reason that he "knows my father." All the day long have I been hunting, and reveling in a dream-land of my own. The sun is in the west, and I am hungry. I have paddled around many a green and lovely island, and explored many a bayou and marsh, and outlets of creeks; frightening from her lonely nest many a wild-duck and her brood. My shot-pouch is now empty, although the bottom of my canoe is covered with game. There are five canvas-backs, three teals, three plovers, two snipes,

DUCK SHOOTING IN MICHIGAN.

one wood-duck, and other kinds of waterfowl. The canoe is drawn up on shore, and with my thanks I have given old Robert a couple of ducks. My game is now slung upon my back, and I am homeward bound, proud as a young king. While passing through the village, (for I have to do so,) I hear a voice exclaiming, Lally! Lally! I approach, and find my father and several other gentlemen seated at the post-office door talking politics. Each one in turn gives me a word of praise, calling me "quite a hunter." I pay them for their kindness on the spot, by the donation of a canvas-back, and pass on.

That evening my supper is a rare enjoyment, for some of the ducks have been cooked under the especial charge of my mother. A little longer, and I am in the land of dreams. Many, very many such days have I enjoyed, but now they are far from me. Oh! that I were an innocent, laughing, happy boy once more! Come back! Come back! joys of my youth!

Fishing is another art in which I was considered an adept. When the first warm day lured the sturgeon and muskalounge from their deep home in the bosom of the lake, to ascend the Raisin, I was always among the first on the large platform below a certain milldam, (now all washed away,) with spear in hand and heart to conquer. Many a noble sturgeon, six and seven feet long, have I seen extended on the shore. As for *me*, I never *aimed* only at the smaller ones. Once, however, my spear entered the back of a "*whapper*," and my determination to keep hold was nearly the cause of my being drowned. It must have been a thrilling, yet ridiculous sight, to see me astraddle of the fellow, and passing down the river like lightning. I think if Mr. William Shakspeare had been present, he would have exclaimed,—"Lo, a mer-*man* on a *sturgeon's* back!" If I could enjoy such sport now with the feelings of my boyhood, I would willingly risk such a ducking every day. But I am now a struggler amid the waves of life. O, how many long and never-to-be-forgotten Saturday afternoons, have I mused away on the margin of my native stream. How many perch, and bass, sun-fish, and pike, and pickerel, have I brought from their pure element to place upon my father's table! But

those days are forever departed, all and forever—gone into their graves, bearing with them all my dreams, all my hopes and fond anticipations. Desolate indeed does it make my heart, to look upon the changes that have taken place in the home of my boyhood. Kind words do indeed fall upon my ear, but I *feel* myself to be a stranger or as one forgotten. O, I *am*

> "A homeless wanderer through my early home;
> Gone childhood's joys, and not a joy to come!"
>
> *Dana.*

But let me, while I may, recall a few more bright visions from the past.

Aye, even now into the chambers of my soul are entering an array of winter pictures, associated with the times of the days of old.

True as memory itself, by everything that meets the eye of my fancy, I perceive that winter has asserted his empire over my native village. Once more am I a happy boy, and planning a thousand excursions to enjoy the merry season. The years, between the present and that happy time, are vanished into forgetfulness, and it seemeth to me that I am even now panting with the excitement of a recent battle in the snow.

There has been a heavy fall of the white element, and while walking along one of the streets of the village, a snow-ball hits me on the back, whereupon I jump into an attitude of defiance. Partly hidden by a neighboring fence, I discover a group of roguish boys, whom I immediately favor with an answer to their salute. Eight is the number of my temporary enemies, and as they leap the fence and come into full view, my heart begins to quail, and I feel a scampering sensation in my *heels*. Just in the "nick of time," however, half a dozen of my friends who happen along, come to my relief, when a couple of shouts ascend to heaven, and the battle commences. Round, hard, swiftly thrown, and well-aimed, are the balls that fly. Already, from many a window, fair and smiling spectators are looking upon us, and each one of us fancies himself to be another Ivanhoe. The combat deepens. One fellow receives a ball directly

in the ear, and away he reels, "with a short, uneasy motion," and another has received one in his belly, probably making still flatter the pancakes that are there. And then, as a stream of blood issues from the smeller of one, and the eyes of another are made to see stars, a maddening frenzy siezes upon the whole gang—the parties clinch,—and the "rubbing" scene is in its prime, with its struggles and sounds of suffering. One poor fellow is pitched into a snow-drift, heels over head, while his enemy almost smothers him with hands-full of soft snow, causing his writhing countenance to glisten with a crimson hue; another, who has been yelling at a tremendous rate over a temporary triumph, is suddenly attacked by a couple of our party, who pelt him furiously, until he cries out most lustily—"I beg, I beg," when he is permitted to retire with his laurels. One chap receives a stinger of a blow between his peepers, accompanied by an oath, whereupon we know that there is too much passion in the fray, and while the victims enter upon a regular fisticuff, we find it necessary to run to their rescue and separate them. Thus the general battle ceases. After coming together, declaring ourselves good friends, and talking over the struggle, we collect our scattered caps, mittens, and tippets, and quietly retire to our respective homes.

Time flies on,—we have had a protracted rain, the streets have been muddy, the people dull,—but now fair weather cometh out of the north, and the beautiful river Raisin is again sheeted in its icy mail. For a week past great preparations have been made by some two dozen boys for a skating excursion to a certain light-house on Lake Erie, situated about ten miles from Monroe. We have seen that our skates are in first-rate order, and Tom Brown (an ancient negro who was the chief adviser and friend of every Monroe boy) has promised to awaken us all, and usher in the eventful morning by a blast from his old tin horn; so that when bed-time comes, we have nothing to do but say our prayers and enjoy a refreshing sleep. Strange, that I should remember these trifling events so distinctly! But there they are, deeply and forever engraven on the tablet of my memory, together with thousands of others

of a kindred character. Their exalted mission is to cheer my heart amid the perplexities of the world.

It is the break of day, and bitter cold. The appointed signal hath been given;—the various dreams of many a happy youth are departed; each one hath partaken of a hearty breakfast, and the whole party are now assembled upon the ice "below the bridge." Then follows the bustle of preparation. While some are tardy in buckling on their skates, others slap their hands together to keep them warm, while some of the smartest and most impatient *rogues* are cutting their names, or certain fantastic figures, as a prelude to what we may expect from them in the way of fine skating. Presently we are drawn up in a line to listen to the parting words of "Snowball Tom." At the conclusion of his speech, a long and loud blast issues from the old tin horn, which we answer by a laugh and a louder shout, and like a band of unbroken colts, we spring to the race upon the icy plain. Away, away, away. Long and regular are the sweeps we take, and how dolefully does the poor river groan as the ice cracks from shore to shore, as we flee over its surface "like a rushing mighty wind!" Keen, and piercingly cold is the morning breeze, but what matter? Is not the blood of health and happy boyhood coursing through our veins? Now we glide along the shore, frightening a lot of cattle driven to the river by a boy, or the horses of some farmer who is giving them their morning drink; now we pass the picturesque abodes of the Canadian peasantry, partly hidden by venerable trees, though now stripped of their leafy honors; now we give chase to a surprised dog returning from the midnight assassination of some helpless sheep; now we pass the last vestige of humanity upon the river, which is the log cabin of an old French fisherman and hunter; and now we pass a group of little islands with a thick coating of snow upon their bosoms, and their ten thousand beautiful bushes and trees *whispering* to the air of the surrounding silence. Already have we more than measured the distance of two leagues outside of Pleasant Bay, and our course is now on the broad bosom of Lake Erie, with an unbroken field of solid ice before us as far as the eye

can reach. The frozen pavement along which our skates are ringing is black as the element beneath, and so transparent, that where the water is not more than ten or twenty feet in depth, we can distinctly see sunken logs, clusters of slimy rocks and herds of various kinds of fish, balancing themselves in sleep or darting about their domain in sport. But these delicious pictures are for some other time,—we are speeding with the breeze and cannot tarry. Away,—away,—away!

But what means that sudden wheel of our leader, as with his voice and upraised hands he summons us to halt? Half a mile on our lee, and about the same distance from the shore he has just discovered an assembly of men, with their horses and sleighs at a stand, as if preparing for a race. Without a moment's hesitation we decide to be "on hand," and in a few minutes are cutting up our capers in the midst of a hundred Canadians who are about to enjoy what we predicted. Beautiful and fantastic carriolles are here, drawn by sleek and saucy-looking Canadian pacers, and occupied by hard-fisted men enveloped in their buffalo-robes, whom we recognize as friends. Here we notice one Beaubien with his pony of glossy black, which has never yet been beaten, and are told that the race is to be between him and an entire stranger who has accepted a recently made challenge. To the stranger we turn, and find his horse to be a beautiful bay, and of a more delicate build than the Canadian champion. The race is to be two miles in length and the amount of the bet five hundred dollars. All things being ready, the competitors move slowly to the starting place with their witnesses, while the concourse of people await in breathless anxiety the result of the race. Hark! hear you not the clattering of hoofs, resounding far over the plain, as if in search of an echo? Aye, and with wondrous speed they are coming! How exciting is the scene! In three minutes more the contest will be ended. See!—Beaubien is ahead, and the victory undoubtedly his! But now the stranger tosses up his cap, and as it falls, the flying pacer understands the signal —he increases his already almost matchless speed, he passes the Frenchman with a look of triumph in his eye,—one minute

more,—and the unknown is triumphant. Most unexpected is the result. The people are bewildered and perplexed, but when Beaubien delivers up the lost money, not a word escapes him, and he seems to be broken-hearted. His darling steed has been eclipsed, the *swiftest* pacer in all the country does not belong to him, and he is miserable. The sport ended, and not caring for the jabbering of a band of excited Frenchmen, we come together again, and continue on our course.

Another hour do we while away along the lake shore, now pausing to get a little breath, and now gazing with curious eyes into the gloomy forest (which comes to the very water's edge) as we glide along. At twelve o'clock we have reached the desired haven, our feet are gladly released, and we are the welcome guests of mine host of the light-house. By some the peculiar features of the lonely place are examined, while others, who have an eye for the grand in nature, ascend to the top of the light-house for a view of the frozen lake—reposing in unbroken solitude. The curiosity of all being satisfied, we assemble in the comfortable parlor of our entertainer, and await the dinner-hour. A jolly time then follows;—many a joke is cracked, and many a twice-told legend of the wilderness related; a sumptuous dinner is enjoyed; the evening hours approaching, we begin to think of home, and by the time the heavens are flooded with the light of the moon and stars, we have taken our departure, and are upon our skates once more. Without meeting with an accident, elated by many a gay song on our way, and with our thoughts mostly bent upon the "spacious firmament on high," we glide over the frozen wave, and at the usual hour are in our warm beds, anticipating a dream of those things, for which our several hearts are panting.

Hardly a week has elapsed before we have another heavy fall of snow, and the principal topic of conversation among the young people of the village is a sleigh-ride. The boys, about this time, are making themselves wonderfully useful in their fathers' stables, taking good care of the horses, examining the sleighs, collecting the buffalo-robes and polishing the bells; while the girls are busily engaged upon their hoods, cloaks,

muffs, and moccasins, and wondering by whom they will be invited. The long-wished-for day has arrived. Farewell's Tavern, ten miles up the River Raisin, is our place of destination. The cheerful sun is only about an hour high, when there is heard a merry jingling of bells in the village streets. Our cavalcade numbers some half dozen well-filled sleighs, and one single-seated carriolle occupied by Abby Somebody and the Chief Marshal of the expedition,—the writer of this rhapsody.

My black trotter was never in finer spirits, and it is as much as I can do to hold him in, as with his neck beautifully arched he bears upon the bit. He seems to know that his youthful master has but one dearer friend upon earth, who is the "bonnie lassie" at his side. Many and tender are the words then spoken, and the wide world before our youthful fancies is the home only of perpetual pleasures. Far, very far from our minds are all the stern realities of life. We hear the flail of the industrious farmer in his barn, but do not dream of the great truth that mankind are born to labor and grow old with trouble. We look upon a poverty-stricken and forsaken Indian, with his family trudging across the snowy landscape, and gratefully reflect upon the comforts of our own homes, and sigh for the miseries of the poor. Youth makes us forgetful of the *real* future, and the dawning of love opens our hearts to every tender influence, and we resolve, hereafter, to be very kind to the unfortunate. The shades of evening are descending upon the earth, and with thoughtfulness we gaze upon the quiet pictures of the road, the season, and the hour. We pass a wooden cross with its covering of snow, which was planted by Jesuit Missionaries a century ago, and think of Him whom we have been rightly taught to worship and adore. Farmers are foddering their cattle, boys are carrying in huge armsful of dry hickory for a roaring fire, and cheerful lights are gleaming from the windows of the farm-houses as we pass along. Finally the comfortable dwelling where we would be meets our gaze, seeming to smile upon us, with its various lighted windows, and clouds of smoke ascending heavenward, when, with a few flourishes of whips, and a terrible din of bells, the sleighing party comes to a halt before the tavern of friend Farewell.

The upper rooms of the dwelling are all ready for our reception, and while the girls are ushered into them, the boys are attending to the comforts of their faithful horses. In due time, after we have arranged the preliminaries for a supper, we join the girls again, and in solid body make our appearance in the spacious ball-room. A musician is already there, in the person of an ancient negro, who tells us that his fiddle is in prime order. But *dancing* is an idea of which we had not dreamed, for we are utterly ignorant of the polite accomplishment. But music we are resolved to have, and doubt not but it will greatly add to our enjoyment of the various games which we purpose to play. Now have the happy voices of the party risen to a noisy height, as we take hold of hands and commence the game of Drop the Handkerchief, while many a race around the slippery floor is run, and many a sweet kiss is given and returned. Then succeeds the play of Button, wherein the forfeits are redeemed by making "wheelbarrows," "measuring tape and cutting it off," and by "bowing to the wittiest, kneeling to the prettiest, and kissing the one we love best." Then the stories of the Stage-Coach have their turn, which create a tumult of laughter. After which we have Blindman's Buff, and one poor creature after another is made to grope about the room in Egyptian darkness. Such are the plays, with many more of like character, which we enjoy, while our sable friend is straining away at his old fiddle, as if determined to be heard above the surrounding clamor of talking, laughing, and singing voices.

The supper hour having arrived, a general adjournment takes place, when the unnumbered good things of the table are appropriated to their legitimate use. Half an hour is then allotted to the young ladies to get ready, and by nine o'clock the sleighs are at the door, and after a delightful ride of an hour in the clear moonlight, we are at our village homes, and the memory of our sleigh-ride commencing its existence.

One, two, and perhaps three weeks have I been confined at school, when the notion pops into my head that I must go a-hunting, for my sporting friend, Francis Bannac (a Frenchman,) has told me that game is now quite abundant. My

father has granted me his permission, and Bannac tells me that I may be his companion on a tramp of nine miles to the head-waters of Plum Creek. A pack of wolves, of whose depredations we have heard, are the principal game we have in view. Having finished the usual preliminaries of a winter hunt, and arrayed ourselves accordingly, we seize our guns, whistle to our grayhounds, and with the sun midway up the heavens start upon the tramp. A walk of twenty minutes brings us to the edge of the forest, where we strike an ancient Indian trail and proceed on our way. A gorgeous landscape-panorama is that through which we are passing, and ourselves, I ween, the most *appropriate* and *picturesque* figures that could be introduced. Foremost is the tall and sinewy person of Bannac, with a snugly-fitted buckskin garment tightened round his waist by a wampum belt, cowhide moccasins on his feet, coonskin cap on his black head, pouch and powder-horn, together with knife and tomahawk at his side, and in his right hand a heavy rifle. Next to him trotteth the deponent, who might be looked upon as a miniature Bannac, with variations, —while a little in our rear are the two hounds playing with each other, or standing still and looking among the trees for game. All around us is a multitudinous army of forest soldiers, from the youthful maple or ash, to the rugged and storm-scathed oak or bass-wood; and marvellously beautiful to my mind is the tracery of their numberless branches against the blue sky, though my friend would probably liken those very tree-tops to the head of some "loafer" that had never made use of a comb. The earth is covered with a thick coating of dead leaves, with here and there a little island of snow. Now we perceive a beautiful elm lodged in the giant branches of an old walnut, like a child seeking consolation in the arms of its father; and now we come to a deformed beech-tree, prostrate upon the earth, with its uncouth roots wasting to decay, and the idea enters my mind that such will eventually be the destiny of all Falsehood. The woods in the winter are indeed desolate. The green leaves are no longer here to infuse into our hearts a portion of their happiness, as they "clap their hands

in glee," and the joyous birds of summer are not here to make melody in their own hearts, as well as ours. True, that mosses of varied hue and texture are on every side, and in their love enveloping stumps, stones, trunks, and branches, yet they remind us of the pall and shroud. What footsteps do we hear, and why do the hounds start so suddenly? We have frightened a noble buck; but a moment has elapsed and he is beyond our reach. The hounds, however, are close behind him already, and the three are bounding away in splendid style, illustrating to perfection the poetry of motion. We fancy that the race will be a short one, and therefore start in pursuit, managing to keep in sight of our game. Heavens! what a leap that was over those fallen trees! but the hounds have done their duty, and the course is once more clear. A lot of ravens far up in the upper air seem to be watching our movements, as if hoping for a meal of venison,—and a gray eagle flies screaming across our path, as if to mock us for being without wings. Glossy black squirrels peep out of their holes in wonder at the commotion, and a flock of wild turkeys which we have alarmed, are running from us in great confusion, like a company of militia before a cavalcade of horsemen. But see! the buck has turned upon his pursuers, and while they are battling together we have time to approach within gun-shot. Quicker than thought Bannac raises his rifle, a sharp report follows, a bullet has dropped the forest king, and he must die. We skin him, secure the two hams, and after examining our compass, and finding that we are near our place of destination, shoulder our plunder as best we may, and make a bee-line for the log cabin of our intended host, where we arrive in due time, and exchange friendly congratulations.

Well, now that we are here, I must give a brief description of the man whose guests we are, and of the lonely place which he inhabits. Like my bachelor friend, Bannac, Antoine Campau is a Frenchman and a hunter, but a widower, and the father of two little girls, and a strapping boy of fifteen. A singular love of *freedom* first prompted him to leave the settlement where he once lived, and to locate himself in the woods,

where, between a little farming and a good deal of hunting, he manages to support himself and family quite comfortably. His dwelling is a rusty-looking log house, situated on a pleasant little stream, in the centre of a dead clearing some three acres wide. The live stock of this embryo farm consists of a cow, one yoke of oxen, a pony, a few sheep, about three dozen hens, and a number of foxy-looking dogs. And now that the long winter evening has set in, and as the whole family is present, I will picture the interior of our cabin. The only room, excepting the garret, is an oblong square, twenty feet by fifteen. The unboarded walls, by the smoke of years, have been changed into a rich mahogany-brown. The only light in the room is that which proceeds from an immense fire-place, where nearly a common cart-load of wood is burning, and hissing, and crackling at its own free will, so that the remotest corners are made cheerful by the crimson glow. The principal articles of furniture are a bed, one large table standing in the centre of the floor, and some half dozen rush-chairs, while in one corner stands a number of shot-guns and rifles, and a ladder leading to the loft, and from the rafters above are hanging pouches, powder-horns, leggins, a brace of wild ducks, one or two deer-hams, and a bundle of dressed skins. The dogs of the family, numbering only four, together with their dandy visitors, are scattered about the rooms,—one lying upon the hearth and watching the fire, one playing with his shadow, another walking thoughtfully across the floor, and the other sound asleep. A bountiful supper having been prepared by the daughters, the whole family, with their guests, are seated at the table, and all past sorrows and future anxieties are forgotten in the enjoyment of the passing hour. Bannac and Campau have all the talking to themselves, as they have to relate their manifold adventures and wonderful escapes, wherein they make use of no less than three languages—bad French, broken English, and genuine Potawatamie. The leisure hour following supper is devoted principally to the cleaning of our rifles, the moulding of bullets, and other matters preliminary to the capture of a few wolves.

For the novel mode which we are to pursue on this occasion, we are indebted to our friend Campau, and he tells us it will positively prove successful. From his account, it appears that only a few evenings ago his sheep were attacked by the wolves, and before he could run to their rescue, one of them was killed, but the thieves were compelled to part with it, or run the risk of losing their lives. To-day, Campau has built a large pen, wherein he has placed the dead sheep as a kind of bait. His idea is that the wolves will of course revisit this spot to-night, and when they are in the act of climbing over the pen, we, who are to be hidden within gun-shot, will give them the cold lead. Behold us then at the midnight hour in our treacherous ambush.

Listen! Hear you not the dismal shriek of an owl? Our enemies must be coming, for their footsteps have disturbed the feathered hermit, as he sat upon a limb with a red squirrel in his claw. Yes, there they are, the prowling thieves, just without the shadow of the wood, dodging along between the blackened stumps of the clearing. There are five of them, and see! with what activity they leap into the fold! Now is our time to settle them. We rush forward with a shout, when the villains commence a retreat, and as they mount the high enclosure, we succeed in shooting three, while the other two escape unharmed. The dead culprits having been stripped of their hides, their carcasses are carried away and exposed for food to the vulture and crow. We then return to our cabin and sleep until late in the morning, when we are surprised to find that a regular snow-storm has set in. Our sporting for to-day, which was to have been of a miscellaneous character, is given up, and Bannac thinks it better that he and I should turn our faces homeward in spite of the storm. Whereupon, after a good breakfast, we take leave of our hospitable friends, and through the falling snow, enter the forest on our return.

Snow, snow, snow,—above us, around us, and under our feet, to the depth of some half dozen inches. In large feathery flakes it floats downward through the still air, and it also muffles our footsteps as we tramp through the pathless and desolate

woods. Every thing that meets the eye is enveloped in a downy covering: not only the prostrate and decayed tree, but the "topmost twig that looks up at the sky." Slowly and heavily, without game, or a single adventure, we are compelled to trudge along, and when we come in sight of the pleasant village, not a penny care we for any thing else in this world, but a roaring fire and a warm supper,—both of which in my father's dwelling are we presently permitted to enjoy—and thus endeth another portion of my heart-song.

Among the peculiar characters which I remember, while thinking upon my early days, none do I dwell upon with more pleasurable feeling than an old Indian. My first acquaintance with him took place when I was about twelve years old. It was the pleasant summer-time. At an early hour of the day I had launched my little birch canoe from the sloping bank behind our orchard, and, accompanied by Rover, started on a duck hunt down the river Raisin. I would here remark, that the mouth of this beautiful river is studded with islands, and has been, from time immemorial, celebrated for its abundance of game. As I paddled along, I watched with an inward joy the progress of the morning. The farm-houses that had been long sleeping amid the silence of night, were now enlivened by their inmates, who had sallied forth to perform their allotted duties. At one moment my ears were saluted by a chorus of voices from some neighboring poultry-yard, mingled with the lowing of cows and the jingling of bells in the sheepfold. And then I heard the singing of larks in the open fields, the neighing of a horse, or the shout of some happy boy. The mists, frightened by the sunbeams, were rising from the river, and from the trees on either side the dew was falling. I looked upon the changing landscape, smiling in its freshness, and felt my heart swell within me, for I beheld the glory and goodness of God, and I "blessed him unaware."

The ducks were very shy that day, and the few that I did shoot were taken on the wing. I was about making up my mind to return home, when I beheld a single canvas-back rise from the water in the distance, and, seemingly unconscious of

my presence, fly directly over my head. I fired at it, and the feathers flew. Slowly but surely the bird descended, and at last fell upon an island a quarter of a mile away. This was soon reached, and a long hour did I search for my game among the bushes and grass, but I sought in vain. This island was about two furlongs in length and one in width. At one end was a group of lofty sycamores, and at the other three black maples stood together, like robbers plotting the destruction of an enemy. Between and beneath these, the dark-green and luxuriant foliage of less ambitious trees formed to all appearance a solid mass. Here the light-green ivy encircled some youthful ash, from whose top it wandered among the limbs of other trees; and there, the clustering fruit hung in great abundance from the brown grape-vine. While rambling about this island, I discovered in its centre a little clearing or miniature prairie, on which stood a single wigwam. A wreath of smoke rose from its chimney between the trees, gracefully curling upward to the sky. I entered the hut, and beheld the form of an Indian, who was engaged in cooking his noonday meal. At first he was surprised at my presence, but when I told him I was merely on a hunting excursion, his countenance changed, and he manifested much pleasure. His kindness and my boyish familiarity conspired to make us soon acquainted. He was a tall, athletic, well-proportioned man, with dark eagle eyes. His long locks of hair were now whitening with age. I will not dwell upon the particulars of that interview. Let it suffice to know that I departed from that "green and lovely isle," feeling that I had a friend in the person of that old Indian.

Many a day, during that summer and the ensuing autumn, did I spend in his society. Many a table luxury brought I to his lonely dwelling. Many a lesson has he taught me, in the arts of fishing and hunting. Long years have flown since then. But the wild and pure enjoyments which I then participated in with this old Indian, are deeply engraven on the tablet of my memory.

We used often to enter our respective canoes and explore the neighboring creeks and rivers, little islands of the bay, and

others far out into the lake. We would bathe together, at one time wading out from the sandy and sloping shore, and again leaping and diving from some abrupt headland into the clear water, so clear and pure that the shells upon the bottom were distinctly seen at the depth of twenty feet or more. I never troubled myself about the origin of this old Indian. His name, to what nation he belonged, or his reasons for thus living alone, were things that I never desired to know. I was content to be with him, and during our various excursions, to listen to his wild legends, his narratives of strange adventures, and exploits, which he would recount in broken English, though always with the eloquence of nature. Ofttimes I could not comprehend his meaning, more especially when he described the beauties of the Spirit Land, which he said existed far beyond the setting sun; and also when he told me of its valleys, and mountains, and forests, smiling under the influence of perpetual summer, where the singing of birds was always heard, and where the buffalo, the horse, the deer, the antelope, the bear, the wolf, the panther, the muskrat, and otter, flourished and fattened for its inhabitants.

When we looked upon the lurid lightning, and listened to the sullen roar of the distant thunder, he would raise his hands to heaven, exclaiming, "the Great Spirit is angry," and kneeling down, would kiss the ground in fear and adoration. Pleasantly indeed did the days of that summer, and the ensuing autumn, pass away. At last winter came, and the waters of the ever-murmuring Raisin were clasped in his icy chains. In a little time I lost sight of my old friend, for his island home was desolate,—he had departed,—no one knew where. Spring came, and I was sent to an eastern city to school. Five years were flown, and I returned to the village of my birth. At the twilight hour a few evenings after this, I was seated at an open window with my mother, inhaling the fragrance of blowing flowers, and at times listening to the mellow tones of the sweet whippoorwill. All the important incidents that had transpired during my absence, were affectionately and particularly related. Nothing, however, interested me so much as the following brief

account of my old Indian friend, which I now write down in nearly the words in which it was told me.

"The summer after you left us, an Indian made his appearance in our village, whose poverty and old age elicited the kind sympathies and good wishes of all who knew him. Nothing was known of his history, save that he belonged to a tribe of Potawatamies, a nation at this period almost extinct. Alas! for the poor aborigines of our country! To them the earth is a dreary place, and their only joy is in the hope that they will soon join their kindred in the land of spirits. One by one, like the lingering sands of an hour-glass, they are passing beyond the grave.

"As I heard you talk about an Indian, with whom you had become acquainted while hunting, I thought this new comer might be the identical one. While passing though the village one day, I happened to meet him, and invited him to come up and sup with us that evening. He did so; and we were very glad to hear that he was indeed your friend, whom you thought dead. We discovered this fact from the manner in which he spoke of a boy hunter, who used to visit him in his lonely home. From that day he became our particular friend, as he had been before the friend of the whole village.

"His dress was poor and common, but in the true Indian style. He was ever a great favorite among the boys, in whose sports he often participated. It was his custom in summer to sit beneath the great elm-tree on the green, and, gathering the children around him, rehearse to them wild stories about the red men of the forest. Sometimes he would spend a whole day in whittling out bows and arrows for his youthful friends; and they in return would bestow on him various little presents, both curious and rare. He had no particular abiding place. There were a dozen houses where he was perfectly at home. He seldom alluded to his tribe, and never ventured beyond the limits of the county. This was indeed unaccountable; but as he seemed to possess so amiable a disposition, no one could believe he had ever been guilty of a crime. Rather than this, it was thought he had been banished from his nation on account of some failure in warlike exploits, or some similar cause.

"Perhaps, again, he was an Indian philosopher or poet, who had unfortunately drawn upon himself the ill-will of his people, by expressing some unpopular opinion. At times he would enter the school-house, and listen attentively to the boys reciting their lessons. A printed book he looked upon as a treasure, and when one was given him, considered it a sacred gift, though its contents he could not read. He would often enter the church on the Sabbath, and in his seat near the pulpit, with his head resting upon both hands, would listen, with an anxious gaze, to the preacher's words. He always left the house in a pensive mood. To his mind the heaven of the Christian was utterly incomprehensible. Of all the truths that were read to him from the Bible, the most interesting and wonderful was the history of our Saviour. When listening to this, he would often clasp his hands in an ecstasy of delight, exclaiming, "How good man! how good man!"

"On all occasions of festivity he was a welcome guest. Christmas and New Year were always happy days with him. The little girls invited him to their pic-nic parties. The boys on Saturday afternoon had him to keep tally when they were playing ball. He was always the leader of the nutting-parties in autumn, and a participator in the sleigh-rides of winter. In fact, he was everywhere, and had a hand in almost every thing that transpired.

"About six weeks ago it was reported throughout the village that our old Indian friend was very sick, and at the point of death. The intelligence was no less unexpected than melancholy. He had so completely won the affection of every body, that it spread a universal gloom. In a few days he yielded up his spirit to his Creator. The next day was the Sabbath, and the one appointed for his burial. The sky was without a cloud, and the cool breeze, as it rustled among the leaves, brought health and refreshment to the body and soul of every one. The meadow-lark, and woodland birds sang louder and sweeter than they were wont to do. A good man had died, and nature, animate and inanimate, seemed anxious to pronounce his requiem. A larger funeral than this I have seldom seen. Old men and

women, young men and maidens, and little children, with tearful eyes followed the old Indian to his grave. It is situated in the northeast corner of the burying ground, in the shadow of two weeping-willows, that seem the guardians of his silent resting place."

On the following morning, an hour before sunset, I stood beside the clay cottage of my Indian friend. Green was the grass, and many and beautiful the flowers that flourished above his grave. I plucked a single harebell and thought of the departed, whom I dearly loved,—who was born a benighted heathen, but who died a Christian. The mildly beaming and beautiful evening star had risen in the west, ere I departed from the "Silent City;" but I felt that the flower I had plucked, though faded, would in after hours remind me of my friend, and I therefore came away in peace, repeating to myself these words:

"And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor deem that kindly Nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord.
When his weak hand grew palsied, and his eye,
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die."

Bryant.

And now comes the conclusion of my long rhapsody. The time of my departure for my distant city home is at hand. A few more wilderness pictures, illustrative of my native State as it was in other days, and I will lay aside my pen.

Weary with the hunt, I lately sought the shady side of a gentle hill, and extending my limbs upon the green sward amused myself by watching the sky. I gazed upon the blue canopy, and fancied it to be an ocean, beyond which the broad and beautiful fields of heaven were basking beneath the smiles of God. A few white feathery clouds were floating there, and they seemed to me to be a fleet returning from their home of peace. In the dark regions of night they had fought and conquered the enemy, and now, laden with redeemed souls, were hastening to the haven of eternal rest. Fancy, which had pic-

tured this image, was gone; I saw nothing save an eagle playing above the trees of the forest, and in a moment I was a dreamer.

It seemed to me that I entered the forest just as the glorious summer sun was sinking to his repose. The evening star rose in the west, and in a little while from the zenith a thousand other bright constellations looked smilingly down upon the earth. Something whispered me that I must spend the long watches of that night in wandering in the wilderness; and I departed with the silence of a shadow, and the speed of a deer. Strange, and wild, and beautiful were the scenes I beheld.

The mighty trees which rose on every side seemed like the columns of a vast temple, whose mysterious winding aisles, overhung with foliage, were deserted and desolate. No moving objects met my eye, save the fire-flies that darted in all directions, floating and sinking like burning flakes of snow. The gloomy silence was broken only by the chirp of the cricket, and the song of the katydid. At intervals, too, the clear soothing voice of the whippoorwill would echo far and near. The huge masses of foliage above, reminded me of thunder-clouds, and like them oppressed my spirit; and it was so still that "the dropping dew woke startling echoes in the sleeping wood."

My pathway was not smooth, for I was forced to leap, now over some dead tree, and now over a pile of brush; and again over a mossy hillock, or some gurgling brooklet. Ever and anon I caught a glimpse of the deep blue sky; but in a moment it was lost to view, and I was in total darkness. My vision was wonderful. I saw all surrounding objects with intense clearness; for to me the "darkness was as the light of day." At times I paused to listen, startled by some distant sound; the howl of a wolf, the hooting of an owl, or the "trumpet-tone" of a flying swan; and as I listened, it would become a murmur, then a whisper, and at last die into a breathless stillness.

At the foot of a gnarled and stunted oak I saw the manly form of an Indian, wrapped in his scarlet blanket, and extended upon a bearskin. He was fast asleep. On one side of him,

and within his reach lay a bundle of arrows, and an unstrung bow; on the other, a knapsack of provisions and a wolfish-looking dog. But this guardian of the slumbering savage was also fast asleep. As I looked upon this simple picture, the feelings of my heart responded to my thoughts, and I exclaimed, though there was no echo to my words: "Poor, lone Indian! Is that dog thy only friend? Art thou indeed alone in the wide, wide world? Hast thou no wife to sympathize with thee, to love thee, in those hours of disappointment and trouble incident to human life? No children to play around thy knees, and make thee happy in some comfortable wigwam, when the blue and scarlet birds make melody in summer, and the wind Euroclydon howls and roars among the forest trees in winter? Hast thou no daughter to protect and cherish, that she may be the bride of some future warrior? No son to listen, with flashing eye, to thy hunting lessons; to smite his breast with pride and anger as thou tellest him of the bravery and wrongs of thy ancestors? O that I knew thy history! But I will not disturb thy slumber. May thy dreams be of that land beyond the sunset clouds, where perpetual summer reigns,—the land of the Great Spirit,—the God of thy fathers."

How vividly do the scenes and incidents of that night rise before my vision! I see them now with the same distinctness that I beheld them then. I stand upon the shore of that dark stream, rolling through the dense woods, where the full blaze of daylight has not penetrated for centuries. I hear that uncouth but solemn funeral hymn, and see a band of stern red men performing their mysterious rites over the grave of an aged chieftain.

Not less sudden than varied are the scenes I behold. On that high dry limb, under a canopy of leaves, a flock of turkeys are roosting. They are all asleep save one, and he is acting the part of a sentinel, darting out his long neck, now this way, now that, as if he beheld an enemy. Fat, sleepy fellow! There was a time when it would have been temerity to look at me thus. I am not a hunter now, else would I bring you down from your lofty resting-place.

My course is onward. Hark! I hear a yell, and a rushing sound. Two wolves are chasing a beautiful doe. Poor creature! Her strength is already lessening, her race is run. The wolves have seized her. There is a struggle; the blood issues from her graceful neck; one gasp more and the tender mother of two sweet fawns lies dead. Its bones will moulder and mingle with the earth, giving nourishment to that cluster of hazel-bushes, which stand beside her mossy death-bed. Awakened by the scent, a croaking raven is wheeling in the distance. Its wings flap heavily, and there are two, and still another! See! we come to a kind of opening,—a place where the trees grow less closely together. A cloud of thin white smoke is rising, as if from yonder pile of underbrush. It is an Indian encampment; a dozen bark wigwams, shaped like a sugar-loaf. But why this bustle, at so late an hour? The men have just returned from a three days' hunting tour, and they are now releasing their pack-horses from their loads of spoil. The blaze from a fire gives all surrounding objects a ruddy glow. In dire confusion upon the ground lie haunches of venison, red and gray squirrels and racoons, turkeys, grouse, ducks, pheasants, and many other lesser birds, mingled with guns, bows and arrows, shot-pouches, powder-horns, skins, halters, brass kettles, and the like. The men are busy, and the women too. Roused from a four hours' nap, several children are coming out of their tents, rubbing their eyes. They seem to be the only playmates of the whining dogs.

Lo! what a beauteous sight! A herd of deer reposing like a family of wood-sprites, near yonder clump of young maples. There are three bucks, five does, and two lovely spotted fawns. Upon that decayed "stump" beyond, a solitary American nightingale is resting. It is my favorite bird. Would that I knew the cause of its complainings and chastisement, for every now and then it utters forth the cry, "Why whip poor Will?"

What silver rays are those darting down through the leafy boughs? The moon! the moon! High in heaven she sails, in queenly beauty. The very heart of the forest is not beyond her vivifying influence. Festoons of creeping plants hang from

the surrounding limbs; and the ivy and grape-vine have twined themselves so closely around that ash, as entirely to hide from view the bark of the trunk. I thrust my hand against a bush, and a thousand dew-drops fall to the earth, glittering in the moonbeams. If my lady-love were with me, what a gorgeous wreath could I now weave for her beautiful brow out of the purple and scarlet iris, the blue larkspur, the moccasin-flower, the crimson and green lichen, and other mosses, flowers, and vines, too delicate to have a name.

A gentle breeze is stirring. The tops of the trees are moving to and fro with the strong but gentle motion of a ground-swell. Soothing is the music of the leaves; they seem to murmur with excess of joy. Another sound echoes through the listening wilderness. It is only a scuffle between a panther and a bear. Let them growl and fight; who cares? How like two hot-headed politicians they seem!

Again are the trees becoming thinner, and my steps are tending downward. The green-sward I press is without a single stick or bramble. Here I am upon the brink of a little lake of the very purest water! The breeze has spent its force, and everything is still. It is "the bridal hour of the earth and sky!" What a perfect mirror is this liquid element! The counterpart of two willows, a grass-grown rock, tall reeds, and beyond all, a row of slender elms, and a lightning-shivered pine, are distinctly seen, pointing downward, downward to the moon and stars, in the cerulean void beneath. And in yon deep shadow a flock of ducks are floating silently, amid the sweet perfume of the wild lotus and white water-lily, which are growing near. One or two have wandered out into the lake, making no ripple, but moving as if lured away by the glossy loveliness of their shadows.

But see! I have reached—surely it can be no other—a prairie! What dark cloud is brooding over this motionless ocean?—a mighty flame bursting from its centre? It comes! it comes! The prairie is on fire! The wind is rising, and swift as the wind speed the flame-banners. Maddened by fear, the buffalo, the wild horse, the wolf, the deer, birds and other

living creatures, are fleeing for their lives. Roaring and hissing the fire-flood rolls on, swallowing up everything in its course. And now it has gone, leaving behind it a wide path of blackness. The smoke obscures the moon and stars. "Far off its coming shone;" the incense, one could almost imagine, of a sacrifice offered to the great God by the Earth, for some enormous sin. But it is gone, and I resume my journey.

I am now in an open country of hills and dales. A narrow but deep river is gliding by me in its pride and beauty. Now it is lost to view by some abrupt headland, and anon it makes a long sweep through a plain or meadow, its ripples sporting in the moonlight. I hear the splash of fish, leaping from their watery bed. I hear the measured stroke of a paddle. It is an Indian in his canoe, passing down the river. He has startled a loon from his wavy cradle below the rapids. I hear the sound of a waterfall. A mile away there is a precipice, where the river gathers all its strength for a fearful leap. Now its surface is without a ripple,—but in a moment more, it plunges down among the rocks, and the waves struggle, and leap, and rise and sink, like demon spirits in agony.

I am standing on a hill which overlooks a lovely landscape of woods and lawns, streams, hills, valleys, and cultivated fields, —farm-houses, and church steeples. In the distance sleep the bright-green waves of Lake Erie. A streak of daylight is in the eastern sky. The spell is broken;—my dream and my wayward pilgrimage are both ended.

A TOUR

TO THE

RIVER SAGUENAY.

1846.
(in one copy wanting)
— an intelligent scholar

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

I COMMENCE this chapter in the language of Leather Stocking:—"You know the Catskills, lad, for you must have seen them on your left, as you followed the river up from York, looking as blue as a piece of clear sky, and holding the clouds on their tops, as the smoke curls over the head of an Indian chief at a council-fire." Yes, everybody is acquainted with the names of these mountains, but few with their peculiarities of scenery. Associated as they are with such proud names as Cooper and Irving, Bryant and Cole, it is not strange that they should be particularly dear to every American. They are situated about eight miles from the Hudson, rise to an average elevation of about thirty-five hundred feet, and running in a straight line from north to south, cover a space of some twenty-five miles. The fertile valley on the east is as beautiful as heart could desire; it is watered by the Kauterskill, Plauterkill and Esopus creeks, inhabited by a sturdy Dutch yeomanry, and is the agricultural mother of the towns known as Catskill, Saugerties and Kingston. The upland on the west for about forty miles is rugged, dreary and thinly settled, but the winding valley of Schoharie beyond is possessed of many charms peculiarly American. The mountains themselves are covered with dense forests abounding in cliffs and waterfalls, and for the most part untrodden by the footsteps of man. Looking at them from the Hudson, the eye is attracted by two deep hollows, which are called "Cloves." The one nearest to the Mountain House, Kauterskill Clove, is distinguished for a remarkable fall, which has been made familiar to the world by the pen of

Bryant and the pencil of Cole; but this Clove is rapidly filling with human habitations; while the other, Plauterkill Clove, though yet possessing much of its original glory, is certain of the same destiny. The gorge whence issues the Esopus, is among the Shandaken mountains, and not visible from the Hudson.

My nominal residence, at the present time, is at the mouth of Plauterkill Clove. To the west, and only half a mile from my abode, are the beautiful mountains, whose outlines fade away to the north, like the waves of the sea when covered with a visible atmosphere. The nearest, and to me the most beloved of these, is called South Peak. It is nearly four thousand feet high, and covered from base to summit with one vast forest of trees, varying from eighty to an hundred feet in height. Like its brethren, it is a wild and uncultivated wilderness, abounding in all the interesting features of mountain scenery. Like a corner-stone, does it stand at the junction of the northern and western ranges of the Catskills; and as its huge form looms against the evening sky, it inspires one with awe, as if it were the ruler of the world:—yet I have learned to love it as a friend. I have pondered upon its impressive features when reposing in the noontide sunshine, when enveloped in clouds, when holding communion with the most holy night, and when trembling under the influence of a thunder-storm and encircled by a rainbow. It has filled my soul with images of beauty and sublimity, and made me feel the omnipotence of God.

A day and a night was it lately my privilege to spend upon this mountain, accompanied by a poet friend. We started at an early hour, equipped in our brown fustians, and laden with well-filled knapsacks—one with a hatchet in his belt, and the other with a brace of pistols. We were bound to the extreme summit of the peak, where we intended to spend the night, witness the rising of the sun, and return at our leisure on the following day. But when I tell my readers that our course lay right up the almost perpendicular side of the mountain, where there was no path save that formed by a torrent or a bear, they will readily believe it was somewhat rare and romantic. But

this was what we delighted in; so we shouted "excelsior!" and commenced the ascent. The air was excessively sultry, and the very first effort we made caused the perspiration to start most profusely. Upward, upward was our course, now climbing through a tangled thicket, or under the spray of a cascade, and then, again, supporting ourselves by the roots of saplings, or scrambling under a fallen tree;—now, like the samphire gatherer, scaling a precipice, and then again clambering over a rock, or "shinning" up a hemlock tree to reach a desired point.

Our first halt was made at a singular spot called "Hunter's Hole," which is a spacious cavern or pit, forty feet deep, and twenty wide, and approached only by a fissure in the mountain, sufficiently large to admit a man. Connected with this place is the following story. Many years ago, a farmer, residing at the foot of the mountain, having missed a favorite dog, and being anxious for his safety, called together his neighbors, and offered a reward for the safe return of his canine friend. Always ready to do a kind deed, a number of them started in different directions for the hunt. A barking sound having been heard to issue from this cavern, it was discovered, and at the bottom of it the lost dog, which had probably fallen therein while chasing a fox. "But how shall he be extricated from this hole?" was the general inquiry of the now assembled hunters. Not one of all the group would venture to descend, under any circumstances; so that the poor animal remained a prisoner for another night. But the next morning he was released, and by none other than a brave boy, the son of the farmer and playmate of the dog. A large number of men were present on the occasion. A strong rope was tied around the body of the child, and he was gently lowered down. On reaching the bottom, and finding, by the aid of his lamp, that he was in a "real nice place," the little rogue concluded to have some sport, whereupon he proceeded to pull down more rope, until he had made a coil of two hundred feet, which was bewildering enough to the crowd above; but nothing happened to him during the adventure, and the dog was rescued. The young hero having

played his trick so well, it was generally supposed, for a long time after, that this cavern was two hundred feet deep, and none were ever found sufficiently bold to enter in, even after a beautiful fox. The bravery of the boy, however, was the cause of his death, for he was cut down by a leaden ball in the war of 1812.

The next remarkable place that we attained in ascending South Peak, was the Bear Bank, where, in the depth of winter, may be found an abundance of these charming creatures. It is said that they have often been seen sunning themselves, even from the hills east of the Hudson.

We were now upon a beetling precipice, three hundred feet high, and under the shadow of a huge pine, we enjoyed a slice of bread and pork, with a few drops of genuine mountain dew. Instead of a dessert of strawberries and cream, however, we were furnished by venerable dame Nature with a thunder-storm. It was one that we had noticed making a great commotion in the valley below. It had, probably, discovered two bipeds going towards its home, the sky, and seemed to have pursued us with a view of frightening us back again. But, "knowing that Nature never did betray the heart that loved her," we awaited the thunder-storm's reply to our obstinate refusal to descend. The cloud was yet below us, but its unseen herald, a strong east wind, told us that the conflict had commenced. Presently, a peal of thunder resounded through the vast profound, which caused the mountain to tremble to its deep foundation. And then followed another, and another, as the storm increased; and the rain and hail poured down in floods. Thinking it more safe to expose ourselves to the storm than remain under the pine, we retreated without delay, when we were suddenly enveloped in the heart of the cloud, only a few rods distant. Then a stroke of lightning blinded us, and the towering forest monarch was smitten to the earth. We were in the midst of an unwritten epic poem about that time, but we could not appreciate its beauties, for another peal of thunder, and another stroke of lightning, attracted our whole attention. Soon as these had passed, a terrible gale followed in their wake,

tumbling down piles of loose rocks, and bending to the dust, as though in passion, the resisting forms of an army of trees; and afterwards, a glorious rainbow spanned the mountain, appearing like those distinguishing circles around the temples of the Mighty and Holy, as portrayed by the painters of old. The commotion lasted for an hour, when the region of the Bear Bank became as serene as the slumber of a babe. A spirit of silent prayer was brooding upon the earth and in the air, and with a shadow of thoughtfulness at our hearts, we resumed our upward march.

Our next halting place was upon a sort of peninsula called the Eagle's Nest, where, it is said, an Indian child was formerly carried by one of those birds, and cruelly destroyed, and whence the frantic mother, with the mangled body of her babe, leaped into the terrible abyss below. From this point we discovered a host of clouds assembled in council above High Peak, as if discussing the parched condition of the earth, and the speediest mode of affording relief to a still greater extent than they had done; and far away to the west, was another assembly of clouds, vieing, like sporting children, to outrun and overleap each other in their aerial amphitheatre.

After this we surmounted another point called Rattlesnake Ledge. Here the rocks were literally covered with the white bones of those reptiles, slaughtered by the hunter in by-gone years, and we happened to see a pair of them that were alive. One was about four feet long, and the other, which was only half as large, seemed to be the offspring of the old one, for, when discovered, they were playing together like an affectionate mother with her tender child. Soon as we appeared in their presence, the serpents immediately ceased their sport, and in the twinkling of an eye coiled themselves in the attitude of battle. The conflict was of short duration, and to know the result you need only look into my cabinet of curiosities.

Higher yet was it our lot to climb. We went a little out of our course to obtain a bird's-eye view of a mountain lake. In its tranquil bosom the glowing evening sky and mountain sides were vividly reflected, and the silence surrounding it was so

profound that we could almost hear the ripples made by a solitary duck, as it swam from one shore to the other in its utter loneliness. Very beautiful, indeed, was this picture, and as I reflected upon it, I thought that as the Infant of Bethlehem was tenderly protected by the parents who watched over its slumbers, so was this exquisite lake cradled and protected in the lap of the mountains.

One sight more did we behold before reaching the summit of South Peak. It was the sunset hour, and on a jutting cliff which commanded an immense view, our eyes were delighted by the sight of a deer, standing still, and looking down upon the silent void below, which was then covered with a deep purple atmosphere, causing the prospect to resemble the boundless ocean. It was the last of its race we could not but fancy, bidding the human world good night, previous to departing for its heathery couch in a nameless ravine.

One effort more and the long-desired eminence was attained, and we were a little nearer the evening star than we had ever been before. It was now the hour of twilight, and as we were about done over with fatigue, it was not long before we had pitched our leafy tent, eaten some supper, and yielded ourselves to the embrace of sleep, "dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!"

At midnight, a cooling breath of air having passed across my face, I was awakened from a fearful dream, which left me in a nervous and excited state of mind. A strange and solemn gloom had taken possession of my spirit, which was greatly enhanced by the doleful song of a neighboring hemlock grove. Our encampment having been made a little below the summit of the peak, and feeling anxious to behold the prospect at that hour, from that point, I awakened my companion, and we seated ourselves upon the topmost rock, which was nearly bare of shrubs, but covered with a rich moss, softer and more beautiful than the finest carpet. But how can I describe the scene that burst upon our enraptured vision? It was unlike anything I had ever seen before, creating a lone, lost feeling, which I supposed could only be realized by a wanderer in an

uninhabited wilderness, or on the ocean, a thousand leagues from home. Above, around and beneath us, ay, far *beneath* us, were the cold bright stars, and to the eastward the "young moon with the old moon in her arms." In the west were floating a little band of pearly clouds, which I almost fancied to be winged chariots, and that they were crowded with children, the absent and loved of other years, who, in a frolic of blissful joy, were out upon the fields of heaven. On one side of us reposed the long broad valley of the Hudson, with its cities, towns, villages, woods, hills, and plains, whose crowded highway was diminished to a narrow girdle of deep blue. Towards the south, hill beyond hill, field beyond field receded to the sky, occasionally enlivened by a peaceful lake. On our right a multitudinous array of rugged mountains lay piled up, apparently as impassable as the bottomless gulf. In the north, old High Peak, King of the Catskills, bared his bosom to the moonlight, as if demanding and expecting the homage of the world. Strange and magnificent, indeed, was the prospect from that mountain watch-tower, and it was with reluctance that we turned away, as in duty bound, to slumber until the dawn. The dawn! and now for a sunrise picture among the mountains, with all the illusive performances of the mists and clouds! He comes! he comes! "the king of the bright days!" Now the crimson and golden clouds are parting, and he bursts on the bewildered sight! One moment more, and the whole earth rejoices in his beams, falling alike as they do upon the prince and the peasant of every land. And now, on either side and beneath the sun an array of new-born clouds are gathering—like a band of cavaliers, preparing to accompany their leader on a journey. Out of the Atlantic have they just arisen; at noon, they will have pitched their tents on the cerulean plains of heaven; and when the hours of day are numbered, the far-off waters of the Pacific will again receive them in its cool embrace. Listen! was not that the roar of waves? Naught but the report of thunder in the valley below. Are not the two oceans coming together? See! we are on a rock in the midst of an illimitable sea, and the tide is surely rising

—rising rapidly! Strange! it is still as death, and yet the oceans are covered with billows! Lo! the naked masts of a ship, stranded on a lee shore!—and yonder, as if a reef were hidden there to impede their course, the waves are struggling in despair, now leaping to the sky, and now plunging into a deep abyss! And when they have passed the unseen enemy, how rapid and beautiful are their various evolutions, as they hasten to the more distant shore! Another look, and what a change! The mists of morning are being exhaled by the rising sun, already the world of waters is dispersed, and in the valley of the Hudson, far, far away, are reposing all the enchanting features of the green earth.

We descended the mountain by a circuitous route, that we might enjoy the luxury of passing through Plauterkill Clove. The same spring that gives rise to Schoharie Creek, which is the principal tributary of the Mohawk, also gives rise to the Plauterkill. In its very infancy, it begins to leap and laugh with the gladness of a boy. From its source to the plain, the distance is only two miles, and yet it has a fall of twenty-five hundred feet; but the remainder of its course, until it reaches the Esopus, is calm and picturesque, and on every side, and at every turn, may be seen the farm-houses of a sturdy yeomanry.

The wild gorge or dell through which it passes, abounds in waterfalls of surpassing beauty, varying from ten to a hundred feet in height, whose rocks are green with the moss of centuries, and whose brows are ever wreathed with the most exquisite of vines and flowers. Here is the Double Leap, with its almost fathomless pool, containing a hermit trout that has laughed at the angler's skill for a score of years; the fall of the Mountain Spirit, haunted, as it is said, by the disembodied spirit of an Indian girl, who lost her life here while pursuing a phantom of the brain; and here is the Blue-bell Fall, forever guarded by a multitudinous array of those charming flowers. Caverns, too, and chasms are here, dark, deep, chilly, and damp; where the toad, the lizard and snake, and strange families of insects, are perpetually multiplying, and actually

seeming to enjoy their loathsome lives; and here is the Black Chasm, and the Devil's Chamber, the latter with a perpendicular wall of twice the height of old Trinity, and with a wainscoting of pines and hemlocks which have "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." Plauterkill Clove is an eddy of the great and tumultuous world, and in itself a world of unwritten poetry, whose primitive loveliness has not yet been disfigured by the influence of Mammon. It has been consecrated by a brotherhood of friends, well-tried and true, to the pure religion of Nature; and after spending a summer-day therein, and then emerging under the open sky, their feelings are always allied to those of a pilgrim in a strange land, passing through the dreamy twilight of an old cathedral.

But it is time that I should change my tune, as I desire to record a few fishing adventures which I have lately experienced among the Catskills. My first excursion was performed along the margin of Sweetwater Brook, which flows out of the lake already mentioned. My guide and companion was a notorious hunter of this region, named Peter Hummel, whose services I have engaged for all my future rambles among the mountains. He is, decidedly, one of the wildest and rarest characters I have ever known, and would be a valuable acquisition to a menagerie. He was born in a little hut at the foot of South Peak, is twenty-seven years of age, and has never been to school a day in his life, nor, in his travels towards civilization, further away from home than fifteen miles. He was *educated* for a bark-gatherer, his father and several brothers having always been in the business; but Peter is averse to commonplace labor, to anything, in fact, that will bring money. When a boy of five years, he had an inkling for the mountains, and once had wandered so far, that he was found by his father in the den of an old bear, playing with her cubs. To tramp among the mountains, with a gun and dog, is Peter's chief and only happiness. He is, probably, one of the best specimens of a hunter now living; and very few, I fancy, could have survived the dangers to which he has exposed himself. As to his constitution, he seems to be one of those iron mortals who never

die with age and infirmity, but who generally meet with a sudden death, as if to recompense them for their heedlessness. But with all his wildness and recklessness, Peter Hummel is as amiable and kind-hearted a man as ever breathed. He is an original wit withal, and shrewd and very laughable are many of his speeches, and his stories are the cream of romance and genuine mountain poetry.

But to my story. As usual, we started on our tramp at an early hour, he with a trout-basket in his hand, containing our dinner, and I with my sketch-book and a "pilgrim staff." After a tiresome ascent of three hours up the side of a mountain, over ledges, and through gloomy ravines, we at last reached the wished-for brook. All the day long were we cheered by its happy song, as we descended; now leaping from one deep pool to another, and now scrambling over green-coated rocks, under and around fallen trees, and along the damp, slippery sides of the mountains, until we reached its mouth on a plain, watered by a charming river, and sprinkled with the rustic residences of the Dutch yeomanry. We were at home by sunset, having walked the distance of twenty miles, and captured one hundred and fifty trout, the most of which we distributed among the farm-houses in our way, as we returned. The trout were quite small, varying from three to eight ounces in weight, and of a dark-brown color.

On another occasion, I had taken my sketch-book and some fishing-tackle, and gone up a mountain road to the banks of Schoharie Creek, nominally for the purpose of sketching a few trees. In the very first hole of the stream into which I accidentally peered, I discovered a large trout, lying near the bottom, just above a little bed of sand, whence rose the bubbles of a spring. For some thirty minutes I watched the fellow with a "yearning tenderness," but as he appeared to be so very happy, and I was in a kindred mood, I thought that I would let him live. Presently, however, a beautiful fly lighted on the water, which the greedy hermit swallowed in a minute, and returned to his cool bed, with his conscience, as I fancied, not one whit troubled by what he had done. Involuntarily I began

to unwind my line, and having cut a pole, and repeated to myself something about "diamond cut diamond," I whipped on a red hackle, and passed it over the pool. The rogue of a trout, however, saw me, and scorned for a while to heed my line; but I coaxed and coaxed until, at last, he darted for it, apparently out of mere spite. Something similar to a miniature waterspout immediately arose, and the monarch of the brook was in a fair way of sharing the same fate which had befallen the innocent fly. I learned a salutary lesson from this incident, and as I had yielded to the temptation of the brook, I shouldered my sketch-book with a strap, and descended the stream. At noon, I reached a farm-house, where I craved something to eat. A good dinner was given me, which was seasoned by many questions, and some information concerning trout. That afternoon, in company with a little boy, I visited a neighboring stream, called the Roaring Kill, where I caught one hundred and sixty fish. I then returned to the farm-house, and spent the evening in conversation with my new acquaintances. After breakfast, on the following morning, I set out for home, and reached there about noon, having made only two additions to my sketches. Long shall I remember the evening spent with this family, and their hospitality towards an entire stranger. A pleasant family was that night added to my list of friends.

Another of my trouting pilgrimages was to a famous place called Stony Clove, among the mountains of Shandaken. It is a deep perpendicular cut or gorge between two mountains, two thousand feet in depth, from twenty feet to four hundred in width, and completely lined from base to summit with luxuriant vegetation. It is watered by a narrow but deep brook, which is so full of trout that some seven hundred were captured by myself and two others in a single day. When I tell my readers that this spot is only about one hundred miles from New York, they will be surprised to learn that in its immediate vicinity we saw no less than two bears, one doe with two fawns, and other valuable game. In some parts of this clove the sunshine never enters, and whole tons of the purest ice may be found there throughout the year. It is, indeed, a most lonely

and desolate corner of the world, and might be considered a fitting type of the valley of the shadow of death; in single file did we have to pass through that gorge, and in single file do the sons of men pass into the grave. To spend one day there we had to encamp two nights, and how we generally manage that affair I will mention presently.

In returning from Stony Clove, we took a circuitous route, and visited the Mountain House. We approached it by way of the celebrated Catskill Falls, which I will describe in the graphic language of Cooper, as my readers may not remember the passage in his Pioneer. "Why, there's a fall in the hills, where the water of two little ponds, that lie near each other, breaks out of their bounds, and runs over the rocks into the valley. The stream is, may be, such a one as would turn a mill, if so useless a thing was wanted in the wilderness. *But the hand that made that 'Leap' never made a mill!* Then the water comes croaking and winding among the rocks, first so slow that a trout might swim in it, and then starting and running, like any creature that wanted to make a fair spring, till it gets to where the mountain divides, like the cleft foot of a deer, leaving a deep hollow for the brook to tumble into. The first pitch is nigh two hundred feet, and the water looks like flakes of snow afore it touches the bottom, and then gathers itself together again for a new start, and, may be, flutters over fifty feet of flat rock, before it falls for another hundred feet, when it jumps from shelf to shelf, first running this way and that way, striving to get out of the hollow, till it finally comes to the plain."

Our party, on this occasion, consisted of three—Peter Hummel, a bark-gatherer and myself. I had chosen these fellows for the expedition, because of their friendship for me and their willingness to go; and I resolved to give them a "treat" at the "Grand Hotel," which the natives of this region look upon as a kind of paradise. You are aware, I suppose, reader, that the Mountain House is an establishment vieing in its style of accommodations with the best of hotels. Between it and the Hudson there is, during the summer, a semi-daily line of stages, and it

is the transient resort of thousands, who visit it for the novelty of its location as well as for the surrounding scenery. The edifice itself stands on a cliff, within a few feet of the edge, and commands a prospect extending from Long Island Sound to the White Mountains. The first time I visited this spot, I spent half the night at my bed-room window, watching the fantastic performances of a thunder-storm far below me, which made the building tremble like a ship upon a reef, while the sky above was cloudless, and studded with stars. Between this spot and South Peak, "there's the High Peak and the Round Top, which lay back, like a father and mother among their children, seeing they are far above all the other hills."

But to proceed. Coarsely and comically dressed as we were, we made a very unique appearance as we paraded into the office of the hotel. I met a few acquaintances there, to whom I introduced my comrades, and in a short time each one was spinning a mountain legend to a crowd of delighted listeners. In due time I ushered them into the dining-hall, where was enacted a scene which can be better imagined than described; the fellows were completely out of their element, and it was laughable in the extreme, to see them stare and hear them talk, as the servants bountifully helped them to the turtle soup, ice cream, charlotte russe and other fashionable dainties.

About the middle of the afternoon we commenced descending the beautiful mountain-road leading towards the Hudson. In the morning there had been a heavy shower, and a thousand happy rills attended us with a song. A delightful nook on this road is pointed out as the identical spot where Rip Van Winkle slept away a score of his life. I reached home in time to spend the twilight hour in my own room, musing upon the much-loved mountains. I had but one companion, and that was a whip-poorwill, which nightly comes to my window-sill, as if to tell me a tale of its love, or of the woods and solitary wilderness.

But the most unique and interesting of my fishing adventures remains to be described. I had heard a great deal about the good fishing afforded by the lake already mentioned, and I desired to visit it and spend a night upon its shore. Having

spoken to my friend Hummel, and invited a neighbor to accompany us, whom the people had named "White Yankee," the noontide hour of a pleasant day found us on our winding march: and such a grotesque appearance as we made was exceedingly amusing. The group was mostly *animated* when climbing the steep and rocky ravines which we were compelled to pass through. There was Peter, "long, lank, and lean," and wild in his attire and countenance as an eagle of the wilderness, with an axe in his hand, and a huge knapsack on his back, containing our provisions and utensils for cooking. Next to him followed White Yankee, with three blankets lashed upon his back, a slouched white hat on his head, and nearly half a pound of tobacco in his mouth. Crooked-legged withal, and somewhat sickly was this individual, and being wholly unaccustomed to this kind of business, he went along groaning, grunting, and sweating, as if he was "sent for and *didn't want* to come." In the rear tottered along your humble friend, dear reader, with a gun upon his shoulder, a powder-horn and shot-pouch at his side, cowhide boots on his feet, and a cap on his head, his beard half an inch long, and his flowing hair streaming in the wind.

We reached our place of destination about five o'clock, and halted under a large impending rock, which was to be our sleeping place. We were emphatically under the "shadow of a rock in a weary land." Our first business was to build a fire, which we did with about one cord of green and dry wood. Eighty poles were then cut, to which we fastened our lines. The old canoe in the lake was bailed out, and, having baited our hooks with the minnows we had brought with us, we planted the poles in about seven feet water all around the lake shore. We then prepared and ate our supper, and awaited the coming on of night. During this interval I learned from Peter the following particulars concerning the lake. It was originally discovered by a hunter named Shew. It is estimated to cover about fifty acres, and in the centre to be more than two hundred feet in depth. For my part, however, I do not believe it contains over five acres, though the mountains which tower on

every side but one, are calculated to deceive the eye; but, as to its depth, I could easily fancy it to be bottomless, for the water is remarkably dark. To the number of trout in this lake there seems to be no end. It is supposed they reach it, when small, through Sweetwater Brook, when they increase in size, and multiply. It also abounds in green and scarlet lizards, which are a serious drawback to the pleasures of the fastidious angler. I asked Peter many questions concerning his adventures about the lake, and he told me that the number of "harmless murders" he had committed here was about three hundred. In one day he shot three deer; at another time a dozen turkeys; at another twenty ducks; one night an old bear; and again half-a-dozen coons; and on one occasion annihilated a den of thirty-seven rattlesnakes.

At nine o'clock we lighted a torch, and went to examine our lines; and it was my good fortune to haul out not less than forty-one trout, weighing from one to two pounds a-piece. These we put into a spring of very cold water, which bubbled from the earth a few paces from our camping place, and then retired to repose. Branches of hemlock constituted our couch, and my station was between Peter and White Yankee. Little did I dream, when I first saw these two bipeds, that I should ever have them for my bed-fellows; but who can tell what shall be on the morrow? My friends were in the land of Nod in less than a dozen minutes after we had retired; but it was difficult for me to go to sleep in the midst of the wild scene which surrounded me. There I lay, flat on my back, a stone and my cap for a pillow, and wrapped in a blanket, with my nose exposed to the chilly night air. And what pictures did my fancy conjure up, as I looked upon the army of trunks around me, glistening in the firelight. One moment they were a troop of Indians from the spirit-land, come to revisit again the hunting-grounds of their fathers, and weeping because the white man had desecrated their soil; and again I fancied them to be a congress of wild animals, assembled to try, execute, and devour us, for the depredations our fellows had committed upon their kind during the last one hundred years. By and by

a star peeped out upon me from between the branches of a tree, and my thoughts ascended heavenward. And now my eyes twinkled and blinked in sympathy with the star, and I was a dreamer.

An hour after the witching time of night, I was startled from my sleep by a bellowing halloo from Peter, who said it was time to examine the lines again. Had you heard the echoes which were then awakened, far and near, you would have thought yourself in enchanted land. But there were *living* answers to that shout, for a frightened fox began to bark, an owl commenced its horrible hooting, a partridge its drumming, and a wolf its howl. There was not a breeze stirring, and

> "Naught was seen in the vault on high
> But the moon and the stars and a cloudless sky,
> And a river of white in the welkin blue."

Peter and Yankee went out to haul in the trout, but I remained on shore to attempt a drawing, by moonlight, of the lake before me. The opposite side of the mountain, with its dark tangled forests, was perfectly mirrored in the waters below, the whole seeming as solid and variegated as a tablet of Egyptian marble. The canoe with its inmates noiselessly pursued its way, making the stillness more profound. In the water at my feet I distinctly saw lizards sporting about, and I could not but wonder why such reptiles were ever created. I thought with the Ancient Mariner,

> "A thousand slimy things lived on,
> And so did I."

Again did we retire to rest, slumbering until the break of day. We then partook of a substantial trout breakfast, gathered up our plunder, and with about one hundred handsome trout, started for home.

The accidents we met with during the night were harmless, though somewhat ridiculous. A paper of matches which Peter carried in his breeches-pocket took fire, and gave him such a scorching that he bellowed lustily;—while Yankee, in his rest-

less slumbers, rolled so near our watchfire, that he barely escaped with a corner of his blanket, the remainder having been consumed. As for me I only fell into the water among the lizards, while endeavoring to reach the end of a log which extended into the lake. In descending the mountain we shot three partridges, and confoundedly frightened a fox, and by the middle of the afternoon were quietly pursuing our several avocations among our fellow men of the lower world.

A SPRING DAY.

MAY is near its close, and I am still in the valley of the Hudson. Spring is indeed come again, and this, for the present year, has been its day of triumph. The moment I awoke, at dawn, this morning, I knew by intuition that it would be so, and I bounded from my couch like a startled deer, impatient for the cool delicious air. Spring is upon the earth once more, and a new life is given me of enjoyment and hope. The year is in its childhood, and my heart clings to it with a sympathy that I feel must be immortal and divine. What I have done to-day I cannot tell. I only know that my body has been tremulous with feeling, and my eyes almost blinded with seeing. Every hour has been fraught with a new emotion of delight, and presented to my vision numberless pictures of surpassing beauty. I have held communion with the sky, the mountains, the streams, the woods, and the fields; and these, if you please, shall be the themes of my present chapter.

The sky! it has been of as deep an azure and as serene as ever canopied the world. It seemed as if you could look *through* it into the illimitable home of the angels—could almost behold the glory which surrounds the Invisible. Three clouds alone have attracted my attention. One was the offspring of the dawn, and encircled by a rim of gold; the next was the daughter of noon, and white as the driven snow, and the last, of evening, and robed in deepest crimson. Wayward and coquettish creatures were these clouds! their chief ambition seemed to be to display their charms to the best advantage, as if conscious of their loveliness; and, at sunset, when the light lay

pillowed on the mountains, it was a joyous sight to see them, side by side, like three sweet sisters, as they were, *going home*. Each one was anxious to favor the world with its own last smile, and by their changing places so often, you would have thought they were all unwilling to depart. But they were the ministers of the sun, and he would not tarry for them; and while he beckoned them to follow on, the evening star took his station in the sky, and bade them depart; and when I looked again, they were gone. Never more, thought I, will those clouds be a source of joy to a human heart. And in this respect, also, they seemed to me to be the emblems of those beautiful but thoughtless maidens, who spend the flower of youth trifling with the affections of all whom they have the power to fascinate.

The mountains! in honor of the season which has just clothed them in the richest green, they have, this day, displayed every one of their varied and interesting charms. At noon, as I lay under the shadow of a tree, watching them "with a look made of all sweet accord," my face was freshened by a breeze. It appeared to come from the summit of South Peak, and to be the voice of the Catskills. I listened, and these were the words which echoed through my ear.

"Of all the seasons, oh Spring! thou art the most beloved, and, to us, always the most welcome. Joy and gladness ever attend thy coming, for we know that the 'winter is past, the rains are over and gone, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.' And we know, too, that from thy hands flow unnumbered blessings. Thou softenest the earth, that the husbandman may sow his seed, which shall yield him a hundred fold at the harvest. Thou releasest the rivers from their icy fetters, that the wings of commerce may be unfurled once more. Thou givest food to the cattle upon a thousand hills, that they, in their turn, may furnish man with necessary food, and also assist him in his domestic labors. Thou coverest the earth with a garniture of freshest loveliness, that the senses of man may be gratified, and his thoughts directed to Him who hath created all things, and pronounced them good. And, finally, thou art the hope of the

year, and thine admonitions, which are of the future, have a tendency to emancipate the thoughts of men from this world, and the troubles which may surround him here, and fix them upon that clime where an everlasting spring abides." "The voice in my dreaming ear melted away," and I heard the roaring of the streams, as they fretted their way down the rocky steeps.

The streams! such "trumpets" as they have blown to-day would, I am afraid, have caused Mr. Wordsworth to exclaim:

"The cataracts—*make a devilish noise up yonder!*"

The fact is, "all the earth is gay," and all the springs among the mountains are "giving themselves up to jollity," the streams are full to overflowing, and rush along with a "vindictive looseness," because of the burthen they have to bear. The falls and cascades, which make such exquisite pictures in the summer months, are now fearful to behold, for, in their anger, every now and then they toss some giant tree into an abyss of foam, which makes one tremble with fear. But after the streams have left the mountains, and are running through the bottom lands, they still appear to be displeased with something, and at *every turn* they take, *delve* into the "bowels of the harmless earth," making it dangerous for the angler to approach too near, but rendering the haunt of the trout more spacious and commodious than before. The streams are about the only things I cannot praise to-day, and I hope it will not *rain* for a month to come, if this is the way they intend to act whenever we have a number of delightful showers.

The woods! A goodly portion of the day have I spent in one of their most secret recesses. I went with Shakspeare under my arm; but I could not read any more than fly, so I stretched myself at full length on a huge log, and kept a sharp look-out for anything that might send me a waking dream. The brotherhood of trees clustered around me, laden with leaves just bursting into full maturity, and possessing that delicate and peculiar green which lasts but a single day, and never returns. A fitful breeze swept through them, so that ever and anon I fancied a gushing fountain to be near, or that a compa-

ny of ladies fair were come to visit me, and that I heard the rustle of their silken kirtles. And now my eyes rested on a tree that was entirely leafless, and almost without a limb. Instead of grass at its foot, was a heap of dry leaves, and not a bush or vine grew anywhere near it; but around its neighbors they grew in great abundance. It seemed branded with a curse; alone, forsaken of its own, and despised by all. Can this, thought I, be an emblem of any human being? Strange that it should be, but it is nevertheless too true. Only one week ago, I saw a poor miserable maniac, bound hand and foot, driven from "home and all its treasures," and carried to a dark, damp prison-house in a neighboring town. I can be reconciled to the mystery of a poisonous reptile's existence; but it is very hard to understand for what good purpose a maniac is created. Another object I noticed, was a little tree about five feet high, completely covered with blossoms of a gaudy hue. At first, I tried to gather something poetical out of this thing, but with all my endeavors I could not. It caused a smile, however, as the idea expanded, for it reminded me of a certain maiden lady of my acquaintance, who is old, stunted, very fond of *tall men*, and, always strutting among her fellows under a weight of *jewelry*. But oh! what beautiful flowers did I notice in that shady grove, whose whispering filled me with delight! Their names? I cannot tell them to you, fair reader—they ought not to have any names,—any more than a cloud, or a foam-bell on the river. Some were blue, some white, some purple, and some scarlet. There were little parties of them on every side, and as the wind swayed their delicate stems, I could not but fancy they were living creatures; the personified thoughts, perhaps, of happy and innocent children. Occasionally, too, I noticed a sort of straggler peeping at me from beside a hillock of moss, or from under the branches of a fallen tree, as if surprised at my temerity in entering its secluded haunt. Birds, also, were around me in that green-wood sanctuary, singing their hymns of praise to the Father of Mercies for the return of spring. The nests of the females being already built, they had nothing to do but be happy, anticipating the time when they themselves should be the "dealers-out of some small

blessings" to their helpless broods. As to their mates, they were about as independent, restless, and noisy as might be expected, very much as any rational man would be who was the husband of a young and beautiful wife.

But the open fields to-day have superabounded with pictures to please and instruct the mind. I know not where to begin to describe them. Shall it be at the very threshold of our farm-house? Well, then, only look at those lilac trees in the garden, actually top-heavy with purple and white flowering pyramids. The old farmer has just cut a number of large branches, and given them to his little daughter to carry to her mother, who will distribute them between the mantlepiece, the table, and the fire-place of the family sitting-room. But what ambrosial odor is that which now salutes the senses! It comes not from the variegated corner of the garden, where the tulip, the violet, the hyacinth, the bluebell and the lily of the valley are vying to outstrip each other in their attire; nor from the clover-covered lawn, besprinkled with buttercups, strawberry blossoms, and honeysuckles, but from the orchard, every one of whose trees are completely covered with snow-white blossoms. And from their numberless petals emanates the murmur of bees as they are busily extracting the precious honey. What an abundance of fruit—of apples, cherries, peaches and pears, do these sweet blossoms promise! But next week there *may* be a bitter *frost;* and this is the lesson which my heart learns. Now that I am in the spring-time of life, my hopes, in number and beauty, are like the blossoms of trees, and I know not but that they may even on the morrow be withered by the chilly breath of the grave. But let us loiter farther on. The western slope of this gentle hill is equally divided, and of two different shades of green; one is planted with rye and the other with wheat. The eastern slope of the hill has lately been loosened by the plough, and is of a sombre color, but to my eyes not less pleasing than the green. And this view is enlivened with figures besides—for a farmer and two boys are planting corn, the latter opening the beds with their hoes and the former dropping in the seed (which he carries in a bag slung at his side,) and covering it with his foot. And, now, fluttering over their

heads is a roguish bobolink, *scolding* about some thing in their *wake;* at a *respectful* distance, and hopping along the ground, are a number of robbins, and on the nearest fence a meadow-lark and bluebird are "holding on for a bite." But there is no end to these rural pictures, so I will just take my reader into this neighboring meadow-pasture, thence into the poultry-yard at home, and conclude my present rhapsody.

Here we are, then, in the midst of various domestic animals. Yonder a couple of black colts are chasing each other in play, while their venerable mother (for they are brothers, though not twins) is standing a little way off, watching their antics, and twisting about her ears, as she remembers the happy days of her own colt-hood. Here are some half dozen hearty cows, lying down and grazing, each one with a "pledge of affection" sporting about her. There are six or eight oxen, eating away as fast as they can, while one who seems to be a sentinel, occasionally rolls up his eye to see if the farmer is coming to renew his song of "haw! gee! gee! haw!" Under the shadows of that old oak is a flock of sheep, with their lambs bounding beside them, as to the "tabor's sound;" but to me there comes no "thought of grief" at the sight, wherein I must be suffered to disagree with Wordsworth, to whom I have already alluded once or twice, and whose celebrated Ode has been echoing in my heart all the day long. Some of the lines in it are appropriate to the day, the charms of which I am attempting to make you *feel*, reader, and you will oblige me by conning and inwardly digesting the following fragments from a great poem:—

"The sunshine is a glorious birth."

"The winds come to me from the fields of sleep."

"And the babe leaps up on its mother's arm."

"Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own."

"Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as fate, and deep almost as life."

"O joy, that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive."

"To me the meanest flower that blooms, can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Strange, that a man, after dwelling upon such poetry, should be willing to go into a *poultry* yard. But why not? I would rather do this *willingly* than be compelled, as I have been, and may be again, to hear a man say, after reading to him Wordsworth's Ode, "Why! of what *use* is such *stuff?* what does it *prove?* will it furnish a man with *bread and butter?* will it make the *pot boil?*" The people of the poultry-yard have been in such a glee to-day, and contributed so much to the gladness of the day, that I must pay them a passing tribute. In the first place, our old gobbler, with his retinue of turkey wives, has been at the point of bursting with pride ever since sunrise. If the Grand Sultan of Turkey, (who must be the father of all turkeys,) cuts the same kind of capers in the presence of his hundred ladies, Turkey must be a great country for lean people to "laugh and grow fat." Our gobbler is a feathered personification of Jack Falstaff, possessing his prominent trait of cowardice to perfection. I flourished a red handkerchief in his face this morning, and, by the way he strutted round and gobbled, you would have thought he was going to devour you. About ten minutes after this, I threw down a handful of corn, which was intended for his particular palate. While he was busy picking it up, a certain cock stepped alongside, and commenced picking too. The intruder, having got in the way of the gobbler, was suddenly pushed aside; whereupon the gentleman with spurs chuckled and "showed fight;" but the gobbler for a moment heeded him not. This the cock could not bear, so he pounced upon his enemy, and whipped him without mercy, until the coward and fool ran away, with his long train of affectionate wives following behind.

The cocks, hens and chickens which have figured in the yard

to-day, would more than number a hundred; and such cackling, crowing, chuckling, and crying as they have made, was anything but a "*concord* of sweet sounds." But the creatures have been happy, and it was therefore a pleasure to look at them. A young hen, this morning, made her first appearance with a large brood of chickens, yellow as gold, and this caused quite a sensation among the feathered husbands generally. The mother, as she rambled about, seemed to say, by her pompous air, to her daughterless friends—"Ar'n't they beautiful? don't you wish you had a few?" It was also very funny to see with what looks of astonishment the youthful cocks surveyed these "infant phenomenons." As to our ducks, and geese, and guinea-hens, they have minded their business very well—the two former paddling about the creek and mud-puddles, and the latter, "between meals," roaming at large through the orchard and garden, altogether the most beautiful and rational of the feathered tribes.

A mountaineer, who is to take this queer record to the post-office, is waiting for me below, and I must close,—hoping that the country pictures I have endeavored to sketch, may have a tendency to make you feel a portion of that joy which has characterized this delightful Spring Day.

THE CORN PLANTING BEE.

THE people who inhabit that section of country lying between the Catskill Mountains and the Hudson River, are undoubtedly the legitimate descendants of the far-famed Rip Van Winkle. Dutch blood floweth in their veins, and their names, appearance, manners, are all Dutch, and Dutch only. The majority of them are engaged in tilling the soil, and as they seem to be satisfied with a bare competency, the peacefulness of their lives is only equalled by their ignorance of books and the world at large. The height of their ambition is to enjoy a frolic, and what civilized people understand by that term, they designate a Bee. Not only have they their wedding and funeral bees, but they commemorate their agricultural labors with a bee, and of these the corn planting bee, which I am about to describe, is a specimen.

A certain old Dutchman of my acquaintance had so long neglected the field where he intended to plant his corn, that he found it necessary to retrieve his reputation by getting up a bee. He therefore immediately issued his invitations, and at two o'clock on the appointed day, about seventy of his neighbors, including men and women, made their appearance at his dwelling, each one of them furnished with a hoe and a small bag to carry the seed. After supplying his guests with all they wanted in the way of *spiritual* drink, my friend gave the signal, and shouldering a large hoe, started off for the field of action, closely followed by his neighbors, who fell to work quite lustily. The field was large, but as the laborers were numerous, it was entirely planted at least two hours before sunset, when the

party was disbanded, with the express understanding resting upon their minds that they should invite their children to the dance, which was to take place in the evening at the bee-giver's residence.

The house of my farmer friend having been originally built for a tavern, it happened to contain a large ball-room, and on this occasion it was stripped of its beds and bedding, and the walls thereof decked from top to bottom with green branches and an occasional tallow candle, and conspicuous at one end of the hall was a refreshment establishment, well supplied with pies, gingerbread, molasses candy and segars, and with an abundance of *colored alcohols*. The number of young men and women who came together on this occasion was about one hundred, and while they were trimming for the approaching dance, the musician, a long-legged, huge and bony Dutchman, was tuning a rusty fiddle. The thirty minutes occupied by him in this interesting business were employed by the male portion of the guests in "wetting their whistles." The dresses worn on this occasion were eminently rustic and unique. Those of the gentlemen, for the most part, were made of coarse gray cloth, similar to that worn by the residents on Blackwell's Island, while the ladies were arrayed in white cotton dresses, trimmed with scarlet ribbon. Pumps being out of vogue, cowhide boots were worn by the former and calf brogans by the latter.

All things being now ready, a terribly loud screech came from the poor little fiddle, and the clattering of heels commenced, shaking the building to its very foundation. "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined," seemed to be the motto of all present, and from the start, there seemed to be a strife between the male and female dancers as to who should leap the highest and make the most noise. Desperate were the efforts of the musician, as he toiled away upon his instrument, keeping *discord* with his heels; and every unusual wail of the fiddle was the forerunner of a shower of sweat, which came rolling off the fiddler's face to the floor. And then the joyous delirium of the musician was communicated to the dancers, and as the dance proceeded, their efforts became still more desperate; the

women wildly threw back their hair, and many of the men took off their coats, and rolled up their shirt sleeves, for the purpose of keeping cool. In spite of every effort, however, the faces of the dancers became quite red with the rare excitement, and the hall was filled with a kind of heated fog, in which the first "breakdown" of the evening concluded.

Then followed the refreshment scene. The men drank whisky and smoked segars, while the women feasted on mince pies, drank small beer, and sucked molasses candy. Some of the smaller men or boys, who were too lazy to dance, sneaked off into an out-of-the-way room, for the purpose of pitching pennies, while a few couples, who were victims to the tender passion, retired to some cosey nook to bask unobserved in each other's smiles.

But now the screeching fiddle is again heard above the murmur of talking and laughing voices, and another rush is made for the sanded floor. Another dance is then enjoyed, differing from the one already described only in its increased extravagance. After sawing away for a long time as if for dear life, the musician is politely requested to play a new tune. Promptly does he assent to the proposition; but having started on a fresh key, he soon falls into the identical strain which had kept him busy for the previous hour; so that the philosophic listener is compelled to conclude either that the fiddler cannot play more than one tune, or that he has a particular passion for the monotonous and nameless one to which he so closely clings. And thus with many indescribable variations does the ball continue throughout the entire night.

I did not venture to trip the "light fantastic toe" on the occasion in question, but my enjoyment as a calm spectator was very amusing and decidedly original. Never before had I seen a greater amount of labor performed by men and women in the same time. I left this interesting assembly about midnight, fully satisfied with what I had seen and heard, but I was afterwards told that I missed more than "half the fun."

When the music was loudest, so it appears, and the frenzy of the dance at its climax, a select party of Dutch gentlemen

ere suddenly seized with an appetite for some more substantial food than any that had yet been given them. They held a consultation on the important subject, and finally agreed to ransack the garret and cellar of their host for the purpose of satisfying their natural desires. In the former place they found a good supply of dried beef, and in the latter, a few loaves of bread and a jar of rich cream, upon which they regaled themselves without favor, but with some fear. The giver of the bee subsequently discovered what had been done, and though somewhat more than "three sheets in the wind," slyly sent for a pair of constables, who soon made their appearance, and arrested the thieving guests, who were held to bail in the sum of fifty dollars each. I was also informed that the dance was kept up until six o'clock in the morning, and that the appearance of my friend's establishment and the condition of his guests at seven o'clock were ridiculous in the extreme. A small proportion of the bee-party only had succeeded in starting for home, so that the number who from excess of drinking and undue fatigue had retired to repose, was not far from three score and ten. The sleeping accommodations of the host were limited, and the consequence was that his guests had to shift for themselves as they best could. The floors of every room in the house, including the pantries, were literally covered with men and women,—some of them moaning with a severe headache, some breathing audibly in a deep sleep, and others snoring in the loudest and most approved style. By twelve o'clock the interesting company had stolen off to their several homes, and the corn planting bee, among the Catskills, was at an end.

LAKE HORICON.

If circumstances alone could make one poetical, then might you expect from me, on this occasion, a paper of rare excellence and beauty. My sketch-book is my desk; my canopy from the sunshine, an elm tree; the carpet under my feet, a rich green sprinkled with flowers; the music in my ear of singing birds; and the prospect before me, north, east, and south, the tranquil bosom of Lake George, with its islands and surrounding mountains; whose waters, directly at my side, are alive with many kinds of fish, sporting together on a bed of sand. Yes, the far-famed Lake George is my subject; but in what I write, I shall not use that title,—for I do not like the idea of christening what belongs to us with the name of an English monarch, however much his memory deserves to be respected. Shall it be Lake St. Sacrament, then? No! for that was given to it by the Pope, and the French nation. Horicon —a musical and appropriate word, meaning pure water, and given to it by the poor Indian—is the name which rightfully belongs to the lake which is now my theme.

Lake Horicon is one of the few objects in Nature which did not disappoint me after reading the descriptions of travellers. I verily believe that, in point of mere beauty, it has not its superior in the world. Its length is thirty-four miles, and its width from two to four. Its islands number about three hundred, and vary from ten feet to a mile in length;—a great many of them are located in the centre of the lake, at a place called the Narrows. It is completely surrounded with mountains; the most prominent of which are, Black Mountain, on

the east of the Narrows, Tongue Mountain, directly opposite, and French Mountain, at the southern extremity. The first is the most lofty, and remarkable for its wildness, and the superb prospect therefrom; the second is also wild and uninhabited, but distinguished for its dens of rattlesnakes; and the latter is somewhat cultivated, but memorable for having been the camping-ground of the French during the Revolutionary War. The whole eastern border is yet a comparative wilderness; but along the western shore are some respectable farms, and a good coach-road from Caldwell to Ticonderoga, which affords many admirable views of the sky-blue lake. There are three public houses here which I can recommend: the Lake House, for those who are fond of elegance and company—Lyman's Tavern, for the hunter of scenery and lover of quiet—and Garfield's House, for the fisherman. A nice little steamboat, commanded by a gentleman, passes through every morning and evening, (excepting Sundays,) and though a convenient affair to the traveller, it is an eyesore to the admirer of the wilderness. Identified with this boat is an eccentric and amiable man, named *Old Dick*, who amuses the tourist, and collects an occasional shilling by exhibiting a number of rattlesnakes. When, in addition to all these things, it is remembered that Horicon is the centre of a region made classic by the exploits of civilized and savage warfare, it can safely be pronounced one of the most interesting portions of our country for the summer tourist to visit. I have looked upon it from many a peak whence might be seen almost every rood of its shore. I have sailed into every one of its bays, and, like the pearl-diver, have repeatedly descended into its cold blue chambers, so that I have learned to love it as a faithful and well-tried friend. Since the day of my arrival here, I have kept a journal of my adventures, and, as a memorial of Horicon, I will extract therefrom, and embody in this chapter the following passages.

Six pencil sketches have I executed upon the lake to-day. One of them was a view of the distant mountains, the various outlines of which were concentrated at one point, and the color

was of that delicate, dreamy blue, created by a sunlight atmosphere, with the sun directly in front. In the middle distance was a flock of islands, with a sail-boat in their midst, and in the foreground a cluster of rocks, surmounted by a single cedar, which appeared like the sentinel of a fortress. Another sketch was of the ruins of Fort George, with a background of dark-green mountains, made quite desolate by a flock of sheep sleeping in one of its shady moats. Another was of a rowing-race between two rival fishermen, at the time when they were only a dozen rods from the goal, and when every nerve of their aged frames was strained to the utmost. Another was of a neat log-cabin, on a quiet lawn near the water, at whose threshold a couple of ragged, but beautiful children were playing with a large dog, while from the chimney of the house ascended the blue smoke with unnumbered fantastic evolutions. Another was of a huge pine tree, which towered conspicuously above its kindred on the mountain side, and seemed to me an appropriate symbol of Webster in the midst of a vast concourse of his fellow-men. And the last was of a thunder-storm, driven away from the mountain-top by the mild radiance of a rainbow, which partly encircled Horicon in a loving embrace.

I have been fishing to-day, and, while enduring some poor sport, indited in my mind the following information, for the benefit of my piscatorial friends. The days of trout-fishing in Lake Horicon are nearly at an end. A few years ago, it abounded in salmon-trout, which were frequently caught weighing twenty pounds. But their average weight, at the present time, is not more than one pound and a half, and they are scarce even at that. In taking them, you first have to obtain a sufficient quantity of sapling-bark to reach the bottom in sixty feet of water, to one end of which must be fastened a stone, and to the other a stick of wood, which designates your fishing-ground and is called a buoy. A variety of more common fish are then caught, such as suckers, perch, and eels, which are cut up and deposited, some half peck at a time, in the vicinity of the buoy. In a few days the trout will begin to

assemble, and so long as you keep them well fed, a brace of them may be captured at any time during the summer. But the fact is, this is only another way for "paying too dear for the whistle." The best angling, after all, is for the common brook trout, which is a bolder biting fish, and better for the table than the salmon trout. The cause of the great decrease in the large trout of this lake, is this:—in the autumn, when they have sought the shores for the purpose of spawning, the neighboring barbarians have been accustomed to spear them by torch-light; and if the heartless business does not soon cease, the result will be, that in a few years they will be extinct. There are two other kinds of trout in the lake, however, which yet afford good sport,—the silver trout, caught in the summer, and the fall trout. But the black bass, upon the whole, is now mostly valued by the fisherman. They are in their prime in the summer months. They vary from one to five pounds in weight; are taken by trolling, and with a drop-line, and afford fine sport. Their haunts are along the rocky shores, and it is often the case, that on a still day you may see them from your boat, swimming about in herds where the water is twenty feet deep. They have a queer fashion, when hooked, of leaping out of the water, for the purpose of getting clear, and it is seldom that a novice in the gentle art can keep them from succeeding. But, alas! their numbers also are fast diminishing, by the same means and the same hands that have killed the trout. My advice to those who come here exclusively for the purpose of fishing is, to continue their journey to the sources of the Hudson, Scaroon Lake, Long Lake, and Lake Pleasant; in whose several waters there seems to be no end to every variety of trout, and where may be found much wild and beautiful scenery. The angler of the present day will be disappointed in Lake Horicon.

When issuing from the Narrows, on your way down the Horicon, the most attractive object, next to the mountains, is a strip of low, sandy land, extending into the lake, called Sabbath-day Point. It was so christened by Abercrombie, who

encamped and spent the Sabbath there, when on his way to Ticonderoga, where he was so sadly defeated. I look upon it as one of the most enchanting places in the world; but the pageant with which it is associated was not only enchanting and beautiful, but magnificent. Only look upon the picture. It is the sunset hour, and before us, far up in the upper air, and companion of the evening star, and a host of glowing clouds, rises the majestic form of Black Mountain, enveloped in a mantle of rosy atmosphere. The bosom of the lake is without a ripple, and every cliff, ravine, and island has its counterpart in the pure waters. A blast of martial music from drums, fifes, bagpipes, and bugle horns now falls upon the ear, and the immense procession comes in sight; one thousand and thirty-five batteaux, containing an army of seventeen thousand souls, headed by the brave Abercrombie and the red cross of England,—the scarlet uniforms and glistening bayonets forming a line of light against the darker background of the mountain. And behind a log in the foreground is a crouching Indian runner, who, with the speed of a hawk, will carry the tidings to the French nation, that an army is coming—"numerous as the leaves upon the trees." Far from the strange scene fly the affrighted denizens of mountain and wave,—while thousands of human hearts are beating happily at the prospect of victory, whose bodies in a few hours, will be food for the raven on the plains of Ticonderoga.

A goodly portion of this day have I been musing upon the olden times, while rambling about Fort George, and Fort William Henry. Long and with peculiar interest did I linger about the spot near the latter, where were cruelly massacred the followers of Monroe, at which time Montcalm linked his name to the title of a heartless Frenchman, and the name of Webb became identified with all that is justly despised by the human heart. I profess myself to be an enemy to wrong and outrage of every kind, and yet a lover and defender of the Indian race; but when I picked up one after another the flinty heads of arrows, which were mementoes of an awful butchery, my spirit

revolted against the red man, and for a moment I felt a desire to condemn him. Yes, I will condemn that particular band of murderers, but I cannot but defend the race. Cruel and treacherous they were, I will allow, but do we not forget the treatment they ever met with from the white man? The most righteous of battles have ever been fought for the sake of sires and wives and children, and for what else did the poor Indian fight, when driven from the home of his youth into an unknown wilderness, to become thereafter a by-word and a reproach among the nations? "Indians," said we, "we would have your lands, and if you will not be satisfied with the gewgaws we proffer, our powder and balls will teach you that power is but another name for right." And this is the principle that has guided the white man ever since in his warfare against the aborigines of our country. I cannot believe that we shall ever be a happy and prosperous people until the King of kings shall have forgiven us for having, with a yoke of tyranny, almost annihilated an hundred nations.

A portion of this afternoon I whiled away on a little island, which attracted my attention by its charming variety of foliage. It is not more than one hundred feet across at the widest part, and is encircled by a yellow sand-bank, and shielded by a regiment of variegated rocks. But what could I find there to interest me, it may be inquired. This island, hidden in one of the bays of Horicon, is an insect city, and more populous than was Rome in the days of her glory. There the honey-bee has his oaken tower, the wasp and humble-bee their grassy nests, the spider his den, the butterfly his hammock, the grasshopper his domain, the beetle and cricket and hornet their decayed stump, and the toiling ant her palace of sand. There they were born, there they flourish and multiply, and there they die, symbolizing the career and destiny of man. I was a "distinguished stranger" in that city, and I must confess that it gratified my ambition to be welcomed with such manifestations of regard as the inhabitants thought proper to bestow. My approach was heralded by the song of a kingly bee; and when I

had thrown myself upon a mossy bank, multitudes of people gathered round, and, with their eyes intently fixed upon me, stood still, and "expressive silence mused their praise." To the "natives," I was emphatically a source of astonishment, and as I wished to gather instruction from the incident, I wondered in my heart whether I would be a *happier* man if my presence in a human city should create a kindred excitement. At any rate, it would be a "great excitement on a small capital."

While quietly eating my dinner this noon, in the shady recess of an island near Black Mountain, I was startled by the yell of a pack of hounds coming down one of its ravines. I knew that the chase was after a deer, so I waited with anxiety for his appearance, and five minutes had hardly elapsed before I discovered a noble buck at bay on the summit of a bluff which extended into the lake. There were five dogs yelping about him, but the "antlered monarch" fought them like a hero. His hoof was the most dangerous weapon he could wield, and it seemed to me that the earth actually trembled every time that he struck at his enemies. Presently, to my delight, one of the hounds was killed, and another so disabled that he retired from the contest. But the hunters made their appearance, and I knew that the scene would soon come to a tragic close, and when the buck beheld them, I could almost believe that over his face a "tablet of *agonizing* thoughts was traced," for he fell upon his knees, then made a sudden wheel, and with a frightful bound, as a ball passed through his heart, cleared the rock and fell into the lake below. The waters closed over him, and methought that the waves of Horicon, and the leaves of the forest murmured a requiem above the grave of the wilderness king. I turned away, and partly resolved that I would never again have a dog for my friend, or respect the character of a hunter; but then I looked into the crystal waters of the lake, and thought of the *beam* in my own eye, and stood convicted of a kindred cruelty.

One of the most singular precipices overlooking Horicon is

about five miles from the outlet, and known as Rogers' Slide. It is some four hundred feet high, and at one point not a fissure or sprig can be discovered to mar the polished surface of the rock till it reaches the water. Once on a time in the winter, the said Rogers was pursued by a band of Indians to this spot, when, after throwing down his knapsack, he carefully retraced the steps of his snow-shoes for a short distance, and descending the hill by a circuitous route, continued his course across the frozen lake. The Indians, on coming to the jumping-off place, discovered their enemy on the icy plain; but when they saw the neglected knapsack below, and no signs of returning footsteps where they stood, they thought the devil was in the man, and gave up the pursuit.

The most famous, and one of the most beautiful islands in this lake, is Diamond Island, so called from the fact that it abounds in crystalized quartz. It is half a mile in length, but the last place which would be thought of as the scene of a battle. It is memorable for the attack made by the Americans on the British, who had a garrison there during the Revolution. The American detachment was commanded by Colonel Brown, and being elated with his recent triumphs on Lake Champlain, he resolved to attack Diamond Island. The battle was bloody, and the British fought like brave men, "long and well;" the Americans were defeated, and this misfortune was followed by the sufferings of a most painful retreat over the almost impassable mountains between the Lake and what is now Whitehall. While wandering about the island it was a difficult matter for me to realize that it had ever resounded with the roar of cannon, the dismal wail of war, and the shout of victory. The spot is now covered with woods, whose shadowy groves are the abode of a thousand birds, forever singing a song of peace or love, as if to condemn the ambition and cruelty of man.

In the vicinity of French Mountain is an island celebrated as the burial-place of a rattlesnake hunter, named Bolden. From all that I can learn, he must have been a strange mortal

indeed. His birth-place and early history were alike unknown. When he first made his appearance at this lake, his only companions were a brotherhood of rattlesnakes, by exhibiting which he professed to have obtained his living; and it is said that, during the remainder of his life, he acquired a handsome sum of money by selling the oil and gall of his favorite reptile. And I have recently been told that the present market price of a fat snake, when dead, is not less than half a dollar. Another mode peculiar to old Belden for making money, was to suffer himself to be bitten, at some tavern, after which he would return to his cabin to apply the remedy, when he would come forth again just as good as new. But he was not always to be a solemn trifler. For a week had the old man been missing, and on a pleasant August morning, his body was found on the island alluded to, sadly mutilated and bloated, and it was certain that he had died actually surrounded with rattlesnakes. His death-bed became his grave, and rattlesnakes were his only watchers; thus ended the story of his life.

But this reminds me of two little adventures. The other day, as I was seated near the edge of a sand-bar, near the mouth of a brook, sketching a group of trees and a sunset cloud beyond, I was startled by an immense black snake, that landed at my side, and pursued its way directly under my legs, upon which my drawing-book was resting. Owing to my perfect silence, the creature had probably looked upon me as a mere stump. But what was my surprise, a few minutes after, when re-seated in the same place, to find another snake, and that a large spotted adder, passing along the same track the former had pursued. The first fright had almost disabled me from using the pencil, but when the second came, I gave a lusty yell, and forgetful of the fine arts, started for home on the keen run.

At another time, when returning from a fishing excursion, in a boat, accompanied by a couple of "green-horns," we discovered on the water, near Tongue Mountain, an immense rattlesnake, with his head turned towards us. As the oarsman in the bow of the boat struck at him with his oar, the snake coiled round it, and the fool was in the very act of dropping the devil-

ish thing in my lap. I had heard the creature rattle, and not knowing what I did, as he hung suspended over me, overboard I went, and did not look behind until I had reached the land. The consequence was, that for one while I was perfectly disgusted even with Lake Horicon, and resolved to leave it without delay. The snake was killed without doing any harm, however, but such a blowing up as I gave the green-horn actually made his hair stand straight with fear.

One more snake story, and I will conclude: On the north side of Black Mountain is a cluster of some half dozen houses, in a vale, which spot is called the Bosom, but from what cause I do not know. The presiding geniuses of the place are a band of girls, weighing two hundred pounds apiece, who farm it with their fathers for a living, but whose principal *amusement* is rattlesnake hunting. Their favorite play-ground is the notorious cliff on Tongue Mountain, where they go with naked feet (rowing their own boats across the lake,) and pull out by their tails from the rocks the pretty playthings, and, snapping them to death, they lay them away in a basket as trophies of their skill. I was told that in one day last year they killed the incredible number of eleven hundred. What delicious wives would these Horicon ladies make. Since the Florida Indians have been driven from their country by blood-hounds, would it not be a good idea for Congress to secure the services of these amazons for the purpose of exterminating the rattlesnakes upon our mountains? This latter movement would be the most ridiculous, but the inhumanity of the former is without a parallel.

A clear and tranquil summer night, and I am alone on the pebbly beach of this paragon of lakes. The countless hosts of heaven are beaming upon me with a silent joy, and more impressive and holy than a poet's dream are the surrounding mountains, as they stand reflected in the unruffled waters. Listen! what sound is that so like the wail of a spirit? Only a loon, the lonely night-watcher of Horicon, whose melancholy moan, as it breaks the profound stillness, carries my fancy back to the olden Indian times, ere the white man had crossed the

ocean. All these mountains and this beautiful lake were then the heritage of a brave and noble-hearted people, who made war only upon the denizens of the forest, whose lives were peaceful as a dream, and whose manly forms, decorated with the plumes of the eagle, the feathers of the scarlet bird, and the robe of the bounding stag, tended but to make the scenery of the wilderness beautiful as an earthly Eden. Here was the quiet wigwam village, and there the secluded abode of the thoughtful chief. Here, unmolested, the Indian child played with the spotted fawn, and the "Indian lover wooed his dusky mate;" here the Indian hunter, in the "sunset of his life" watched with holy awe the sunset in the west, and here the ancient Indian prophetess sung her uncouth but religious chant. Gone—all, all gone—and the desolate creature of the waves, now pealing forth another wail, seems the only memorial that they have left behind. There—my recent aspirations are all quelled, I can walk no further to night;—there is a sadness in my soul, and I must seek my home. It is such a blessed night, it seems almost sinful that a blight should rest on the spirit of man; yet on mine a gloom will sometimes fall, nor can I tell whence the cloud that makes me sad.

THE SCAROON COUNTRY.

EMPTYING into the Hudson River, about fifteen miles north of Glenn's Falls, is quite a large stream, sometimes called the East Branch of the Hudson, but generally known as Scroon River.* Its extreme length is not far from fifty miles. It is a clear, cold, and rapid stream, winds through a mountainous country, and has rather a deep channel. The valley through which it runs is somewhat cultivated, but the mountains which frown upon it on either side, are covered with dense forests. The valley of the Scaroon abounds in beautiful lakes and brooks; and as I have explored them pretty thoroughly during the past week, I will now record the result of my observations.

The most prominent pictorial feature of this region is Scaroon Lake, through which the river of that name forms a channel. It is ten miles in length and averages about one in width. Excepting a little hamlet at its head, and two or three farms at the southern extremity, it is yet surrounded with a wilderness of mountains. The waters thereof are deep and clear, and well supplied with fish, of which the salmon-trout and pike are the most valuable. The trout are more abundant here than in Lake George, but owing to the prevailing custom of spearing them in the autumn, they are rapidly becoming extinct. I made a desperate effort to capture one as a specimen, but without success, though I was told that they varied in weight from ten to

* The word Schroon is bad English for the Indian word Scaroon, the meaning of which is—"*child of the mountains.*" The river was originally named by an Algonquin chief after a favorite daughter.

fifteen pounds. My efforts, however, in taking pike were more encouraging. But before giving my experience, I must mention an interesting fact in natural history. Previous to the year 1840, Scaroon Lake was not known to contain a single pike, but during that year, some half dozen males and females were brought from Lake Champlain and deposited therein, since which time they have multiplied so rapidly as to be quite abundant, not only in Scaroon Lake, but in all the neighboring waters, and as they are frequently taken weighing some twenty pounds, the fact seems to be established that this fish grows quite rapidly, and is not of slow growth, as many naturalists have supposed.

But to my pike story. A number of lumbermen were going out for the purpose of taking pike by torch-light, and I was fortunate enough to secure a seat in one of the three flat boats which contained the fishermen. It was a superb night, and the lake was without a ripple. Our torches were made of "fat pine," as it is here called, and my polite friends taking it for granted that I was a novice in the spearing business, they cunningly awarded me the dullest spear in their possession, and gave me the poorest position in the boat. I said nothing to all this, but inwardly resolved that I would give them a salutary lesson, if possible. I fished from nine until twelve o'clock, and then left my friends to continue the sport. The entire number of pike taken, as I found out in the morning, was thirteen, and as fortune would have it, four of this number were captured by myself, in spite of my poor spear. I did not take the largest fish, which weighed eighteen pounds, but the greatest number, with which success I was satisfied. The effect of my good luck was unexpected to my companions, but gratifying to me, for there was afterwards a strife between them as to who should show me the most attention in the way of piloting me about the country. This little adventure taught me the importance of understanding even the vagabond art of spearing.

The event of that night, however, which afforded me the purest enjoyment, was the witnessing of a moonlight scene, immediately after leaving the lake shore for the inn, where I

was tarrying. Before me, in wild and solemn beauty, lay the southern portion of the Scaroon, on whose bosom were gliding the spearmen, holding high above their heads their huge torches, which threw a spectral glare, not only upon the water, but upon the swarthy forms watching for their prey. Just at this moment, an immense cloud of fog broke away, and directly above the summit of the opposite mountain, the clear, full moon made its appearance, and a thousand fantastic figures, born of the fog, were pictured in the sky, and appeared extremely brilliant under the effulgence of the ruling planet; while the zenith of sky was of a deep blue, cloudless, but completely spangled with stars. And what greatly added to the magic of the scene, was the dismal scream of a loon, which came to my ear from a remote portion of the lake, yet covered with a heavy fog.

Rising from the western margin of Scaroon Lake, is quite a lofty mountain, which was once painted by Thomas Cole, and by him named Scaroon Mountain. There is nothing particularly imposing about it, but it commands an uncommonly fine prospect of the surrounding country. When I first came in sight of this mountain, it struck me as an old acquaintance, and I reigned in my horse for the purpose of investigating its features. Before I resumed my course, I concluded that I was standing on the very spot whence the artist had taken his original sketch of the scene, by which circumstance I was convinced of the fidelity of his pencil.

The largest island in Scaroon Lake, lies near the northern extremity, and studs the water like an emerald on a field of blue. It was purchased, some years ago, by a gentleman of New York, who has built a summer residence upon it, for the accommodation of himself and friends.

Emptying into the Scaroon River, just below the lake, is a superb mountain stream, known as Trout Brook. It is thirty feet wide, twelve miles long, and comes rushing down the mountains, forming a hundred waterfalls and pools, and filling its narrow valley with perpetual music. Not only is it distinguished for the quality and number of its trout, but it possesses one attraction which will pay the tourist for the weary

tramp he must undergo to explore its remote recesses. I allude to what the people about here call "the Stone Bridge." At this point, the wild and dashing stream has formed a channel directly through the solid mountains, so that, in fishing down, the angler suddenly finds himself standing upon a pile of dry stones. The extent of this natural bridge is not more than twenty or, perhaps, thirty feet, but the wonder is, that the unseen channel is sufficiently large to admit the passage of the largest logs which the lumbermen float down the stream. I might also add, that at the foot of this bridge is one of the finest pools imaginable. It is, perhaps, one hundred feet long, and so very deep that the clear water appears quite black. This is the finest spot in the whole brook for trout, and my luck there may be described as follows: I had basketed no less than nine half-pounders, when my fly was suddenly seized, and my snell snapped in twain by the fierceness of another. The consequence of that defeat was, that I resolved to capture the trout, if I had to remain there all night. I then ransacked the mountain side for a living bait, and, with the aid of my companion, succeeded in capturing a small mouse, and just as the twilight was coming on, I tied the little fellow to my hook, and threw him on the water. He swam across in fine style, but when he reached the centre of the pool, a large trout leaped completely out of his element, and in descending, seized the mouse, and the result was, that I broke my rod, but caught the trout, and though the mouse was seriously injured, I had the pleasure of again giving him his liberty.

The largest trout that I killed weighed nearly a pound, and though he was the cause of my receiving a ducking, he afforded me some sport, and gave me a new idea. When I first hooked him, I stood on the very margin of the stream, knee deep in a bog, and just as I was about to basket him, he gave a sudden leap, cleared himself, and fell into the water. Quick as thought I made an effort to rescue him, but in doing so, lost my balance, and was playing the part of a turtle in a tub of water. I then became poetical, and thought it "would never do to give it up so," and after waiting some fifteen minutes, I returned and tried

for the lost trout again. I threw my fly some twenty feet above the place where I had tumbled in, and recaptured the identical fish which I had lost. I recognized him by his having a torn and bleeding mouth. This circumstance convinced me that trout, like many of the sons of men, have short memories, and also that the individual in question was a perfect Richelieu or General Taylor in his way, for he seemed to know no such word as fail. As to the trout that I did not capture, I verily believe that he must have weighed two pounds; but as he was, probably, a superstitious gentleman, he thought it the better part of valor, somewhat like Santa Anna, to treat the steel of his enemy with contempt.

The brook of which I have been speaking, is only twenty-five miles from Lake Horicon, and unquestionably one of the best streams for the angler in the Scaroon valley. The Trout Brook Pavilion, at the mouth of it, kept by one Lockwood, is a comfortable inn, and his right hand man, named Kipp, is a very fine fellow and a genuine angler.

Speaking of the above friends, reminds me of another, a fine man named Lyndsey, who keepeth a tavern, about ten miles north of Scaroon Lake. His dwelling is delightfully situated in the centre of a deep valley, and is a nice and convenient place to stop at, for those who are fond of fishing, and admire romantic scenery. His family, including his wife, two daughters and one son, not only know how to make their friends comfortable, but they seem to have a passion for doing kind deeds. During my stay at this place, I have had the pleasure of witnessing a most interesting game, which seems to be peculiar to this part of the country. It was played with the common ball and by one hundred sturdy farmers. Previous to the time alluded to, fifty Scaroon players had challenged an equal number of players from a neighboring village named Moriah. The conditions were that the defeated party should pay for a dinner to be given by my friend Lyndsey. They commenced playing at nine o'clock, and the game was ended in about three hours, the Scaroon party having won by about ten counts in five hundred. The majority of the players varied from thirty to thirty-five

years of age, though some of the most expert of them were verging upon sixty years. They played with the impetuosity of school boys, and there were some admirable feats performed in the way of knocking and catching the ball. Some of the men could number their acres by thousands, and all of them were accustomed to severe labor, and yet they thought it absolutely necessary to participate occasionally in this manly and fatiguing sport. The dinner passed off in fine style, and was spiced by many agricultural anecdotes, and as the sun was setting, the parties separated in the best of spirits and returned to their several homes.

For fear that I should forget my duty, I would now introduce to my reader a sheet of water embosomed among these mountains, which glories in the name of Lake Paradox. How it came by that queer title, I cannot learn, but this I know, that it is one of the most beautiful lakes I have ever seen. It is five miles long, and surrounded with uncultivated mountains, excepting at its foot, where opens a beautiful plain, highly cultivated and dotted with a variety of rude but exceedingly comfortable farm houses. The shores of Lake Paradox are rocky, the water deep and clear, abounding in fish, and the lines of the mountains are picturesque.

But it is time that I should turn from particulars to a general description of the Scaroon Country. Though this is an agricultural region, the two principle articles of export are lumber and iron. Of the former the principal varieties are pine, hemlock and spruce, and two establishments for the manufacture of iron are abundantly supplied with ore from the surrounding mountains. Potatoes of the finest quality flourish here, also wheat and corn. The people are mostly Americans, intelligent, virtuous and industrious, and are as comfortable and happy as any in the State.

THE ADIRONDAC MOUNTAINS.

THE Adirondac Mountains are situated on the extreme head waters of the Hudson, in the counties of Essex and Hamilton, and about forty miles west of Lake Champlain. They vary from five hundred to five thousand feet in height, and, with few exceptions, are covered with dense forests. They lord it over the most extensive wilderness region in the Empire State, and as I have recently performed a pilgrimage among them, I now purpose to give an account of what I saw and heard during my expedition.

The tourist who visits these mountains, finds it necessary to leave the mail road near Lyndsey's Tavern, on the Scaroon. If Fortune smiles upon him, he will be able to hire a horse to take him in the interior, or perhaps obtain a seat in a lumber wagon; but if not, he must try the mettle of his legs. With regard to my own case, fortune was non-committal; for while she compelled me to go on foot, she supplied me with a pair of temporary companions, who were going into the interior to see their friends, and have a few days' sport in the way of fishing and hunting. One of my friends, (both of whom were young men,) was a farmer, who carried a rifle, and the other a travelling country musician, who carried a fiddle. Our first day's tramp took us about fifteen miles, through a hilly, thickly wooded, and houseless wilderness, to the Boreas River, where we found a ruined log shantee, in which we concluded to spend the night. We reached this lonely spot at about three o'clock in the afternoon; and having previously been told that the

Boreas was famous for trout, two of us started after a mess of fish, while the fiddler was appointed to the office of wood-chopper to the expedition. The Boreas at this point is about one hundred feet broad,—winds through a woody valley, and is cold, rapid, and clear. The entire river does not differ materially, as I understand, from the point alluded to, for it waters an unknown wilderness. I bribed my farmer friend to *ascend* the river, and having pocked a variety of flies, I started down the stream. I proceeded near half a mile, when I came to a still water pool, which seemed to be quite extensive, and very deep. At the head of it, midway in the stream, was an immense boulder, which I succeeded in surmounting, and whence I threw a red hackle for upwards of three hours. I never saw trout jump more beautifully, and it was my rare luck to basket thirty-four; twenty-one of which averaged three-quarters of a pound, and the remaining thirteen were regular two-pounders. Satisfied with my luck, I returned to the shantee, where I found my companions; one of them sitting before a blazing fire and fiddling, and the other busily employed in cleaning the trout he had taken.

In due time followed the principal events of the day, which consisted in cooking and eating a wilderness supper. We had brought a supply of pork and bread, and each one having prepared for himself a pair of wooden forks, we proceeded to roast our trout and pork before a huge fire, using the drippings of the latter for seasoning, and a leather cup of water for our beverage. We spent the two following hours in smoking and telling stories, and having made a bed of spruce boughs, and repaired the ricketty partition which divided one end of the cabin from the other end, which was all open, we retired to repose! We had no blankets with us, and an agreement was therefore entered into, that we should take turns in replenishing the fire during the night. An awfully dark cloud settled upon the wilderness, and by the music of the wind among the hemlock trees, we were soon lulled into a deep slumber.

A short time after midnight, while dreaming of a certain pair of eyes in the upper part of Broadway, I was awakened

by a footstep on the outside of the cabin. I brushed open my eyes, but could see nothing but the faint glimmer of an expiring ember on the hearth. I held my breath, and listened for the mysterious footstep; I heard it not, but something a little more exciting,—the scratching of a huge paw upon our slender door. In an exceedingly short time, I roused my bed-fellows, and told them what I had heard. They thought it must be a wolf, but as we were afraid to frighten him away, and anxious to take his hide, it was resolved that I should hold a match, and the farmer should fire his rifle in the direction of the mysterious noise; which operation was duly performed. A large pine torch was then lighted, the rifle reloaded, and the heroes of the adventure marched into the *outer hall* of the cabin, where we found a few drops of blood, and the muddy tracks of what we supposed to be a wild cat. The rifleman and myself then commissioned the fiddler to make a fire, when we again threw ourselves upon the hemlock couch.

The fiddler attended faithfully to his duty, and in less than twenty minutes, he had kindled a tremendous blaze. The brilliant and laughing flame had such an exhilarating influence upon his nerves, that he seized his instrument and commenced playing, partly for the purpose of keeping off the wild animals, but mostly for his own amusement. Then laying aside his fiddle, he began to sing a variety of uncouth, as well as plaintive songs, one of which was vague, but mournful in sentiment, and more wild in melody, as I thought at the time, than anything that I had ever heard. I could not find out by whom it was written, or what was its exact import, but in the lonely place where we were sleeping, and at that hour, it made a very deep impression on my mind.

The burthen of the song was as follows, and I thought it in keeping with the picture which the minstrel, the firelight, and the rude cabin presented.

We parted in silence, we parted at night,
On the banks of that lonely river,
Where the shadowy trees their boughs unite,
We met, and we parted forever;—

The night bird sang, and the stars above
Told many a touching story
Of friends long passed to the mansions of rest,
Where the soul wears her mantle of glory.

We parted in silence; our cheeks were wet
By the tears that were past controlling;—
We vowed we would never, no never forget,
And those vows at the time were consoling;—
But the lips that echoed those vows
Are as cold as that lonely river;
The sparkling eye, the spirit's shrine,
Has shrouded its fire forever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
My eyes grow full with weeping,—
Each star to me is a sealed book,
Some tale of that loved one keeping.
We parted in silence, we parted in tears,
On the banks of that lonely river;
But the odor and bloom of by-gone years
Shall hang o'er its waters forever.

But sleep, "dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health," soon folded the singer and his listeners in her embrace, and with the rising sun we entered upon the labors of another day. While the fiddler prepared our breakfast, (out of the few trout which certain *beastly* robbers had not stolen during the night,) the rifleman went out and killed a large hare, and I took a sketch of the cabin where we had lodged.

After breakfast, we shouldered our knapsacks, and started for the Hudson. We struck this noble river at the embryo city of Tahawus, where we found a log house and an unfinished saw-mill. Here we also discovered a canoe, which we boarded, and navigated the stream to Lake Sanford. This portion of the Hudson is not more than one hundred feet broad, but quite deep and picturesque. On leaving our canoe, we made our way up a mountain road, and after walking about four miles, came out upon an elevated clearing, of some two hundred acres, in the centre of which was a solitary log cabin with a retinue of out-houses, and this was the famous Newcomb Farm.

The attractions of this spot are manifold, for it lies in the vicinity of Moose Lake and Lake Delia, and commands the finest distant prospect of the Adirondac mountains which has yet been discovered.

Moose Lake lies at the west of the farm, and about six miles distant. It is embosomed among mountains, and the fountain head of the Cold River, which empties into the St. Lawrence. In form it is so nearly round that its entire shore may be seen at one view; the bottom is covered with white sand, and the water is remarkably cold and clear. Considering its size, it is said to contain more trout than any lake in this wilderness, and it is also celebrated as a watering place for deer and moose. In fishing from the shore, one of our party caught no less than forty pounds of trout in about two hours. There were two varieties, and they varied from one to two pounds in weight. Our guide to this lake, where we encamped for one night, was Steuben Hewitt, the keeper of the Newcomb Farm, who is quite a hunter. This woodsman got the notion into his head that he must have a venison steak for his supper. We had already seen some half dozen deer walking along the opposite margin of the lake, but Steuben told us that he would wait until after dark to capture his game. He also told us that the deer were in the habit of visiting the wilder lakes of this region at night, for the purpose of escaping the tormenting flies, and as he spoke so confidently of what he intended to accomplish, we awaited his effort with a degree of anxiety. Soon as the quiet night had fairly set in, he shipped himself on board a wooden canoe, (a rickety affair, originally bequeathed to this lake by some departed Indian,) in the bow of which was a fire jack, or torch holder. Separating this machine from himself, as he sat in the centre of the canoe, was a kind of screen made of bark, which was sufficiently elevated to allow him to fire his gun from underneath; and in this predicament, with a loaded rifle by his side, did he paddle into the lake. After floating upon the water for an hour, in perfect silence, he finally heard a splashing near the shore, and immediately lighting his torch, he noiselessly proceeded in the direction of the sound, when he

discovered a beautiful deer, standing knee deep in the water, and looking at him in stupefied silence. The poor creature could discover nothing but the mysterious light, and while standing in the most interesting attitude imaginable, the hunter raised his rifle, and shot it through the heart. In half an hour from that time, the carcass of the deer was hanging on a dry limb near our camp fire, and I was lecturing the hard-hearted hunter on the cruelty of thus capturing the innocent creatures of the forest. To all my remarks, however, he replied, "They were given us for food, and it matters not how we kill them."

Lake Delia, through which you have to pass in going to Moose Lake, lies about two miles west of the Newcomb Farm. It is four miles long, and less than one mile in width, and completely surrounded with wood-crowned hills. Near the central portion, this lake is quite narrow, and so shallow that a rude bridge has been thrown across for the accommodation of the Farm people. The water under this bridge is only about four feet deep, and this was the only spot in the lake where I followed my favorite recreation. I visited it on one occasion, with my companions, late in the afternoon, when the wind was blowing, and we enjoyed rare sport in angling for salmon trout, as well as a large species of common trout. I do not know the number that we took, but I well remember that we had more than we could conveniently carry. Usually, the salmon trout are only taken in deep water, but in this, and in Moose Lake, they seem to be as much at home in shallow as in deep water. On one occasion I visited Lake Delia alone at an early hour in the morning. It so happened, that I took a rifle along with me, and while quietly throwing my fly on the old bridge, I had an opportunity of using the gun to some purpose. My movements in that lonely place were so exceedingly still, that even the wild animals were not disturbed by my presence; for while I stood there, a large fat otter made his appearance, and when he came within shooting distance, I gave him the contents of my gun, and he disappeared. I related the adventure to my companions, on my return to the farm, but they pronounced it

a "fish story." My veracity was vindicated, however, for, on the following day, they discovered a dead otter on the lake shore, and concluded that I had told the truth.

I must not conclude this chapter without giving my reader an additional paragraph about the Newcomb Farm. My friend Steuben Hewitt's nearest neighbor is eight miles off, and as his family is small, it may be supposed that he leads a retired life. One of the days that I spent at his house, was quite an eventful one with him, for a town election was held there. The electors met at nine o'clock, and the poll closed at five; and as the number of votes polled was *seven*, it may well be imagined that the excitement was intense. But with all its loneliness the Newcomb Farm is well worth visiting, if for no other purpose than to witness the panorama of mountains which it commands. On every side but one may they be seen, fading away to mingle their deep blue with the lighter hue of the sky, but the chief among them all is old Tahawus, King of the Adirondacs. The country out of which this mountain rises, is an imposing Alpine wilderness, and as it has long since been abandoned by the red man, the solitude of its deep valleys and lonely lakes for the most part, is now more impressive than that of the far off Rocky Mountains. The meaning of the Indian word Tahawus is *sky piercer* or *sky splitter;* and faithfully describes the appearance of the mountain. Its actual elevation above the level of the sea is five thousand four hundred and sixty-seven feet, while that of Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, is only six thousand two hundred and thirty-four, making a difference of only seven hundred and sixty-seven feet in favor of Washington. Though Tahawus is not quite so lofty as its New England brother, yet its form is by far the most picturesque and imposing. Taken together, they are the highest pair of mountains in the United States; and while the former may justly look with pride upon its Lake Winnipesockee, and Merrimack and Saco rivers, the latter may well glory in its splendid Hudson, and its not less beautiful lakes—Long Lake, Raquette Lake and Lake Pleasant.

Before going one step further, I must allude to what I deem

the folly of a certain state geologist, in attempting to name the prominent peaks of the Adirondac Mountains after a brotherhood of living men. If he is to have his way in this matter, the beautiful name of Tahawus will be superseded by that of Marcy, and several of Tahawus' brethren are hereafter to be known as Mounts Seward, Wright and Young. Now if this business is not supremely ridiculous, I must confess that I do not know the meaning of that word. A pretty idea, indeed, to scatter to the winds the ancient poetry of the poor Indian, and perpetuate in its place the names of living politicians. For my part, I agree most decidedly with the older inhabitants of the Adirondac wilderness, who look with decided indifference upon the attempted usurpation of the geologist mentioned.

For nine months in the year old Tahawus is covered with a crown of snow, but there are spots among its fastnesses where you may gather ice and snow even in the dog days. The base of this mountain is covered with a luxuriant forest of pine, spruce and hemlock, while the summit is clothed in a net-work of creeping trees, and almost destitute of the green which should characterize them. In ascending its sides when near the summit, you are impressed with the idea that your pathway may be smooth; but as you proceed, you are constantly annoyed by pit-falls, into which your legs are foolishly poking themselves, to the great annoyance of your back bone and other portions of your body which are naturally straight.

I ascended Tahawus, as a matter of course, and in making the trip I travelled some twenty miles on foot and through the pathless woods, employing for the same the better part of two days. My companion on this expedition was John Cheney, (of whom I have something to write hereafter,) and as he did not consider it prudent to spend the night on the summit, we only spent one hour gazing upon the panorama from the top, and then descended about half way down the mountain where we built our watch fire. The view from Tahawus is rather unique. It looks down upon what appears to be an uninhabited wilderness, with mountains, fading to the sky in every direction, and where, on a clear day, you may count not less than twenty-four

lakes, including Champlain, Horicon, Long Lake and Lake Pleasant.

While trying to go to sleep on the night in question, as I lay by the side of my friend Cheney, he gave me an account of the manner in which certain distinguished gentlemen have ascended Mount Tahawus, for it must be known that he officiates as the guide of all travellers in this wild region. Among those to whom he alluded were Ingham and Cole, the artists, and Hoffman and Headley, the travellers. He told me that Mr. Ingham fainted a number of times in making the ascent, but became so excited with all he saw, he determined to persevere, and finally succeeded in accomplishing the difficult task. Mr. Hoffman, he said, in spite of his lameness, would not be persuaded by words that he could not reach the summit; and when he finally discovered that this task was utterly beyond his accomplishment, his disappointment seemed to have no bounds.

The night that I spent on Tahawus was not distinguished by any event more remarkable than a regular built rain-storm. Our canopy was composed of hemlock branches, and our only covering was a blanket. The storm did not set in until about midnight, and my first intimation of its approach was the falling of rain drops directly into my ear, as I snugged up to my bed-fellow for the purpose of keeping warm. Desperate, indeed, were the efforts I made to forget my condition in sleep, as the rain fell more abundantly, and drenched me, as well as my companion, to the very skin. The thunder bellowed as if in the enjoyment of a very happy frolic, and the lightning seemed determined to root up a few trees in our immediate vicinity, as if for the purpose of giving us more room. Finally Cheney rose from his pillow, (which was a log of wood,) and proposed that we should quaff a little brandy, to keep us from catching cold, which we did, and then made another attempt to reach the land of Nod. * * * At the break of day we were awakened from a short but refreshing sleep, by the singing of birds, and when the cheerful sunlight had reached the bottom of the ravines, we were enjoying a comfortable breakfast in the cabin of my friend.

The principal attractions associated with Tahawus, are the Indian Pass, the Adirondac Lakes, the Adirondac iron works, and the mighty hunter of the Adirondacs, John Cheney. The Pass, so called, is only an old-fashioned notch between the mountains. On one side is a perpendicular precipice, rising to the height of eleven hundred feet; and, on the other, a wood-covered mountain, ascending far up into the sky, at an angle of forty-five degrees. Through this pass flows a tiny rivulet, over which the rocks are so thickly piled, as frequently to form pitfalls that measure from ten to thirty feet in depth. Some of these holes are never destitute of ice, and are cool and comfortable even at midsummer. The Pass is nearly half a mile in length, and, at one point, certain immense boulders have come together and formed a cavern, which is called the "meeting house," and is, perhaps, capable of containing one thousand people. The rock on either side of the Pass is a gray granite, and its only inhabitants are eagles, which are quite abundant, and occupy the most conspicuous crag in the notch.

The two principal lakes which gem this immediate portion of the Adirondac wilderness, are named Sanford and Henderson, after the two gentlemen who first purchased land upon their borders. The former is five miles in length, and the latter somewhat less than three, both of them varying in width from half a mile to a mile and a half. The mountains which swoop down to their bosoms are covered with forest, and abound in a great variety of large game. There is not, to my knowledge, a single habitation on either of the lakes, and the only smoke ever seen to ascend from their lonely recesses, comes from the watch-fire of the hunter, or the encampment of surveyors and and tourists. The water of these lakes is cold and deep, and moderately supplied with salmon trout. Lake Henderson is admirably situated for the exciting sport of deer hunting, and though it contains two or three canoes, cannot be entered from the West Branch of the Hudson without making a portage. Through Lake Sanford, however, the Hudson takes a direct course, and there is nothing to impede the passage of a small boat to within a mile of the iron works, which are located in a

valley between the two lakes. The fact is, during the summer there is quite an extensive business done on Lake Sanford, in the way of "bringing in" merchandise, and "carrying out" the produce of the forge. It was my misfortune to make the inward passage of the lake in company with two ignorant Irishmen. Their boat was small, heavily laden, very tottery and leaky. This was my only chance; and on taking my seat with a palpitating heart, I made an express bargain with the men, that they should keep along the shore on their way up. They verbally assented to my wishes, but immediately pulled for the very centre of the lake. I remonstrated, but they told me there was no danger. The boat was now rapidly filling with water, and though one was bailing with all his might, the rascals were determined not to accede to my wishes. The conclusion of the matter was that our shallop became water-logged, and on finally reaching the shore, the merchandise was greatly damaged, and I was just about as wet as I was angry at the miserable creatures, whose obstinacy had not only greatly injured their employers, but also endangered my own plunder as well as my life.

The iron works alluded to above, are located in a narrow valley, and in the immediate vicinity of Lake Henderson, at a place called McIntyre. Some time in the year 1830, a couple of Scottish gentlemen, named Henderson and McIntyre, purchased a large tract of wild land lying in this portion of New York. In the summer following, they passed through this wilderness on an exploring expedition, and with the assistance of their Indian guide, discovered that the bed of the valley in question was literally blocked up with iron ore. On making farther investigations, they found that the whole rocky region about them was composed of valuable mineral, and they subsequently established a regular-built iron establishment, which has been in operation ever since. A gentleman named Robinson afterwards purchased an interest in the concern, and it is now carried on by him and Mr. McIntyre, though the principal stockholders are the wife and son of Mr. Henderson, deceased.

The metal manufactured by this company is of the very best

quality of bar-iron; and an establishment is now in progress of erection at Tahawus, twelve miles down the river, where a party of English gentlemen intend to manufacture every variety of steel. The iron works here give employment to about one hundred and fifty men, whose wages vary from one to four dollars per day. The society of the place, you may well imagine, is decidedly original; but the prominent individual, and only remarkable man who resides here, is John Cheney, the mighty hunter of the Adirondacs. For an account of this man, the reader will please look into the following chapter.

THE ADIRONDAC HUNTER.

JOHN CHENEY was born in New Hampshire, but spent his boyhood on the shores of Lake Champlain, and has resided in the Adirondac wilderness about thirteen years. He has a wife and one child, and lives in a comfortable cabin in the wild village of McIntyre. His profession is that of a hunter, and he is in the habit of spending about one-half of his time in the woods. He is a remarkably amiable and intelligent man, and as unlike the idea I had formed of him as possible. I expected from all that I had heard, to see a huge, powerful, and hairy Nimrod; but, instead of such, I found him small in stature, bearing more the appearance of a modest and thoughtful student, gentle in his manners, and as devoted a lover of nature and solitude as ever lived.

The walls of his cosey little house, containing one principal room, are ornamented with a large printed sheet of the Declaration of Independence, and two engraved portraits of Washington and Jackson. Of guns and pistols he has an abundant supply, and also a good stock of all the conveniences for camping among the mountains. He keeps one cow, which supplies his family with all the milk they need; but his favorite animals are a couple of hunting dogs, named Buck and Tiger.

As summer is not the time to accomplish much in the way of hunting, my adventures with John Cheney have not been distinguished by any stirring events; we have, however, enjoyed some rare sport in the way of fishing, and obtained some glorious views from the mountain peaks of this region. But the conversation of this famous Nimrod has interested me exceedingly,

and wherever we might be, under his own roof, or by the side of our mountain watch-fires, I have kept him busy in recounting his former adventures. I copied into my note-book nearly everything he said, and now present my readers with a few extracts relating to his hunting exploits. I shall use his own words, as nearly as I can remember them.

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"I was always fond of hunting, and the first animal I killed was a fox; I was then ten years of age. Even from childhood, I was so in love with the woods that I not only neglected school, but was constantly borrowing a gun, or stealing the one belonging to my father, with which to follow my favorite amusement. He found it a useless business to make a decent boy of me, and in a fit of desperation he one day presented me with a common fowling piece. I was the youngest of thirteen children, and was always called the black sheep of the family. I have always enjoyed good health, and am forty-seven years of age; but I have now passed my prime, and don't care about exposing myself to any useless dangers.

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"You ask me if I ever hunt on Sunday; no, sir, I do not. I have always been able to kill enough on week days to give me a comfortable living. Since I came to live among the Adirondacs, I have killed *six hundred deer, four hundred sable, nineteen moose, twenty-eight bears, six wolves, seven wild cats, thirty otter, one panther and one beaver.*

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"As to that beaver I was speaking about, it took me three years to capture him, for he was an old fellow, and remarkably cunning. He was the last, from all that I can learn, that was ever taken in the State. One of the Long Lake Indians often attempted to trap him, but without success; he usually found his trap sprung, but could never get a morsel of the beaver's tail; and so it was with me, too; but I finally fixed a trap *under* the water, near the entrance to his dam, and it so happened that he one day stepped into it and was drowned.

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"I was going to tell you something about my dogs, Buck and Tiger. I've raised some fifty of these animals in my day, but I never owned such a tormented smart one as that fellow Buck. I believe there's a good deal of the English mastiff in him, but a keener eye than he carries in his head I never saw. Only look at that breast of his; did you ever see a thicker or more solid one? He's handsomely spotted, as you may see, but some of the devilish Lake Pleasant Indians cut off his ears and tail about a year ago, and he now looks rather odd. You may not believe it, but I have seen a good many men who were not half as sensible as that very dog. Whenever the fellow's hungry he always seats himself at my feet and gives three short barks, which is his way of telling me that he would like some bread and meat. If the folks happen to be away from home, and he feels a little sharp, he pays a regular visit to all the houses in the village, and after playing with the children, barks for a dry crust, which he always receives, and then comes back to his own home. He's quite a favorite among the children, and I've witnessed more than one fight because some wicked little scamp had thrown a stone at him. When I speak to him he understands me just as well as you do. I can wake him out of a sound sleep, and by my saying, 'Buck, go up and kiss the baby,' he will march directly to the cradle and lick the baby's face; and the way he watches that baby when it's asleep, is perfectly curious,—he'd tear you to pieces in three minutes if you were to try to take it away. Buck is now four years old, and though he's helped me to kill several hundred deer, he never lost one for me yet. Whenever I go a-hunting, and don't want him along, I have only to say, 'Buck, you must not go,'—and he remains quiet: there's no use in chaining him, I tell you, for he understands his business. This dog never starts after a deer until I tell him to go, even if the deer is in sight. Why 'twas only the other day that Tiger brought in a doe to Lake Colden, where the two had a desperate fight within one hundred yards of the spot where Buck and myself were seated. I wanted to try the mettle of Tiger, and told Buck he must not stir, though I went up to the doe to see what

the result would be between the fighters. Buck didn't move out of his tracks, but the way he howled for a little taste of blood was perfectly awful. I almost thought the fellow would die in his agony. Buck is of great use to me, when I am off hunting, in more ways than one. If I happen to be lost in a snow storm, which is sometime the case, I only have to tell him to go home, and if I follow his tracks I am sure to come out in safety; and when sleeping in the woods at night, I never have any other pillow than Buck's body. As to my black dog Tiger, he isn't quite two years old yet, but he's going to make a great hunter. I am trying hard now-a-days to break him of a very foolish habit of killing porcupines. Not only does he attack every one he sees, but he goes out to hunt them, and often comes home all covered with their quills. It was only the other day that he came home with about twenty quills working their way into his snout. It so happened, however, that they did not kill him, because he let me pull them all out with a pair of pincers, and that too without budging an inch. About the story people tell, that the porcupine *throws* its quills, I can tell you it's no such thing,—it is only when the quills touch the dog, that they come out and work their way through his body.

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"As to deer hunting, I can tell you more stories in that line than you'd care about hearing. They have several ways of killing them in this quarter, and some of their ways are so infernal mean, I'm surprised that there should be any deer left in the country. In the first place, there's the 'still hunting' fashion, when you lay in ambush near a salt-lick, and shoot the poor creatures when they're not thinking of you. And there's the beastly manner of blinding them with a 'torch-light' when they come into the lakes to cool themselves, and get away from the flies, during the warm nights of summer. Now I say, that no decent man will take this advantage of wild game, unless he is in a starving condition. The only manly way to kill deer is by 'driving' them, as I do, with a couple of hounds.

"There isn't a creature in this whole wilderness that I think

so much of as a deer. They are *so* beautiful, with their bright eyes, graceful necks, and sinewy legs; and they are so swift, and make such splendid leaps when hard pressed; why, I've seen a buck jump from a cliff that was forty feet high, and that, too, without injuring a hair. I wish I could get my living without killing this beautiful animal!—but I must live, and I suppose they were made to die. The cry of the deer, when in the agonies of death, is the awfulest sound I ever heard;—I'd a good deal rather hear the scream of the panther, provided I have a ball in my pistol, and the pistol is in my hand. I wish they would never speak so.

"The time for taking deer is in the fall and winter. It's a curious fact, that when a deer is at all frightened, he cannot stand upon smooth ice, while, at the same time, when not afraid of being caught, he will not only walk, but actually trot across a lake as smooth as glass. It's a glorious sight to see them running down the mountains, with the dogs howling behind; but I don't think I ever saw a more beautiful race than I once did on Lake Henderson, between a buck-deer and my dog Buck, when the lake was covered with a light fall of snow. I had put Buck upon a fresh track, and was waiting for him on the lake shore. Presently, a splendid deer bounded out of the woods upon the ice, and as the dog was only a few paces off, he led the race directly across the lake. Away they ran as if a hurricane was after them; crossed the lake, then back again. Then they made another wheel, and having run to the extreme southern point of the lake, again returned, when the deer's wind gave out, and the dog caught and threw the creature, into whose throat I soon plunged my knife, and the race was ended.

"I never was so badly hurt in hunting any animal as I have been in hunting deer. It was while chasing a buck on Cheney's Lake, (which was named after me by Mr. Henderson in commemoration of my escape,) that I once shot myself in a very bad way. I was in a canoe, and had laid my pistol down by my side, when, as I was pressing hard upon the animal, my pistol slipped under me in some queer way, and went off, send-

ing a ball into my leg, just above the ankle, which came out just below the knee. I knew something terrible had happened, and though I thought that I might die, I was determined that the deer should die first; and I did succeed in killing him before he reached the shore. But, soon as the excitement was over, the pain I felt before was increased a thousand-fold, and I felt as if all the devils in hell were dragging at my leg, the weight and the agony were so great. I had never suffered so before, and I thought it strange. You may not believe it, but when that accident happened, I was fourteen miles from home, and yet, even with that used-up leg, I succeeded in reaching my home, where I was confined to my bed from October until April. That was a great winter for hunting which I missed; but my leg got entirely well, and is now as good as ever.

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The most savage animal that I hunt for among these mountains is the moose, or caraboo, as I have heard some people call them by mistake. They're quite plenty in the region of Long Lake and Lake Pleasant; and if the hunter don't understand their ways, he'll be likely to get killed before he thinks of his danger. The moose is the largest animal of the deer kind, or, in fact, of any kind that we find in this part of the country. His horns are very large, and usually look like a pair of crab-apple trees. He has a long head, long legs, and makes a great noise when he travels; his flesh is considered first rate, for he feeds upon grass, and the tender buds of the moose maple. He is a rapid traveler, and hard to tire out. In winter they run in herds; and when the snow is deep, they generally live in one particular place in the woods which we call a 'yard.' The crack time for killing them is the winter, when we can travel on the snow with our braided snow shoes. But moose are in good condition in the fall, and I can tell you that a dead moose, on a bed of yellow leaves, is one of the prettiest sights in the world.

"I once killed two moose before nine o'clock in the morning. I had been out a hunting for two days, in the winter, and when

DEAD MOOSE.

night came on, I had to camp out near the foot of old Tahawus. When I got up in the morning, and was about to start for home, I discovered a yard, where lay a couple of bull moose. I don't know what they were thinking about, but just as soon as they saw me, they jumped up, and made directly towards the place where I was standing. I couldn't get clear of their ugly feet without running, so I put for a large dead tree that had blown over, and walking to the butt end of it, which was some ten feet high, looked down in safety upon the devils. They seemed to be very mad about something, and did everything they could to get at me, by running around; and I remember they ran together, as if they had been yoked. I waited for a good chance to shoot, and when I got it, fired a ball clear through one of the animals, into the shoulder of the second. The first one dropped dead as a door nail, but the other took to his heels, and after going about fifty rods, concluded to lie down. I then came up to him, keeping my dogs back for the purpose of sticking him, when he jumped up again, and put after me like lightning. I ran to a big stump, and after I had fairly fixed myself, I loaded again, and again fired, when the fellow tumbled in the snow quite dead. He was eight feet high, and a perfect roarer.

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"Another animal that we sometimes find pretty plenty in these woods, is the big grey wolf; they are savage fellows, and dangerous to meet with when angry. On getting up early one winter morning, I noticed, in the back part of my garden, what I thought to be a wolf track. I got my gun, called for my dogs, and started on the hunt. I found the fellow in his den among the mountains. I kindled a fire, and smoked him out. I then chased him for about two miles, when he came to bay. He was a big fellow, and my dogs were afraid to clinch in;—dogs hate a wolf worse than any other animal. I found I had a fair chance, so I fired at the creature; but my gun missed fire. The wolf then attacked me, and in striking him with my gun, I broke it all to pieces. I was in a bad fix, I tell you, but I immediately threw myself on my back, with

my snow shoes above me, when the wolf jumped right on to my body, and, probably, would have killed me, had it not been for my dog Buck, who worried the wolf so badly, that the devil left me, to fight the dog. While they were fighting with all their might, I jumped up, took the barrel of my gun, and settled it right into the brain of the savage animal. That was the largest wolf ever killed in this wilderness.

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"One of the hardest fights I ever had in these woods was with a black bear. I was coming from a winter hunt. The snow was very deep, and I had on my snow-shoes. It so happened, as I was coming down a certain mountain, the snow suddenly gave way under me, and I fell into the hole or winter quarters of one of the blackest and largest bears I ever saw. The fellow was quite as much frightened as I was, and he scampered out of the den in a great hurry. I was very tired, and had only one dog with me at the time, but I put after him. I had three several battles with him, and in one of these he struck my hand with such force as to send my gun at least twenty or thirty feet from where we stood. I finally managed to kill the rascal, however, but not until he had almost destroyed the life of my dog. That was a noble dog; but in that battle he received his death-wound. He couldn't walk at the time, and though I was nine miles from home, I took him up in my arms and brought him; but with all my nursing I could not get him up again, for he died at the end of a few weeks. That dog was one of the best friends I ever had.

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"But the most dangerous animal in this country is the yellow panther or painter. They are not very plenty, and so tormented cunning that it is very seldom you can kill one. They are very ugly, but don't often attack a man unless cornered or wounded. They look and act very much like a cat, only that they are very large; I never killed but one, and his body was five feet long, and his tail between three and four. At night their eyes look like balls of fire, and when they are after game they make a hissing noise, which is very dreadful to hear.

Their scream is also very terrible, and I never saw the man who was anxious to hear it more than once. They are seldom hunted as a matter of business, but usually killed by accident.

"The panther I once killed, I came across in this manner. I was out on Lake Henderson with two men, catching fish through the ice, when we saw two wolves come on to the ice in great haste, looking and acting as if they had been pursued. I proposed to the men that we should all go and kill them if we could. They wanted to fish, or were a little afraid, so I took my gun and started after the game. I followed them some distance, when, as they were scaling a ledge, they were attacked by a big panther, and a bloody fight took place. From the appearance of the animals, I supposed that they had met before, which was the cause why the wolves came upon the lake. During the scuffle between the animals, it is a singular fact that they all three tumbled off the precipice and fell through the air about one hundred feet. The wolves jumped up and ran away, while the panther started in another direction. I followed his track, and after traveling a number of hours, overtook him, and managed to shoot him through the shoulder. He then got into a tree, and as he was lashing his tail and getting ready to pounce upon me, I gave him another ball, and he fell to the earth with a crash, and was quite dead. I then went to the lake and got the men to help me home with my booty.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Of all the towns which I have seen, Burlington, in Vermont, is decidedly one of the most beautiful. It stands on the shore of Lake Champlain, and from the water to its eastern extremity is a regular elevation, which rises to the height of some three hundred feet. Its streets are broad and regularly laid out; the generality of its buildings elegant, and its inhabitants well educated, refined and wealthy. My visit here is now about to close, and I cannot but follow the impulses of my heart, by giving my reader a brief account of its principal picturesque attractions, and some information concerning a few if its public men.

As a matter of course, my first subject is Lake Champlain. In approaching it from the south, and particularly from Horicon, one is apt to form a wrong opinion of its picturesque features; but you cannot pass through it without being lavish in its praise. It extends, in a straight line from south to north, somewhat over an hundred miles, and lies between the States of New York and Vermont. It is the gateway between the country on the St. Lawrence, and that on the Hudson, and it is, therefore, extensively navigated by vessels and steamboats. It is surrounded with flourishing villages, whose population is generally made up of New Englanders and Canadians. Its width varies from half a mile to thirteen; but its waters are muddy, excepting in the vicinity of Burlington. Its islands are not numerous, but one of them, Grand Isle, is sufficiently large to support four villages. Its scenery may be denominated bold; on the west are the Adirondac Mountains, and at

some distance on the east, the beautiful Green Mountains, whose glorious *commanders* are Mansfield Mountain and the Camel's Hump. Owing to the width of the lake at Burlington, and the beauty of the western mountains, the sunsets that are here visible, are exceedingly superb.

The classic associations of this lake are uncommonly interesting. Here are the moss-covered ruins of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, whose present occupants are the snake, the lizard and toad. Leaden and iron balls, broken bayonets, and English flints have I picked up on their ramparts, which I cannot look upon without thinking of death-struggles and the horrible shout of war. And there, too, is Plattsburgh, in whose waters Commodore McDonough vindicated the honor of the Stars and Stripes of Freedom. As to the fishing of this lake, I have but a word to say. Excepting trout, almost every variety of fresh water fish is found here in abundance; but the water is not pure, which is ever a serious drawback to my enjoyment in wetting the line. Lake Champlain received its name from a French nobleman who discovered it in 1609, and who died at Quebec in 1635.

The associations I am now to speak of are of a personal character; and the first of the three names before me is that of Joseph Torrey, the present Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in the University of Vermont. As a citizen, he is one of the most amiable and beloved of men. As one of the faculty of the university, he occupies a high rank, and is a particular favorite with all his students. A pleasing evidence of the latter fact I noticed a few days since, when it was reported among the students that the Professor had returned from a visit to the Springs for his health. I was in company with some half-dozen of them at the time, and these are the remarks they made. "How is his health?" "I hope he has improved!" "Now shall I be happy—for ever since he went away, the recitation room has been a cheerless place to me." "Now shall I be advised as to my essay!" "Now shall my poem be corrected!" "Now in my trouble shall I have the sympathy of a true friend!" Much more meaning is contained in these sim-

ple phrases than what meets the eye. Surely, if any man is to be envied, it is he who has a place in the affections of all who know him. As a scholar, too, Professor Torrey occupies an exalted station, as will be proven to the world in due time. He has never published anything but an occasional article for a review, and the memoir of President Marsh, (who was his predecessor in the university,) as contained in the admirable volume of his Remains, which should occupy a conspicuous place in the library of every American scholar and Christian. The memoir is, indeed, a rare specimen of that kind of writing, —beautifully written, and pervaded by a spirit of refinement that is delightful. But I was mostly interested in Mr. Torrey as a man of taste in the Fine Arts. In everything but the mere execution, he is a genuine artist, and long may I remember the counsels of his experience and knowledge. A course of Lectures on the Arts forms a portion of his instruction as Professor, and I trust that they will eventually be published for the benefit of our country. He has also translated from the German of Schelling, a most admirable discourse, entitled "Relation of the Arts of Design to Nature;" a copy of which ought to be in the possession of every young artist. Mr. Torrey has been an extensive traveller in Europe, and being a lover, and an acute observer of everything connected with literature and art, it is quite a luxury to hear him expatiate upon "the wonders he has seen." He also examines everything with the eye of a philosopher, and his conclusions are ever of practical utility. Not only can he analyze in a profound manner the principles of metaphysical learning, but with the genuine feelings of a poet, descant upon the triumphs of poetic genius, or point out the mind-charms of a Claude or Titian. He is—but I will not say all that I would, for fear that at our next meeting he would chide me for my boyish personalities. Let me conclude, then, reader, with the advice, that, if you ever chance to meet the Professor in your travels, you must endeavor to secure an introduction, which I am sure you cannot but ever remember with unfeigned pleasure.

John Henry Hopkins, D. D., Bishop of Vermont, is another

of the principal attractions of Burlington. The history of his life, the expression of his countenance, and his general deportment all speak of the "peace of God." Considering the number and diversity of his acquirements, I think him a very remarkable man. He is not only, in point of character, well worthy of his exalted station as Bishop, but as a theologian learned and eloquent to an uncommon degree. His contributions to the world of letters are of rare value, as he has published volumes entitled "Christianity Vindicated," "The Primitive Church," "The Primitive Creed," "The Church of Rome," "British Reformation," and "Letters to the Clergy." His style of writing is persuasive, vigorous, and clear, and all his conclusions seem to have been formed in full view of the Bible, which is a virtue well worth noticing in these degenerate days. It is because of his honesty and soundness, I suppose, that some of his own church are disaffected with his straightforward conduct. Bishop Hopkins, as a divine, is of the same school with the late Bishop White, and therefore among the most eminently wise and good of his country.

The Bishop of Vermont is also a man of remarkable taste with regard to Architecture, Music and Painting, in which departments, as an amateur, he has done himself great credit. Not only did he plan and superintend the building of an edifice for his recent school, but has published an interesting book on Architecture, wherein he appears to be as much *at home* as if he were Christopher Wren. Knowing the market to be full of sentimental nonsense in the way of songs, he composed, for the benefit of his own children, a few with a moral tone, which he also set to music, and are now published as a worthy tribute to his fine feelings and the correctness of his ear. But he ranks still higher as a man of taste in the capacity of Painter. The Vermont drawing-book, which he published, is an evidence of his ability as a draftsman. The family portraits which adorn his walls prove him to have an accurate eye for color, and an uncommon knowledge of effect;—and his oil sketches of scenes from nature give token of an ardent devotion to nature. But the best, in my opinion, of all his artistical productions, is a

picture representing our "Saviour blessing little children." Its conception, grouping and execution are all of very great merit, and I am persuaded will one day be looked upon with peculiar interest by the lovers and judges of art in this country. Though done in water colors, and considered by the artist as a mere sketch for a larger picture, there are some heads in it that would have called forth a compliment even from the lamented Allston. Would that he could be influenced to send it, for exhibition, to our National Academy! And thus endeth my humble tribute of applause to a gifted man.

I now come to the Hon. George P. Marsh, of whom, if I were to follow the bent of my feelings, I could write a complete volume. Though yet in the early prime of life, he is a sage in learning and wisdom. After leaving college he settled in Burlington, where he has since resided, dividing his time between his legal profession and the retirement of his study. With a large and liberal heart, he possesses all the endearing and interesting qualities which belong to the true and accomplished gentleman. Like all truly great men, he is exceedingly retiring and modest in his deportment, and one of that rare class who seem never excited by the voice of fame. About four years ago, almost without his knowledge, he was elected to a seat in the lower house of Congress, where he at once began to make an impression as a statesman. Though few have been his public speeches, they are remarkable for sound political logic and the classic elegance of their language. As an orator, he is not showy and passionate, but plain, forcible and earnest.

But it is in the walks of private life that Mr. Marsh is to be mostly admired. His knowledge of the Fine Arts is probably more extensive than that of any other man in this country, and his critical taste is equal to his knowledge; but that department peculiarly his hobby, is engraving. He has a passion for line engravings; and it is unquestionably true, that his collection is the most valuable and extensive in the Union. He is well acquainted with the history of this art from the earliest period, and also with its various mechanical ramifications. He is as familiar with the lives and peculiar styles of the Painters

and Engravers of antiquity, as with his household affairs; and when he talks to you on his favorite theme, it is not to display his learning, but to make you realize the exalted attributes and mission of universal art.

As an author, Mr. Marsh has done but little in extent, but enough to secure a seat beside such men as Edward Everett, with whom he has been compared. He has published (among his numerous things of the kind) a pamphlet, entitled "The Goths in New England," which is a fine specimen of chaste writing and beautiful thought; also another on the "History of the Mechanic Arts," which contains a great deal of rare and important information. He has also written an "Icelandic Grammar," which created quite a sensation among the learned of Europe a few years ago. As to his scholarship—it can be said of him that he is a *master* in some twelve of the principal modern and ancient languages. He has not learned them merely for the purpose of being considered a literary prodigy, but to multiply his means of acquiring information, which information is intended to accomplish some substantial end. He is not a visionary, but a devoted lover of truth, whether it be in History, Poetry, or the Arts.

THE GREEN AND WHITE MOUNTAINS.

THREE loud knocks upon my bed-room door awakened me from a "a deep dream of peace." "The Eastern stage is ready," said my landlord, as he handed me a light. Whereupon, in less than five minutes after the hour of three, I was on my way to the White Mountains, inditing on the tablet of my memory the following disjointed stage-coach rhapsody.

A fine coach, fourteen passengers, and six superb horses. My seat is on the outside, and my eyes on the alert for anything of peculiar interest which I may meet with in my journey. Now do the beautiful Green Mountains meet my view. The day is breaking, and lo! upon either side of me, and like two leaders of an army, rise the peaks of Mansfield Mountain and the Camel's Hump. Around the former the cloud-spirits of early morning are picturing the fantastic poetry of the sky; while just above the summit of the other may be seen the new moon and the morning star, waiting for the sun to come, like two sweet human sisters for the smiles and kisses of a returning father. And now, as the sunbeams glide along the earth, we are in the solitude of the mountains, and the awakened mist-creatures are ascending from the cool and shady nooks in the deep ravines.

Young Dana's description of a ship under full sail is very fine, but it does not possess the living beauty of the picture now before me,—those six bay horses, straining every nerve to eclipse the morning breeze. Hold your breath, for the road is hard and smooth as marble, and the extended nostrils of those matchless steeds speak of a noble pride within. There, the race is

dome, the victory theirs, and now, as they trot steadily along, what music in the champing of their bits, and the striking of those iron-bound hoofs! Of all the soul-stirring animals on earth, none do I love so dearly as the horse, and I sometimes am inclined to think that they have souls. I respect a noble horse more than I do some men. Horses are the Indian chiefs of the brute creation.

The Winooski, along whose banks runs the most picturesque stage route in Vermont, is an uncommonly interesting stream, rapid, clear, and cold. It is remarkable for its falls and narrow passes, where perpendicular rocks of a hundred feet or more frown upon its solitary pools. Its chief pictorial attraction is the cataract at Warterbury, a deep and jagged chasm in the granite mountain, whose horrors are greatly increased by the sight and smothered howl of an avalanche of pure white foam. On its banks and forty miles from its outlet near Burlington, is situated Montpelier, the capital of Vermont. It is a compact town, mostly built upon two streets, and completely hemmed in by rich and cultivated mountains. Its chief attraction, to my mind, however, during my short stay, was a pair of deep black eyes, only half visible under their drooping lids.

During one of my rambles near Montpelier, I discovered an isolated and abandoned dwelling, which stands upon a little plot of green, in the lap of the forest near the top of a mountain. I entered its deserted chambers and spent a long time musing upon its admonitions. The cellar had become the home of lizards and toads. The spider and cricket were masters of the hearth, where once had been spun the mountain legend by an old man to the only child of his widowed son. They were, as I am told, the last of a long line which once flourished in Britain, and with them their name would pass into forgetfulness. Only the years of a single generation have elapsed since then, but the dwellers of yonder mountain are sleeping in the grave. And is this passing record of their existence the only inheritance they have left behind? Most true; but would it have been *better* for them, or for us, had they bequeathed to the world a noted name or immense possessions?

The route between Montpelier and Danville lies along the Winooski, and is not less beautiful than that down the river. Its chief picture is Marshfield Waterfall. While at Montpelier a pleasure ride was got up by some of my friends, and as they were bound to the East, and I was honored with an invitation, I sent on my baggage and joined them, so that the monotony of my journey was considerably relieved. We had our fishing-rods with us, and having stopped at the fall, we caught a fine mess of trout, which we had cooked for dinner at the next tavern on our way,—and our dessert consisted of fine singing from the ladies, and good stories from the lips of Senator Phelps, who was of the party, and is celebrated for his conversational powers.

At cock-crowing this morning, I was again in my seat outside of the stage-coach, anxiously waiting for the mists to evaporate in the East. The sun proved to be my friend, and as soon as he appeared, they vanished like a frightened troop, and he was soon marching up the sky in the plenitude of his glory. And then, for the first time, did my vision rest upon the White Mountains, as they reposed in the distance, like a mighty herd of camels in the solitude of the desert. In the charming valley of the Connecticut river we tarried a short time, but long enough for me to hear the mower whet his scythe, the "lark sing loud and high," and the pleasant tinkle of a cow-bell far away in the broad meadow. While there I took a sketch, wherein I introduced the father of New England rivers, and the bald peak of Mount Lafayette, with the storm-inflicted scar upon its brow. A noble monument is yonder mountain to the memory of a noble man.

While breakfasting at Littleton, this morning, I came to the conclusion to leave my baggage and visit Franconia. I jumped into the stage, and after a very pleasant ride of seventeen miles, found myself far *into* the Notch, in the midst of whose scenery I spent the night. I reached here in time to enjoy an early dinner with "mine host;" after which I sallied forth to examine the wonders of the place, but I was so delighted with everything around that I did not take time to make a single sketch.

I saw the Flume, and was astonished. It is a chasm in the mountain, thirty feet wide, about a hundred deep, and some two thousand long, and as regular in its shape as if it had been cut by the hand of man. Bridging its centre is a rock of many tons weight, which one would suppose could only have been hurled there from the heavens. Through its centre flows a little brook, which soon passes over a succession of rocky slides, which are almost as smooth and white as marble. And to cap the climax, this Flume is the centre of as perfect and shadowy a wilderness of scenery as could be imagined.

I have also seen (what should be the pride of the Merrimack, as it is upon one of its tributaries,) the most superb pool in this whole country. The fall above it is not remarkable, but the forest-covered rocks on either side, and the pool itself are wonderfully fine, the waters cold as ice, and very clear. The pool forms a circle of about one hundred feet in diameter, and is said to be fifty feet in depth. Owing to the fall it is the "head quarters" of the trout, which are found all along the stream in great abundance. After I had completed a drawing, I laid aside my pencils and fixed my fishing-rod. I threw the line about two hours, and caught forty-five trout. Among them was the great-grandfather of all trout, as I thought at the time, for he was seventeen inches long, and weighed two pounds.

The Old Man of the Mountain is another of the lions of this place. It is a cone-shaped mountain, at the foot of which is a small lake, and upon whose top are some rocks, which have a resemblance to the profile of an old man. It is really a very curious affair. There the old fellow stands, as he has stood perhaps for centuries, "looking the whole world in the face." I wonder if the thunder never frightens him! and does the lightning play around his brow without making him wink? His business there, I suppose, is to protect the "ungranted lands" of New Hampshire. It is not to be wondered at, that the aborigines looked upon this huge image with veneration and awe, believing it to be endowed with Omnipotent power.

And another curiosity which everybody goes to see, is called the Basin—an exquisite little spot—fit for the abode of a water-

sprite. It is formed in the solid rock, and though twenty feet in depth, you can see a sixpence at the bottom.

The distance from Knight's tavern to the western outlet of Franconia Notch is eight miles. The eastern stage was to pass through in the afternoon, so that after eating my breakfast I started on, intending to enjoy a walk between the mountains. Now as I sat upon a stone to sketch a mass of foliage, a little red squirrel came within five feet of me, and commenced a terrible chattering, as if his lady-love had given him the "mitten," and he was blowing out against the whole female sex; and now an old partridge with a score of children came tripping along the shadowy road, almost within my reach, and so fearless of my presence, that I would not have harmed one of them for a crown. Both of them were exceedingly simple pictures, and yet they afforded me a world of pleasure. I thought of the favorite haunts of these dear creatures,—the hollow tree,—the bed of dry leaves,—the cool spring,—the mossy yellow log,—the rocky ledges overgrown with moss,—the gurgling brooklet stealing through the trees, with its fairy water-falls in a green shadow and its spots of vivid sunlight,—and of a thousand other kindred *gems* in the wonderful gallery of Nature. And now as I walked onward, peering into the gloomy recesses of the forest on either side, or fixed my eyes upon the blue sky with a few white clouds floating in their glory, many of my favorite songs were remembered, and in a style *peculiarly* my own, I poured them upon the air, and they were prolonged by the mountain echoes. As I looked through the opening trees, I saw an eagle floating above the summit of a mighty cliff,—now, with the speed of a falling star, descending far into the leafy depths, and then, slowly but surely ascending, until hidden from view by a passing cloud. Fly on, proud bird, thought I, glorious symbol of my country's freedom! What a splendid life is thine! Thou art the "sultan of the sky," and from thy craggy home for ever lookest upon the abodes of man with indifference and scorn. The war-whoop of the savage, the roar of artillery on the bloody battle-field, and the loud boom of the ocean cannon, have fallen upon thy ear, and thou hast lis-

tened, utterly heedless as to whom belonged the victory. What strength and power are in thy pinions! traversing in an hour a wider space

> "Than yonder gallant ship, with all her sails
> Wooing the winds, can cross from morn till eve!"

When thy hunger-shriek echoes through the wilderness, with terror does the wild animal seek his den, for thy talons are of iron and thine eyes of fire. But what is thy message to the sun? for far, far into the zenith art thou gone.

My thoughts were upon the earth once more, and my feet upon a hill out of the woods, whence might be seen the broad valley of the Amonoosack melting into that of the Connecticut. Long and intently did I gaze upon the landscape, with its unnumbered farm-houses, reposing in the sunlight, and surmounted by pyramids of light-blue smoke; and also upon the cattle literally grazing on a thousand hills. Presently I heard the rattling wheels of the stage-coach,—one more look over the charming valley,—and I was in my seat beside the coachman.

Away, away—thoughts of the human world! for I am entering the heart of the White Mountains. Ah me! how can I describe these glorious hierarchs of New England! How solemnly do they raise their rugged peaks to Heaven! Now, in token of their royalty, crowned with a diadem of clouds; and now with every one of their cliffs gleaming in the sunlight like the pictures of a dream! For ages have they held communion with the mysteries of the midnight sky. The earliest beams of the morning have bathed them in living light, and theirs, too, have been the kisses of departing day. Man and his empires have arisen and decayed; but they have remained unchanged, a perpetual mockery. Upon their summits Time has never claimed dominion. There, as of old, does the eagle teach her brood to fly, and there does the wild bear prowl after his prey. There do the waterfalls still leap and shout on their way to the dells below, even as when the tired Indian hunter, some hundred ages agone, bent him to quaff the liquid element. There, still, does the rank grass rustle in the breeze, and the

pine and cedar and hemlock take part in the howling of the gale. Upon man alone falls the curse of time; Nature has never sinned, therefore is her glory immortal.

As is well known, the highest of these mountains was christened after our beloved Washington, and with it, as with him, are associated the names of Jefferson, Madison and Adams. Its height is said to be six thousand and eight hundred feet above the sea, but owing to its situation in the *centre* of a brotherhood of hills, it does not *appear* to be so grand an object as South Peak Mountain among the Catskills. Its summit, like most of its companions, is destitute of vegetation, and therefore more desolate and monotonous. It is somewhat of an undertaking to ascend Mount Washington, though the trip is performed on horseback; but if the weather is clear, the traveller will be well repaid for his labor. The painter will be pleased with the views he may command in ascending the route from Crawford's, which abounds in the wildest and most diversified charms of mountain scenery. But the prospect from the summit of Washington will mostly excite the soul of the poet. Not so much on account of what he will behold, but for the *breathless feeling* which will make him deem himself for a moment superior to the clogs of humanity. And there, more than ever, if a Christian, will he desire to be alone, so as to breathe an appropriate prayer.

I spent a night upon this mountain, and my first view of the prospect was at the break of day, when, as Milton says,

> "——morn her rosy steps in the eastern clime
> Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearls,"

and,

> "Waked by the circling hours with rosy hand
> Unbarred the gates of light,"

or when, in the language of Shakspeare,

> "The gray-eyed morn smiled on the frowning night,
> Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,"

Wonderfully vast and strangely indistinct and dreamy was

the scene spread out on every side. To the west lay the superb Connecticut, with its fertile valley reposing in the gloom of night, while to the east, the ocean-bounded prospect, just bursting into the life of light, was faintly relieved by Winnipiseogee and Sebago lakes, and like rockets along the earth, wandered away the Merrimack, the Saco and the Androscoggin, to their ocean home,—the whole forming an *epic landscape*, such as we seldom behold excepting in our sleep. With what exquisite delight did I gaze upon the scene, as in the eyes of truth and fancy it expanded before my mind. Far away, in one of a hundred villages, a young wife, with her first-born child at her side, was in the midst of her morning dream; and there, the pilgrim of four-score years was lying on his couch in a fitful slumber, as the pains of age creeped through his frame. There, on the Atlantic shore, the fisherman in the sheltering bay, hoisted anchor and spread his sail for the sea;—and there the life-star of the lighthouse was extinguished, again at its stated time to appear with increased brilliancy. In reality, there was an ocean of mountains all around me; but in the dim light of the hour, and as I looked *down* upon them, it seemed to me that I stood in the centre of a plain, boundless as the world; and though I could not see them, I felt that I was in a region of spirits, and that the summit of the mount was holy ground. But the morning was advancing, the rising mists obscured my vision, and, as I did not wish to have that day-break picture dissipated from my mind, I mounted my faithful horse, and descended the mountain.

The ride from the Notch House, kept by the celebrated hunter, Ethan Allen Crawford, through the Notch Valley, some twelve miles long, is magnificent. First is the Gap itself, only some twenty feet in width, and overhung with lofty and jagged rocks; and then the tiny spring, alive with trout, which gives birth to the untamed Saco. A few more downward steps, and you are in full view of a bluff, whose storm-scathed brow seems to prop the very heavens,—its gray shadows strongly contrasting with the deep blue sky. A little further on, and you find yourself in an amphitheatre of mountains, whose summits and

sides are barren and desolate, where the storms of a thousand years have exhausted their fury. And then you cross the little brook, where a poor girl, named Nancy, once perished in the snow, while attempting to follow her faithless swain. Downward still and further on, and you come to the memorable Wiley cottage, whose inhabitants perished in the avalanche or slide of 1826. The storm had been unceasing for some days upon the surrounding country, and the dwellers of the cottage were startled at midnight by the falling earth. They fled—and were buried in an instant, and up to the present time, only one of the seven bodies has ever been found. As it then stood, the dwelling still stands———a monument of mysterious escape. The Saco river, which runs through the valley, was lifted from its original bed, and forced into a new channel. The whole place, which but a short time before was a "beautiful and verdant opening amid the surrounding rudeness and deep shadow, is now like a stretch of desolate sea-shore after a tempest,—full of wrecks, buried in sand and rocks, crushed and ground to atoms."

And now for a few words about the hunter Crawford, or "Ethan of the Hills," as he is often called. He was born in Vermont in 1792, in a log cabin, and of poor but respectable parents. He obtained the rudiments of an English education by attending a district school in winter, for which privilege he toiled both early and late at some mechanical employment. He spent his boyhood among the White Hills, and by every kind of hardship and exposure fortified his constitution. In 1811 he enlisted as a soldier, under Captain Stark, and went to Plattsburgh, which patriotic demonstration only ended in his getting the spotted fever. In 1814 he was one of three men who cut a road through a continuous forest in the State of New York, which was sixteen feet wide and eight miles long. His bodily strength at that time was so great, that he could carry the weight upon his back of five hundred pounds. While yet a very young man, the entire care of his father and family devolved upon him, and in spite of many calamities by fire and flood, he proved himself a dutiful, faithful and heroic son. He was

the first man who attempted to live in the heart of the White Hills by the arts of husbandry, but upon his character of yeoman he engrafted a thorough knowledge of wood craft, until the wild life of the huntsman became his second nature. The mountains were his home, and with their grand scenery and wild animals, he was perfectly acquainted, and when the lovers of nature from far off towns began to visit the region, Ethan of the Hills was necessarily their guide. As travel increased, he converted his private log cabin into a rude but comfortable house of entertainment, until it was as much a matter of course to see and know the man of the mountains, as the mountains themselves. When not employed as a guide, or kept at home by his duties as landlord, he followed the business of teamster on the road leading from the Notch to Portland, but his favorite pursuits were trapping and hunting,—for in those days the deer and the moose, the bear, the wolf, the black cat, the fisher and the sable, were quite abundant among the Hills. That the life of such a man, exposed to frequent storms, and to hardships without number, was full of romantic incident, cannot be questioned, and a record of his exploits would read like a book of wonders. He it was, moreover, who opened the first road to the top of Mount Washington, and the first stone cabin, and the first marquee, raised upon its summit, were the fruits of his enterprise. Among the many men whom it was his privilege to pilot to the top of Mount Washington, were James Kent and Daniel Webster, and the most *elevated* speech which the latter gentleman ever delivered, was uttered upon the summit of Mount Washington, and was reported by "Ethan of the Hills" as follows:

"Mount Washington, I have come a long distance, have toiled hard to arrive at your summit, and now you seem to give me a cold reception, for which I am extremely sorry, as I shall not have time enough to view this grand prospect which now lies before me, and nothing prevents but the uncomfortable atmosphere in which you reside."

But tired of the perpetual gloom among these grand old hills, I must retrace my course to a less dreary country. My *last*

view of Mount Washington and its lordly companions was the most *beautiful*. The sun was near his setting, and the whole sky was covered with a glow of richest yellow and crimson, while there floated two immense copper-colored clouds, just touching the outline of the mountains; and through the hazy atmosphere, the mountains themselves looked cloud-like, but with more of the bright blue of heaven upon them. In the extensive middle distance faded away wood-crowned hills; and in the foreground reposed an exquisite little farm, with the husbandman's happy abode, almost hidden by groups of elms; and the simple figures, only a few paces off, of a little girl sitting on a stone, with a bunch of summer flowers in her hand, and a basket of berries and a dog at her side. One more yearning gaze upon the dear old mountains, and I resumed my pilgrimage towards the north.

NOTE.

The foregoing, like the rest of this portion of my work, was written in 1847. A recent visit to this attractive region enables me to record a few additional particulars. By far the most imposing view of the White Mountains is to be obtained from the valley of the Peabody River, and what is more, from the piazza of one of the largest and most truly comfortable and cheerful public houses in the whole country—the Glen House. Indeed, the attractions of this Hotel are remarkable. A railroad passes within seven miles of it, and it may be reached in one day from Boston; the stage roads all around it, as well as the stages, are of the best quality;—a drive or walk, therefrom, of thirty minutes, will take you to a score or two of very beautiful water-falls; the distance from this house to the summit of Mount Washington, is shorter than from any other house, and very much more interesting,—being only seven miles, one half of which can be performed in a wagon. The best of trout fishing may be found in every direction in its vicinity; and it is the only place where tourists can be furnished with experienced guides to Tuckerman's Ravine, where the cliffs are more imposing than elsewhere among these mountains, and where, in the hottest months, the explorer may enjoy his lunch or cigar under an arch of the purest snow.

MONTREAL.

WITH some things in Montreal I have been pleased, but with others a good deal dissatisfied. The appearance which it presents from every point of view is imposing. Its numerous church towers and extensive blocks of stores, its extensive shipping and noble stone wharves, combine to give one an idea of great wealth and liberality. On first riding to my hotel I was struck with the cleanliness of its streets, and, on being shown to my room, I was convinced that the hotel itself was of the first water. The city abounds in public buildings, which are usually built of limestone, and it extends along the river St. Lawrence about three miles. The streets, in the older parts of the town, are as picturesque and narrow as those of the more ancient cities of the old World, but in the modern portions they are quite regular and comfortable. The principal street is *Notre Dame*, which always presents, on a pleasant day, a gay, and elegant appearance.

Generally speaking, its churches are below mediocrity, but it has one architectural lion worth mentioning—the Roman Catholic cathedral. It faces a square called *Place d'Armes*, and presents an imposing appearance. It is built of stone, and said to be after the Norman-Gothic order of architecture; but I should think it a mixture of a dozen *dis-orders*. Its extreme length is 225 feet, breadth 185, and its height 72 feet. It also has two towers, which measure 220 feet to their summit. The windows in these towers are closed with coarse boards, and yet it cost $400,000. The ground floor is covered with pews capable of seating 8000 people, while the aisles and galleries

might hold 2000 more. The galleries are supported by *wooden* pillars, which remind me of a New York barber's sign. The interior has a naked and doleful appearance; the large window above the altar is wretchedly painted; the altar itself is loaded with gew-gaws; and of the many paintings which meet you in every direction there is not one for which I would pay ten dollars. The organ resembles a bird-house, and the music perpetrated there every day in the year, would jar upon the ear of even an American Indian. And when it is remembered that this Church was built by one of the wealthiest corporations on the Continent, it is utterly impossible to entertain a feeling of charity towards the founders thereof.

The population of Montreal is now estimated at forty thousand, one-half of whom are Roman Catholics, one fourth Protestants, and the remainder nothing in particular. By this statement it will be readily seen that the establishments of the Catholics must be the most abundant. Nunneries are consequently quite numerous, some of them well endowed, and, to those who have a passion for such affairs, must be exceedingly interesting.

But I wish to mention one or two additional specimens of architecture. The market of Montreal is built of stone, located near the river, and remarkably spacious and convenient in all its arrangements. It eclipses anything of the kind that we can boast of in the States. The only monument of any note in the city is a Doric column, surmounted with a statue, and erected in honor of Lord Nelson. The entire column is seventy feet high, and gives an air of elegance to that portion of Notre Dame where it stands. On the four sides of the pedestals are pictorial representations, in alto relievo, of Nelson in some of his memorable battles. It was erected by the British inhabitants of Montreal at a cost of six thousand dollars.

One of the most striking peculiarities of this city is the fact that everybody has to live, walk and sleep at the point of a bayonet. Military quarters are stationed in various portions of the city, and soldiers meet you at every corner, marching to and fro, invariably puffed up with ignorance and vanity. The

last woman, I am sorry to say, who has become an outcast from society, attributes her misfortune to a soldier; the officers, however, who rule these military slaves, are, generally, well educated and agreeable gentlemen. But these are not without their faults, and, if I might be allowed the expression, I would add, that they appear supremely ridiculous whenever they march into a church, on the Sabbath, with their swords dangling between their legs, and looking down upon the praying congregation in all the "pomp and circumstance of war."

The people whom you meet in the streets of Montreal seem to come from almost every nation in the world. Now it may be the immensely pompous Englishman, who represents some wilderness district in Parliament; and now it may be the cunning Scotchman, or a half-famished Irishman. Sometimes it is the speculating American, or the humble and industrious Jew; the gay and polite Habitan, or a group of wandering Indians from the far north. The better class of Montreal people (so called by a fashionable world,) are the British settlers, or rather the English population. Generally speaking, they are highly intelligent, and somewhat arbitrary in expressing their opinions; but they entertain hospitable feelings towards strangers. They boast of their mother country, as if her glory and power were omnipotent; and an occasional individual may be found who will not scruple to insult an American if he happens to defend his own. In religion they are generally Episcopalians; they hate the Habitan, look with contempt upon the poor Irish, and address their brethren of Scotland with a patronizing air. They drink immense quantities of wine, and those who happen to be the illiterate members of the Provincial Parliament, think themselves the greatest people on earth.

The island upon which Montreal is located, is seventy miles in circumference, and was once (if not now,) the property of an order of Catholic priesthood. In the rear of the city rises a noble hill, called Mount Royal, from which it derives its name. Its ancient Indian name was *Hochelaga*, which it parted with at the time of its discovery in 1535. The hill itself is thickly wooded; but the surrounding country is exceedingly fertile, and

studded with elegant country-seats, and the rural abodes of the peasantry. A ride around the Mount, on a pleasant day, is one of the most delightful imaginable, commanding a view of Montreal and the St. Lawrence Valley.

To appreciate the unique features of Montreal, it is necessary to say that you should be there on the Sabbath, the gala-day of the Catholics. Then it is that the peasantry flock into the city from all directions, and, when they are pouring into the huge cathedral by thousands, dressed in a thousand fantastic fashions, cracking their jokes, and laughing as they move along, the entire scene is apt to fill one with peculiar feelings. It *was* beautiful to look at; but the thought struck me that I should hate to live in the shadow of that cathedral forever. But if you chance to take a walk in the suburbs, on a Sabbath afternoon, you will notice much that cannot but afford you real satisfaction. You will find almost every cottage a fit subject for a picture; and the flocks of neatly dressed, happy and polite children playing along the roads, together with frequent groups of sober men, sitting on a porch, and the occasional image of a beautiful girl, or contented mother leaning out of a window,—all these things, I say, constitute a charm which is not met with everywhere. But enough; Montreal is a fine city, and I trust that it will yet be my fortune to visit it again and see more of its polished society.

QUEBEC.

I CAME from Montreal to this city in the day time, and, consequently, had an opportunity of examining this portion of the St. Lawrence. The river opposite Montreal runs at the rate of six miles an hour, and is two miles wide; it preserves this breadth for about sixty miles, and then expands into the beautiful and emerald-looking lake of St. Peter, after which it varies from one to five in width until it reaches Quebec, which is distant from Montreal one hundred and eighty miles. Above St. Peter the shores vary from five to fifteen feet in height, but below the lake they gradually become more elevated until they measure some three hundred feet in the vicinity of Quebec. The country between the two Canadian cities is well cultivated and on either side may be seen a continued succession of rural cottages.

Our steamer approached Quebec at the sunset hour, and I must say that I have never witnessed a more superb prospect than was presented by the lofty citadel city, the contracted St. Lawrence, the opposite headland called Point Levi, and the far distant land which I knew to be Cape Tourment. A stiff breeze was blowing at the time, and some twenty ships were sailing to and fro, while we had to make our way into port by winding between and around some three hundred ships which were at anchor.

I have seen much in this goodly city which has made a deep impression on my mind. The promontory called Cape Diamond upon which it stands, is formed by the junction of the St. Charles and St. Lawrence rivers, and rises to the height of

three hundred and fifty feet above the water. The city is built from the water's edge along the base of the cliff, and from thence, in a circuitous manner, ascends to the very border of the citadel and ramparts. There is but one street leading from the lower to the upper town, and that is narrow and very steep, and the gateway is defended by a number of large cannon. The city is remarkably irregular, and, as many of the buildings are quite ancient, its appearance is picturesque and romantic. The fortifications cover an area of forty acres, and beneath them are many spacious and gloomy vaults for the reception of ammunition and stores during a time of war. Receding into the interior, from the very brow of the fortress, are the Plains of Abraham, which are covered with a rich green sod, and planted with unnumbered cannon. Their historical associations are numerous, and, as they would fill a chapter in themselves, I will refrain from dwelling upon them, at this time. Let it suffice to remember, that Jacques Cartier discovered this famous city on the 7th of September, 1535; that its site was once occupied by an Indian village, called *Stadacona;* that it was laid out by Samuel Champlain on the 3d of July, 1608; and that the meaning of its present name is supposed to be "*the town at the narrow strait.*" Once the seat of a French empire in the West, it is now a favorite fortress of England, second in point of strength only to Gibraltar, and like its Spanish rival, has been lost and won by the blood of gallant armies and of illustrious commanders.

The religious establishments of Quebec are quite numerous, and belong mostly to the Roman Catholics: like those of Montreal, they are quite ancient and well-endowed; but they did not interest me, and I am sure my description of them would not interest my reader. As a matter of course, I visited the French Cathedral. It seems to be as old as the hills, and yet all the windows of the principal tower are roughly boarded up. On entering the edifice, which is crowded with gilded ornaments, I could not fix my eye upon a single object which suggested the idea of richness. The sculpture, the paintings, and even the gilding, are all without merit; and what greatly added

to my disgust was, that I could not obtain a civil answer from a single one of the many boorish men and boys who were fussing about the church.

In the front of an extensive promenade, just below the citadel, stands the monument erected to the memory of Montcalm and Wolfe. The gentleman who contributed the largest sum for its erection was Lord Dalhousie. It is a handsome obelisk, and was designed by a military gentleman named Young. The *principal* inscription on the column is characteristic of the English nation, and is what a shrewd Yankee would call "a puff of Dalhousie"—even though it be chiselled in Latin. The annoying effect of this inscription, however, is counteracted by another, which is also in Latin, and very beautitful. It was composed by J. C. Fisher, Esq., founder of the Quebec Gazette, and is as follows:

"Military virtue gave them a common death,
History a common fame,
Posterity a common monument."

The Golden Dog is another curiosity which will attract the attention of the visitor to Quebec. It is the figure of a dog, rudely sculptured in relievo, and richly gilded, which stands above the entrance of an ancient house, which was built by M. Phillibert, a merchant of this city, in the time of M. Bigot, the last intendant under the French government. Connected with it is the following curious story, which I copy from an old record:—

"M. Phillibert and the intendant were on bad terms, but, under the system then existing, the merchant knew that it was in vain for him to seek redress in the colony, and determining at some future period to prefer his complaint in France, he contented himself with placing the figure of a sleeping dog, in front of his house, with the following lines beneath it, in allusion to his situation with his powerful enemy:

"Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os,
En le rongeant je prends mon repos—
Un terme viendra qui n'est pas venu
Que je mordrai qui m'aura mordu."

"This allegorical language was however, too plain for Mons. Bigot to misunderstand it. A man so powerful, easily found an instrument to avenge the insult, and M. Phillibert received, as the reward of his verse, the sword of an officer of the garrison through his back, when descending the Lower Town Hill. The murderer was permitted to leave the colony unmolested, and was transferred to a regiment stationed in the East Indies. Thither he was pursued by a brother of the deceased, who had first sought him in Canada, when he arrived here to settle his brother's affairs. The parties, it is related, met in the public street of Pondicherry, drew their swords, and, after a severe conflict, the assassin met a more honorable fate than his crime deserved, and died by the hand of his antagonist."

I know not that there are any other curiosities in Quebec really worth mentioning, and I willingly turn to its natural attractions. The fortress itself is undoubtedly one of, if not the most formidable on the continent; but I fell in love with it on account of its *observatory* features. To ramble over its commanding ramparts, without knowing, or caring to know a solitary individual, has been to me an agreeable and unique source of entertainment. At one time I leaned upon the balustrade, and looked down upon the Lower Town. It was near the hour of noon. Horses and carriages, men, women, and children, were hurrying through the narrow streets, and ships were in the docks discharging their cargoes. I looked down upon all these things at a single glance, and yet the only noise I heard was a hum of business. Even the loud clear shout of the sailor, as he tugged away at the mast-head of his ship, could hardly be heard stealing *upward* on the air. Doves were flying about, high above the roofs: but they were so far below my point of vision, that I could not hear the beating of their wings.

But the finest prospect that I have enjoyed in this city was from the summit of the Signal House, which looms above the citadel. I visited this spot just as the sun was setting, and everything was enveloped in a golden atmosphere. Beneath me lay the city, gradually lulling itself to repose; on the west,

far as the eye could reach, faded away the valley of the upper St. Lawrence; towards the north, winding its way between high and well-cultivated hills, was the river St. Charles; towards the eastward, rolling onwards, in its sublimity like an ocean, across the continent, was the flood of the lower St. Lawrence, whitened by more than a hundred sails; and towards the south reposed a picturesque country of hills and dales, beyond which I could just discern some of the mountain peaks of my own dear "Father Land." Strange and beautiful beyond compare was the entire panorama, and how was its influence upon me deepened, as a strain of martial music broke upon the silent air, and then melted into my very heart! I knew not whence it came, or who were the musicians, but I "blessed them unaware," and as my vision again wandered over the far-off hills, I was quite happy.

The population of Quebec is estimated at thirty thousand, and the variety is as great as in Montreal. A large proportion of the people whom you see parading the streets are soldiers, and chief among them I would mention the Scotch Highlanders, who are a noble set of men, and dress in handsome style.

Quebec, upon the whole, is a remarkable place, and well worth visiting. The environs of the city are also interesting, and a ride to the Fall of Montmorency, seven miles down the river, and back again by an interior road, will abundantly repay the tourist for all the trouble and expense to which he may be subjected. The Montmorency, so called after a French admiral of that name, is an inconsiderable stream, but having made one leap of two hundred and twenty feet, is quite deserving of its reputation. The Falls of the Chaudière, or Kettle Falls, which are on the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence, seven or eight miles above Quebec, ought also to be visited by all lovers of the picturesque. In the deep seclusion of a thick wood, and at a point seven hundred feet wide, the Chaudière precipitates itself a hundred feet into a rocky and chaotic basin, where, during the spring freshets, the roaring of the waters and the fantastic cliffs and ledges on either side, com-

bine to make a very deep impression on the mind. And the traveller who would moralize upon the passing away of the aborigines, ought not to omit a trip to the Indian village of Larette, a few miles up the river St. Charles from Quebec, where he can see a remnant of the once powerful nation after which Lake Huron was named.

DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

I HAVE not visited Canada for the purpose of examining its cities, and studying the character of its people, but solely with a view of hunting up some new scenery, and having a little sport in the way of salmon fishing. I am writing this chapter at the mouth of probably the most remarkable river in North America. But before entering upon a description of my sojourn here, it is meet, I ween, that I should give you an account of my journey down the St. Lawrence.

On reaching Quebec, I was informed that there was no regular mode of conveyance down the great river, and that I should have to take passage in a transient ship or schooner, which would land me at my desired haven. This intelligence had a tendency to dampen my spirits, and I had to content myself with sauntering about the citadel city. Among the places I visited was the fish market, where it was my good fortune to find a small smack which had brought a load of fresh salmon to market, and was on the point of returning to the Saguenay for another cargo. In less than thirty minutes after I saw him, I had struck a bargain with the skipper, transferred my luggage on board the smack, and was on my way to a region which was to me unknown.

We hoisted sail at twelve o'clock, and were favored by a stiff westerly breeze. Everything, in fact, connected with the voyage was beautifully accidental, and I had "a glorious time." In the first place, our craft was just the thing—schooner-rigged, a fast sailer, and perfectly safe. The skipper—named Belland—was a warm-hearted and intelligent Frenchman, whose entire

crew consisted of one boy. The day was superb, and the scenery of the river appeared to me more like the work of enchantment than nature.

The appearance of Quebec, from the eastward, is imposing in the extreme. Standing as it does upon a lofty bluff, its massive ramparts and tin covered roofs, domes, and cupolas suggest the idea of immense power and opulence. Just below the city, the St. Lawrence spreads out to the width of three or four miles, while from the margin of either shore fades away a continued succession of hills, which vary from five hundred to fifteen hundred feet in height. Those upon the north shore are the highest, and both sides of the river, for a distance of some twenty miles below the city, are plentifully sprinkled with the white cottages of the Canadian peasantry. As you proceed, however, the river gradually widens, the hills upon the north shore become more lofty, reaching the elevation of two thousand feet; and, while you only occasionally discover a farm house upon their summits, the southern shore continues to bear the appearance of a settled country, where the spire of a Catholic church is frequently seen looming above a cluster of rural residences. In descending the river, the first pictorial feature which attracts attention is the fall of Montmorency, pouring the waters of a noble tributary immediately into the St. Lawrence. Just below this fall the river is divided by the island of Orleans, which measures about twenty miles in length, and five in breadth. It is partly covered with forest, and partly cultivated; and, though the shores are rather low, it contains a number of points which are a hundred feet high. At the eastern termination of this island is the parish of St. Lawrent, a remarkably tidy French village, whose inhabitants are said to be as simple in their manners, as they are virtuous, and ignorant of the world at large. On a smaller island, which lies some thirty miles below Quebec, and directly opposite a noble cape called Tourment, is located the quarantine station for the shipping of the river; and when I passed this spot, I counted no less than forty-five ships at anchor, nearly all of which were freighted with foreign paupers, who were then dying of the

ship fever, at the rate of one hundred and fifty individuals per day. I might here mention that the vessels usually seen on this part of the St. Lawrence are merchant ships and brigs, which are chiefly and extensively employed in the lumber and timber trade. Another island in this portion of the St. Lawrence, which attracts attention from its peculiar sylvan beauty, is called Goose Island, and owned by a sisterhood of Nuns, who have cultivated it extensively. The eastern portion of it is covered with forest; the channels on either side are not far from ten miles wide, and it is distant from Quebec about fifty miles.

We landed here at sunset; and while my companions were building a watch-fire, and cooking a supper of fish, pork and onions, I amused myself by taking sundry observations. I found the vegetation of the island quite luxuriant, the common hard woods of the north prevailing, but its foundation seemed to be composed of two distinct species of slate-stone. Both varieties were of the finest grain, and while one was of the rich Indian red, the other was of a deep blue. This portion of the St. Lawrence is a good deal blocked up by extensive reefs, composed of these identical slate-stones, and at one point they extend so nearly across the river as to render ship navigation extremely dangerous. On subsequently examining the high hills on the north shore, I found them to be of solid granite, veined with red marble and extensive beds of quartz, and covered with a stunted forest of pine and hemlock. But this geological dissertation is keeping my pen from describing a night picture which it was my privilege to witness on this beautiful but badly-named island, where, for sundry reasons, we concluded to spend the night.

Our supper was ended, and the skipper had paid his last visit to the little craft, and, with his boy, had smoked himself to sleep by our camp fire. The sky was without a cloud, but studded with stars, and the breeze which kissed my cheek was soft and pleasant as the breath of one we dearly love. I had seated myself upon a rock, with my face turned towards the north, when my attention was attracted by a column of light, which shot upward to the zenith behind the distant mountains.

The broad expanse of the St. Lawrence was without a ripple, and the mountains, together with the column of light and the unnumbered stars, were distinctly mirrored in its bosom. While looking upon this scene, the idea struck me that the moon was about to rise, but I soon saw a crimson glow stealing up the sky, and knew that I was looking upon the fantastic performances of the Northern Lights. Broad, and of the purest white, were the many rays which shot upward from behind the mountains, and at equal distances, between the horizon and the zenith, were displayed four arches of a purple hue, the uppermost one melting imperceptibly in the deep blue sky. On again turning my eyes upward, I discovered that the columns and arches had all disappeared, and that the entire sky was covered with a crimson color, which resembled a lake of liquid fire, tossed into innumerable waves. Strange were my feelings as I looked upon this scene, and thought of the unknown wilderness before me, and of the Being whose ways are past finding out, and who holdeth the entire world, with its cities, mountains, rivers, and boundless wilderness, in the hollow of His hand. Long and intently did I gaze upon this wonder of the North; and at the moment it was fading away, a wild swan passed over my head, sailing towards Hudson's Bay, and as his lonely song echoed along the silent air, I retraced my steps to the watch-fire and was soon a dreamer.

That portion of the St. Lawrence extending between Goose Island and the Saguenay is about twenty miles wide. The spring tides rise and fall a distance of eighteen feet; the water is salt, but clear and cold, and the channel very deep. Here it was that I first saw the black seal, the white porpoise, and the black whale. But speaking of whales, reminds me of "a whaling" fish story. A short distance above Saguenay river, there shoots out into the St. Lawrence, to the distance of about eight miles, a broad sand-bank, which greatly endangers the navigation. In descending the great river, we had to double this cape, and it was at this place that I first saw a whale. The fellow had been pursued by a sword-fish, and when we discovered him, his head turned towards the beach, and he was mov-

ing with great rapidity, occasionally performing a most fearful leap, and uttering a sound that resembled the bellowing of a thousand bulls. The whale must have been forty feet long, and his enemy nearly twenty; and as they hurried on their course with great speed, the sight was indeed terrible. Frantic with rage and pain, it so happened that the more unwieldy individual forgot his bearings, and in a very few minutes he was floundering about on the sand-bar, in about ten feet of water, when the rascally sword immediately beat a retreat. After a while, however, the whale concluded to rest himself, but as the tide was going out, his intentions were soon changed, and he began to roll himself about, and slap the water with his tail for the purpose of getting clear. His efforts, in a short time, proved successful, and when we last saw him, he was in the deepest part of the river, moving rapidly towards the gulf, and spouting up the water, as if congratulating himself upon his narrow escape.

In about two hours after witnessing this incident, our boat was moored at the mouth of the Saguenay; and of the comparatively unknown wilderness which this stream waters, my readers will find some information in the next chapter.*

* During the summer of 1852, I made a second visit to the River Saguenay, accompanied by the Rev. Louis L. Noble and our wives. We chartered a schooner at Quebec, and a charming account of our miscellaneous adventures was written by my friend, and published in the *Literary World*, on our return.

THE SAGUENAY RIVER.

About one hundred and fifty miles north of the St. Lawrence, and on one of the trails leading to Hudson's Bay, lies a beautiful lake called St. John. It is about forty miles long, and surrounded with a heavily timbered, and rather level country. Its inlets are numerous, and twelve of them are rivers. Its waters are clear, and abound in a great variety of uncommonly fine fish. The principal outlet to this lake is the Saguenay River which runs in a southerly direction, and empties into the St. Lawrence. It is the largest tributary of the great river, and unquestionably one of the most remarkable on the continent. Its original Indian name was Chicoutimi, signifying *deep water;* but the early Jesuit missionaries, who have scattered their *Saint-anic* names over this entire country, thought proper to give it the name which it now bears, the roundabout interpretation of which is, *Nose of the Sack.* This name suggests to the world that the nose of St. John must have been a very long nose, and may be looked upon as a unique specimen of French poetry.

The scenery of the Saguenay is wild and romantic to an uncommon degree. The first half of its course averages half a mile in width, and runs through an untrodden wilderness of pine and spruce-covered hills; it abounds in waterfalls and rapids, and is only navigable for the Indian canoe. A few miles below the most southern fall on the river, is located the village of Chicoutimi, where an extensive lumber business is transacted, and the Hudson's Bay Company have an important post. The village has an ancient appearance, and contains about five hun-

dred inhabitants, chiefly Canadian French. The only curiosity in the place is a rude Catholic church, which is said to have been built by Jesuit missionaries upwards of one hundred years ago. It occupies the centre of a grassy lawn, surrounded with shrubbery, backed by a cluster of wood-crowned hills, and commands a fine prospect, not only of the Saguenay, but also of a spacious bay, into which there empties a noble mountain stream, now known as Chicoutimi River. In the belfry of this venerable church hangs a clear-toned bell, with an inscription upon it which the learning of Canada (with all its learned and unnumbered priests,) has not yet been able to translate or expound. But, great as is the mystery of this inscription, it is less mysterious to my mind than are the *motives* of the Romish Church in planting the cross in the remotest corners of the earth, as in the mightiest of cities.

About ten miles south of Chicoutimi, there recedes from the west bank of the Saguenay, to the distance of ten miles, a beautiful expanse of water called Grand Bay. The original name of this water was "Ha, Ha," descriptive of the surprise which the French experienced when they first entered it, supposing that it was the Saguenay, until their shallop grounded on the north-western shore. At the head thereof is another settlement, similar to Chicoutimi. Between these two places the Saguenay is rather shallow, (when compared with the remainder of its course,) and varies in width from two and a half to three miles. The tides of the ocean are observable as far north as Chicoutimi, and this entire section of the river is navigable for ships of the largest class.

That portion of the Saguenay extending from Grand Bay to the St. Lawrence, a distance of sixty miles, is greatly distinguished for its wild and picturesque scenery. I know not that I can better portray to my reader's mind the peculiarity of this river, than by the following method. Imagine an extensive country of rocky and thinly-clad mountains, suddenly separated by some convulsion of nature, so as to form an almost bottomless chasm, varying from one to two miles in width; and then imagine this chasm suddenly half-filled with water, and that

the moss of centuries has softened the rugged walls on either side, and you will have a pretty accurate idea of the Saguenay. The shores of this river are composed principally of granite, and every bend presents you with an imposing bluff, the majority of which are eight hundred feet high, and many of them upwards of fifteen hundred. And, generally speaking, these towering bulwarks are not content to loom perpendicularly into the air, but they must needs bend over, as if to look at their own savage features reflected in the deep. Ay, and that word *deep* but tells the simple truth; for the flood that rolls beneath is fearfully black and cold. To speak without a figure, and from actual measurement, I can state that many portions of the Saguenay are one thousand feet deep; and the shallowest parts not much less than one hundred. In many places, too, the water is as deep five feet from the rocky barriers as it is in the centre of the stream. The feelings which filled my breast, and the thoughts which oppressed my brain, as I paddled by these places in my canoe, were allied to those which almost overwhelmed me when I first looked upward from below the fall to the mighty flood of Niagara. Awful beyond expression, I can assure you, is the sensation which one experiences in sailing along the Saguenay, to raise his eye heavenward, and behold hanging, directly over his head, a mass of granite, apparently ready to totter and fall, and weighing, perhaps, a million tons. Terrible and sublime, beyond the imagery of the most daring poet, are these cliffs; and while they proclaim the omnipotent power of God, they, at the same time, whisper into the ear of man that he is but the moth which flutters in the noontide air. And yet, is it not enough to fill the heart of man with holy pride and unbounded love, to remember that the soul within him shall have but commenced its existence, when all these mountains shall have been consumed as a scroll?

It is to the Saguenay that I am indebted for a most imposing storm picture. It had been an oppressive day, and, as I was passing up the river, at a late hour in the afternoon, a sudden gust of wind came rushing down the stream, causing my Indian companion to bow, as if in prayer, and then to urge our frail

canoe towards a little rocky island, upon which we immediately landed. Soon as we had surmounted our refuge, the sky was overcast with a pall of blackness, which completely enveloped the cliffs on either side, and gave the roaring waters a deathl ke hue. Then broke forth, from above our heads, the heavy roar of thunder, and as it gradually increased, and became more threatening and impetuous, its volleys were answered by echoes, which seemed to have been startled from every crag in the wilderness, while flashes of the most vivid lightning were constantly illuminating the gloomy storm-cavern which appeared before us. Down upon his knees again fell my poor Indian comrade, and I sat by his side trembling with fear. Soon, however, the wind ceased to blow, the thunder to roar, the lightning to flash; and, in less than an hour after its commencement the storm had subsided, and that portion of the Saguenay was glowing beneath the crimson rays of the setting sun.

From what I have written, my reader may be impressed with the idea that this river is incapable of yielding pleasurable sensations. Sail along its shores, on a pleasant day, when its cliffs are partly hidden in shadow, and covered with a gauze-like atmosphere, and they will fill your heart with images of beauty. Or, if you would enjoy a still greater variety, let your thoughts flow away from the blue smoke which arises from an Indian encampment hidden in a dreamy-looking cove; let your eye follow an eagle sweeping along his airy pathway, near the summit of the cliffs, or glance across the watery plain, and see the silver salmon leaping by hundreds into the air, for their insect food. Here, too, you may always discover a number of seals, bobbing their heads out of the water, as if watching your every movement; and, on the other hand, a drove of white porpoises, rolling their huge bodies along the waters, ever and anon spouting a shower of liquid diamonds into the air. O yes, manifold, indeed, and beautiful beyond compare, are the charms of the Saguenay.

Although my account of this river has, thus far, been of a general character, I would not omit to mention, as stupendous

gems of scenery, Trinity Point, Eternity Cape, The Tableau, and Le Tete du Boule. The peculiarities of these promontories are so well described by their very names, that I shall refrain from attempting a particular description. Eternity Cape is the most imposing, and with it is associated this incident. An Indian hunter is said to have once followed a moose to the brow of the cliff, and after the deer had made a fatal spring far down into the deep water, the man lost his foothold and perished with his prey.

The wilderness through which this river runs is of such a character that its shores can never be greatly changed in their external appearance. Only a small proportion of its soil can ever be brought under cultivation; and, as its forests are a good deal stunted, its lumbering resources are far from being inexhaustible. The wealth which it contains is probably of a mineral character; and if the reports I hear are correct, it abounds in iron ore. That it would yield an abundance of fine marble, I am certain; for, in passing up this stream, the observing eye will frequently fall upon a broad vein of an article as pure as alabaster.

How is it, many people are led to inquire, that so little has been known of the Saguenay country, until quite recently? The question is easily solved. It is a portion of that vast territory which has heretofore been under the jurisdiction of the Hudson's Bay Company. Its Posts on the Saguenay and St. Lawrence, so far as collecting furs is concerned, are a dead letter, and the journeys of its distinguished Governor, Sir George Simpson, are hereafter to be confined to the extreme north.

The man who deserves the most credit for encroaching upon the possessions of the Hudson's Bay Company, and proving to the world that its power is not without limit, is William Price, Esq., of Quebec. All the saw-mills located on the Saguenay and the lower St. Lawrence were established by him, and are now conducted at his expense. He gives employment to some two or three thousand men, and sends to England annually about one hundred ship-loads of lumber, in the shape of deals. He is probably more extensively engaged in the lumbering bu-

siness than any other single individual, and might with propriety be called "The Lumber King." He is a thorough-going business man, and, did I not know the fact to be otherwise, I should set him down, on account of his enterprise, as a Yankee. Many of the ships alluded to ascend the Saguenay, to obtain lumber, as far as Chicoutimi, and it struck me as singularly paradoxical to see ships winding up that river, whose legitimate home would seem to be the broad ocean. The current of the Saguenay flows, in some places, at the rate of seven miles per hour, but when there is any wind at all, it blows quite heavily direct from the north or south, so that, with the assistance of the tide, the upward-bound ships or brigs manage to get along without much difficulty. The only steamboat which navigates this river is the Pocahontas, and is the property of Mr. Price. She is commanded by a gentleman who understands his business; and I can assure the lovers of scenery everywhere that a sail up the Saguenay, in this steamer, would be an event they could not easily forget. For the benefit of summer-tourists, I would here mention the fact, that, for about three months in the year, a Quebec steamer makes an occasional trip to the mouth of the Saguenay, by way of the river Du Loup, which is on the Canadian route to Halifax.

In speaking of the Saguenay, I must not omit to mention its original proprietors, a tribe of Indians, who are known as the Mountaineers. Of course it is the duty of my pen to record the fact, that, where once flourished a large nation of brave warriors, there now exists a little band of about one hundred families. Judging from what I have heard and seen, the Mountaineers were once the very flower of this northern wilderness, even as the Chippewas were once the glory of the Lake Superior region. The Mountaineers of the present day are sufficiently educated to speak a smattering of French; but they know nothing of the true God, and are as poor in spirit as they are indigent with regard to the necessaries of life. The men of this nation are rather short, but well-formed; and the women are beautiful. They are proud in spirit, intelligent, and kind-hearted; and many of them, it is pleasant to know, are no longer

the victims of the baneful "fire-water." For this blessing they are indebted to the Romish priesthood, which fact I record with great pleasure. The Mountaineers are a particularly honest people, and great friends to the stranger white man. They are also distinguished for their expertness in hunting, and take pleasure in recounting the exploits of their forefathers. And their language, according to a Catholic missionary, Pierre de Roche, is one of the oldest and purest Indian languages on the continent. It abounds in Latin words, and is capable of being regularly constructed and translated. The qualities, in fine, which make the history of this people interesting, are manifold; and it is sad to think of the rapidity with which they are withering away, even as the leaves of a premature autumn.

But it is time that I should give you a brief description of Tadousac, where I have been spending a few days, and whence I date my chapters. That name is a French corruption of the Indian word Saguenay. The place is situated directly at the mouth of the Saguenay, and commands a fine prospect of that river, as well as of the St. Lawrence, which, at this point, is nearly thirty miles in width. Immediately at the base of the hill upon which the hamlet stands, is a beautiful bay, hemmed in with hills of solid rock. The place is composed of houses belonging to an Indian trading-post, and another dwelling, occupied by a worthy Scotchman, named Ovington, who is a pilot by profession. The door of my friend's cabin is always open to the admission of tourists; and if others, who may chance to stop here, are as kindly treated as I was, they cannot but be thankful. In front of the trading-post are planted a few cannon, and directly beside them, at the present time, is a small Indian encampment. In a rock-bound bay, half a mile north of my temporary residence, is an extensive lumbering establishment, belonging to William Price. This spot is the principal port of the Saguenay, and the one where belongs the Pocahontas steamboat. About a dozen paces from the table, where I am now writing, is the ruin of a Jesuit religious establishment, considered the great curiosity of this region. The appearance of the ruin is not imposing, as you can discover nothing but the

foundations upon which the ancient edifice rested; but it is confidently affirmed that upon this spot once stood the first stone and mortar building ever erected on the continent of America. And this statement I am not disposed to question, for from the very centre of the ruin has grown up a cluster of pine trees, which must have been exposed to the wintry blasts of at least two hundred years. The fate, and the very names of those who first pitched their tents in this wilderness, and here erected an altar to the God of their fathers, are alike unknown. Tadousac is, indeed, at the present time, nothing more than it was in 1720, when old Charlevoix spoke of it as follows: "The greatest part of our geographers have placed a town here, but where there never was but one French house and some huts of savages who carried away their huts and booths, when they went away; and this was the whole matter. It is true, that this port has been a long time the resort of all the savage nations of the north and east, and that the French resorted thither as soon as the navigation was free; the missionaries also made use of the opportunity, and came to trade here for Heaven; and when the trade was over, the merchants returned to their homes, the savages took their way to their villages or forests, and the Gospel laborers followed the last, to complete their instructions."

SALMON FISHING ADVENTURES.

I INTEND to devote the present chapter to the acknowledged king of all the finny tribes, the lithe, wild and beautiful salmon. He pays an annual visit to all the tributaries of the St. Lawrence lying between Quebec and Bic Island, (where commences the Gulf of St. Lawrence,) but he is most abundant on the north shore, and in those streams which are beyond the jurisdiction of civilization. He usually makes his first appearance about the twentieth of May, and continues in season for two months. Nearly all the streams in this region abound in waterfalls, but those are seldom found which the salmon does not surmount in his "excelsior" pilgrimage; and the stories related of his leaps are truly wonderful. It is not often that he is found, *man bound* at the head of the streams he may have ascended; but when thus found and captured, his flesh is white, skin black, and his form, "long, lank, and lean as is the ribbed sea-sand." His weight is commonly about fifteen pounds, but he is sometimes taken weighing full forty pounds. The salmon is an important article of export from this region, and is also extensively used by the Indians. The common mode for taking them is with a stationary net, which is set just on the margin of the river, at low water. It is customary with the salmon to ascend the St. Lawrence as near the shore as possible, and their running time is when the tide is high; the consequence is, that they enter the net at one tide, and are taken out at another; and it is frequently the case, that upwards of three hundred are taken at one time. The Indian mode for taking them is with the spear, by torchlight. Two Indians

generally enter a canoe, and while one paddles it noiselessly along, the other holds forth the light, (which attracts the attention of the fish, and causes them to approach their enemy) and pierces them with the cruel spear. This mode of taking the salmon is to be deprecated; but the savage must live, and possesses no other means for catching them. It is but seldom that an Indian takes more than a dozen during a single night, for he cannot afford to waste the bounties which he receives from Nature. For preserving the salmon, the Canadians have three modes:—First, by putting them in salt for three days, and then smoking them; secondly, by regularly salting them down as you would mackerel; and, thirdly, by boiling and then pickling them in vinegar. The Indians smoke them; but only to a limited extent.

I must now give you some account of my experience in the way of salmon-fishing with the fly, of which glorious sport I have recently had an abundance. If, however, I should indite a number of episodes, you will please remember that "it is my way," and that I deem it a privilege of the angler to be as wayward in his discourse as are the channels of his favorite mountain streams.

My first salmon expedition of the season was to the St. Margaret River. I had two companions with me; one, an accomplished fly-fisher of Quebec, and the other, the principal man of Tadousac, a lumber manufacturer. We went in a gig-boat belonging to the latter, and, having started at nine o'clock, we reached our place of destination by twelve. We found the river uncommonly high, and a little rily. We made a desperate effort, however, and threw the line about three hours, capturfour salmon, only one of which it was my privilege to take. He was a handsome fellow, weighing seventeen pounds, and in good condition; he afforded my companions a good deal of fun, and placed me in a peculiar situation. He had taken the hook when I was wading in swift water up to my middle, and soon as he discovered his predicament, he made a sudden wheel, and started down the stream. My rod bent nearly double, and I saw that I must allow him all the line he wanted; and having

only three hundred feet on my reel, I found it necessary to follow him with all speed. In doing so, I lost my footing, and was swept by the current against a pile of logs; meantime my reel was in the water, and whizzing away at a tremendous rate. The log upon which I depended happened to be in a balancing condition, and, when I attempted to surmount it, it plunged into the current, and floated down the stream, having your humble servant astride of one end, and clinging to it with all his might. Onward went the salmon, the log, and the fisherman. Finally the log found its way into an eddy of the river, and, while it was swinging about, as if out of mere deviltry, I left it, and fortunately reached the shore. My life having been spared, I was more anxious than ever to take the life of the salmon which had caused my ducking, and so I held aloft the rod, and continued down the stream, over an immense number of logs and rocks, which seemed to have been placed there for my especial botheration. On coming in sight of my fish, I found him in still water, with his belly turned upward, and completely drowned. I immediately drew him on a sand-bank near by, and, while engaged in the reasonable employment of drying my clothes, my brother fishermen came up to congratulate me upon my success, but laughing, in the mean time, most heartily. The lumber merchant said that the log I had been riding belonged to him, and it was his intention to charge me one shilling for my passage from the rift where I had hooked the salmon, to the spot where I had landed him, which was in full view of the Saguenay; and my Quebec friend remarked, that he knew the people of Yankee-land had a queer way of doing things, but he was not acquainted with their peculiar mode of taking salmon. As may be readily imagined, we retraced our steps back to the log shanty where we had stopped, and, having carefully stowed away our salmon, we laid aside our fishing tackle, and made arrangements for a little sport of another kind.

The hamlet of St. Margaret, where we spent the night, contains some eight or ten log shanties, which are occupied by about twenty families, composed of Canadians, Indians, and

half-breeds. They obtain their living by "driving" logs, and are as happy as they are ignorant. Anxious to see what we could of society among this people, we sent forth a manifesto, calling upon the citizens generally to attend a dance at the cabin of a certain man whom we had engaged to give the party, at our expense. Punctual to the appointed hour, the assembly came together. Many of the men did not take the trouble even to wash their hands, or to put on a coat before coming to the party; but the women were neatly dressed with blue and scarlet petticoats, over which were displayed night-gowns of white cotton. The fiddler was an Indian, and the dancing hall (some twelve feet square,) was lighted with a wooden lamp, supplied with seal oil. The dance was without any particular method; and, when a gentleman wished to trip the light fantastic toe he had only to station himself on the floor, when one of his friends would select his partner, and lead her up for his acceptance. The consequence was, that, if a man wished to dance with any particular lady, he was obliged to make a previous arrangement with his leading-up friend. The fiddler not only furnished all the music, but also performed a goodly portion of the dancing, —fiddling and dancing at the same time. The supper was laid on the table at ten o'clock, and consisted principally of dried beaver tail, and cariboo meat, fried and boiled salmon, (which was cooked out of doors, near the entrance to the cabin,) rye bread, maple molasses, and tea.

The party broke up at twelve o'clock, when we retired to the cabin, where we had secured lodgings, and it is an actual fact that our sleeping room on that night was occupied, not only by ourselves, but by two women, one man, and four children, (divided into three beds,) all members of the same family with whom we had succeeded in obtaining *accommodations*. On the following morning we rose at an early hour, and again tried our luck at salmon fishing, but only killed a few trout, whereupon we boarded our gig, and started down the romantic Saguenay, telling stories and singing songs. Another river, in this region, which affords good salmon fishing, is the Esquemain. It empties into the St. Lawrence, about twenty miles east of

Saguenay. It is a cold, clear and rapid stream, abounding in rapids and deep pools. At its mouth is located a saw-mill, but its water-works are so managed as not to interfere with the salmon. The fish of this stream ascend to a great distance, and, though rather small, are exceedingly abundant. The best fishing in the river is at the foot of the water-fall, which forms a sheet of foam, about one mile above the mouth. My Quebec friend accompanied me to this place, and though we only threw the fly about six hours, (three in the evening and three in the morning,) yet we killed thirteen salmon, without losing a single line, and with the loss of only three flies. Owing to the bushy shores of the stream, we were compelled to fish standing upon boulders, located in its centre; and whenever we hooked a fish, there was no alternative but to plunge into the current, and trust to fortune. For some unaccountable reason, (of course, it could not have been *our* fault,) we lost more than half of those we hooked. But it was worth a moderate fortune to see the magnificent leaps which the fish performed, not only when they took the fly, but when they attempted to escape. There was not one individual that did not give us a race of at least half a mile. The largest taken, during this expedition, was killed by my companion, and caused more trouble than all his other prizes. Not only did the fellow attempt to clear himself by stemming the foam of a rapid, and rubbing his nose against a rock, to break the hook, but he also swept himself completely round a large boulder, poked his head into a net, and ran, with the speed of lightning to the extreme end of his line. It took my friend forty minutes to land this salmon, and I assure you he was particularly pleased when he found that his fish weighed one pound more than the largest I had taken. The fact was our rods were almost precisely alike, in length and strength, and as two countries were represented in our persons, the strife between us was quite desperate. I will acknowledge that the Canada gentleman took the largest salmon, but the States angler took them in the greatest number. Notwithstanding all the fine sport that we enjoyed on the Esquemain, I am compelled to state that it was more than counterbalanced by the

sufferings we endured from the black fly and musqueto. The black fly is about half as large as the common house fly, and, though it bites you only in the day time, they are as abundant in the air as the sand upon the sea shore, and venomous to an uncommon degree. The musqueto of this region is an uncommonly gaunt, long-legged, and hungry creature, and his howl is peculiarly horrible. We had been almost devoured by the black flies, during the afternoon, and as soon as darkness came, we secured a couple of beds in a Frenchman's house, and, as we tumbled in, congratulated ourselves upon a little comfortable repose. It was an exceedingly sultry night, and though we were both in a complete fever, from the fly poison circulating in our veins, the heat excelled the fever, and our bodies were literally in a melting condition. We endeavored to find relief by lying upon the bare floor, with no covering but a single sheet, and this arrangement might have answered, had it not been for the flood of musquetos which poured into the room, as one of us happened to open a window to obtain fresh air. Every spot on our bodies which the flies had left untouched, was immediately settled upon by these devils in miniature. They pierced the very sheets that covered us, and sucked away at our blood without any mercy. Unwilling to depart this life without one effort more to save it, we then dressed ourselves, and sauntered into the open air. We made our way towards a pile of lumber, near the saw-mill, and without a particle of covering, endeavored to obtain a little sleep; but the insect hounds soon found us out, and we bolted for another place. Our course now lay towards the rude bridge which spans the Esquemain, just above the mill. Our intentions at the time, though not uttered aloud, I verily believe were of a fearful character. On reaching the bridge, however, a refreshing breeze sprung up, and we enjoyed a brief respite from our savage enemies. We now congratulated each other upon our good fortune, and had just concluded to be quite happy, when we discovered a number of Indians on the river, spearing salmon by torch light, and, as it was after midnight, and the heathens were spearing on our fishing ground, we mournfully concluded

that our morning's sport was at an end. But while in the very midst of this agreeable mood of mind, a lot of skylarking musquetos discovered our retreat, and we were again besieged. We now endeavored to find relief on board the boat which had brought us from the Saguenay; and here it was that we spent the two last hours of that most miserable night. Though not exactly in a fitting condition to throw the fly with any degree of comfort, we made an effort after salmon in the morning, and succeeded in killing a portion of the thirteen already mentioned. That we enjoyed the good breakfast which we had prepared for our especial benefit, and that we departed from Esquemain as soon as possible, are facts which I consider self-evident.

The mouth of the Saguenay, as I have before remarked, is completely hemmed in with barriers of solid rock, and, when the tide is flowing in from one of these points, first rate salmon fishing may occasionally be enjoyed. I have frequently had the pleasure of throwing the fly on the point in question, and, on one occasion, was so carried away with the sport, that I took no notice of the rising tide. It was near the sunset hour, and on preparing for my departure home, I discovered that I was completely surrounded with water, and that my situation was momentarily becoming more dangerous. The water was bitter cold, and turbulent, and the channel which separated me from the main shore was upwards of a hundred yards wide. I was more than half a mile from the nearest dwelling, and could not see a single sail on the Saguenay, or the still broader St. Lawrence, excepting a solitary ship, which was ten leagues away. My predicament, I assure you, was not to be envied. I could not entertain the idea that I should lose my life; and, though I felt myself to be in danger, my sensations were supremely ridiculous. But something, I was persuaded, must be done, and that immediately; and so I commenced throwing off my clothes for a final effort to save my life. I had stripped off everything but shirt and pantaloons, and to a flock of crows, which were cawing above my head, I must have presented an interesting picture. I thought of the famous swimming adventures of Leander and Lord Byron, and also, of the inconve-

niences of being drowned, (as Charles Lamb did of being hanged,) but just as I was about to make the important plunge, an Indian in his canoe came gliding around a neighboring point, and I was rescued, together with one salmon and some dozen pounds of trout.

But I have not finished my story yet. On the night following this incident I retired to bed in rather a sober mood, for I could not banish the recollection of my narrow escape from a ducking, if not from a watery grave. The consequence was, that, in my dreams, I underwent ten times as much mental suffering as I had actually endured. I dreamed, that, in scaling the rocks which lead to the point alluded to, I lost my footing, and fell into the water. While in this condition, drinking more salt water than I wanted, floundering about, like a sick porpoise, gasping for breath, and uttering a most doleful moan, I was suddenly awakened, and found my good landlord at my side, tapping me on the shoulder, for the purpose of summoning me —from the back of the *nightmare* I had been riding.

As I may not have another opportunity of alluding to this portion of the Saguenay, and the rocky point already alluded to, I must give my reader another, and a remarkable incident connected with them. Some years ago, the Hudson's Bay Company had in its employ, as clerk at Tadousac, an intelligent and amiable young man, whose name was McCray. For some unaccountable reason, he became deranged; and, on one occasion, a cold and stormy winter night, he took it into his head to cross the Saguenay upon the floating ice, which was coming down at the time. When first discovered, he was half way across the stream, and making frightful leaps of ten and fifteen feet from one block of ice to another. His friends followed in close pursuit, with a boat, as soon as possible, but on reaching the opposite shore, the unhappy man was not to be found. On the day following, however, certain people, who were hunting for him in the woods, discovered him, perched in the crotch of a tree, almost frozen to death, and senseless as a clod of the valley. He was taken home, the circulation of his blood restored, and he is now an inmate of the Quebec Lunatic Asylum.

The mind of this worthy man was thought to be of a high order; and it is certain that he possessed an extensive knowledge of botany and geology. From remarks that escaped him subsequently to the wonderful feat he performed, it is supposed that, at the time of starting across the river, he was thinking of a particular book which he wished to obtain, and had been told could be purchased at Quebec, towards which place (unattainable by land,) he had set his face. It is worthy of record that poor McCray is the only man that ever crossed the deep and angry Saguenay on the ice, as it is never solidly frozen; and it is almost certain that the feat he performed can never be again repeated.

But to return to my piscatorial remarks. Next to the salmon, the finest sporting fish of this region is the trout. Of these I have seen two species,—the salmon and the common trout. Of the former, I believe there is but one variety, but that is an exceedingly fine fish for sport, or the table, and is found in the lower tributaries of the St. Lawrence, from five to fifteen pounds. They are taken chiefly in the salt water, and possess a flavor which the trout of our western lakes do not. Of the common trout, I have seen at least six varieties, differing, however, only in color; for some are almost entirely white, others brown, some blue, some green, some black, and others yellow. These are taken everywhere in the St. Lawrence, and in all its tributaries. Those of the Saguenay are the largest, most abundant, and of the rarest quality. Upon the whole, I am inclined to set this river down as affording the finest trout-fishing that I have ever enjoyed, not even excepting that which I have experienced at the Falls of St. Mary, in Michigan. Almost every bay or cove in the Saguenay is crowded with trout, and, generally speaking, the rocks upon which you have to stand afford an abundance of room to swing and drop the fly. In some of the coves alluded to, I have frequently taken a dozen two-pound trout during an hour before sunset. Trout-fishing in this region possesses a charm which the angler seldom experiences in the rivers and lakes of the United States, which consists in his uncertainty as to the character of his prize before

he has landed him, for it may be a common or salmon trout, or a regular-built salmon, as these fish all swim in the same water. It is reported of a celebrated angler of Quebec, that he once spent a week on the Esquemain, and captured within that time, seventy salmon, and upwards of a hundred trout. This is a very large story, but I have faith enough to believe it true.

And now for a few remarks upon the fish of the lower St. Lawrence generally. Cod are taken to a very great extent, and constitute an important article of commerce. Herring and mackerel are abundant; also the halibut and sardine. Shad are also taken, but not in sufficient quantities to export. The lobster, flounder and oyster are also found in this river, and, with a few unimportant exceptions, these are the only fish that flourish in this portion of the great river. The sea bass, the striped bass, the blue fish, and the black fish, for which I should suppose these waters perfectly adapted, are entirely unknown.

SEAL HUNTING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

BEFORE breakfast this morning, I had the pleasure of taking fifteen common trout, and the remainder of the day I devoted to seal hunting. This animal is found in great abundance in the St. Lawrence, and by the Indians and a few white people, extensively hunted. There are several varieties found in these waters, and the usual market price for the oil and skin is five dollars. They vary in size from four to eight feet, and are said to be good eating Many people make them a principal article of food; and while the Indians use their skin for many purposes, they also light their cabins with the oil. In sailing the river, they meet you at every turn, and when first I saw one, I thought I was looking upon a drowning man; for they only raise their heads out of the water, and thus sustain themselves with their feet, fins, pads, flippers, or whatever you may call them. They live upon fish, and in many of their habits, closely resemble the otter. Their paws have five claws, joined together with a thick skin; they somewhat resemble the dog, and have a bearded snout like a cat, large bright eyes, and long sharp teeth. They are a noisy animal, and when a number of them are sunning themselves upon the sand, the screams they utter are doleful in the extreme—somewhat resembling the cry of children.

My first seal expedition was performed in company with two professional hunters. We started from shore with a yawl and a canoe, and made our course for a certain spot in the St. Lawrence, where the waters of the Saguenay and the flood tide came together, and caused a terrible commotion. The canoe led the way, occupied by one man, who was supplied with a harpoon,

and a long line; while the other hunter and myself came up in the rear, for the purpose of rescuing the harpooner in case an accident should happen, and also for the purpose of shipping the plunder. The seal seems to delight in frequenting the deepest water and more turbulent whirlpools, and the object of using the canoe is to steal upon him in the most successful manner. We had not floated about the eddy more than twenty minutes, before a large black animal made his appearance, about ten feet from the canoe; but just as he was on the point of diving, the hunter threw his harpoon, and gave him the line, to which was attached a buoy. The poor creature floundered about at a great rate, dived as far as he could towards the bottom, and then leaped entirely out of the water; but the cruel spear would not loosen its hold. Finally, after making every effort to escape, and tinging the surrounding water with a crimson hue, he gasped for breath a few times, and sunk to the end of the rope, quite dead. We then pulled him to the side of the boat, and with a gaff-hook secured him therein, and the hunt was renewed. In this manner did my companions capture no less than three seals before the hour of noon.

On one occasion, I noticed quite a large number of seals sunning themselves upon a certain sandy point; and as I felt an "itching palm" to obtain, with my own hands, the material for a winter cap, I spent the afternoon in the enjoyment of a "shooting frolic, all alone." I borrowed a rifle of one my friends, and, having passed over to the sandy point in a canoe, I secreted myself in the midst of some rocks, and awaited the game. I had remained quiet but a short time, when a huge black seal made its appearance, scrambling up the beach, where he kept a sharp look-out for anything that might do him harm. I admired the apparent intelligence of the creature, as he dragged his clumsy and legless body along the ground, and almost regretted that he was doomed to die. True to a whim of the moment however, I finally concluded to leave him unmolested for the present, hoping that he would soon be accompanied by one of his fellow-seals, and that I should have a chance of killing a pair. I was not disappointed, and you will therefore

please consider me in full view of one of the finest marks imaginable, three fine seals, and in the attitude of firing. Crack went the rifle, but my shot had only the effect of temporarily rousing the animals, and I proceeded to reload my gun, wondering at the cause of my missing, and feeling somewhat dissatisfied with matters and things in general. Again was it my privilege to fire, and I saw a stick fly into the air about thirty feet on the left of my game. The animals were, of course, not at all injured, but just enough frightened to turn their faces towards the water, into which they shortly plunged, and disappeared. I returned to my lodgings, honestly told my story, and was laughed at for my pains and bad luck. It so happened, however, that the owner of the gun imagined that something might be the matter with the thing, and, on examination, found that one of the sights had been accidently knocked from its original position, which circumstance had been the "cause of my anguish;" and, though it restored to me my good name as a marksman, it afforded me but little satisfaction.

But, that my paper about seals may be worth sealing, I will give you the history of an incident which illustrates the sagacity of an Indian in killing his game. A Mic-mac hunter, with his family, had reached the shore of the St. Lawrence, hungry, and short of ammunition. On a large sand-bank which lay before him, at a time when the tide was low, he discovered an immense number of seals. He waited for the tide to flow, and again to ebb, and as soon as the sand appeared above the water, he hastened to the dry point in his canoe, carrying only a hatchet as a weapon. On this spot he immediately dug a hole, into which he crept, and covered himself with a blanket. He then commenced uttering a cry in imitation of the seal, and in a short time had collected about him a very large number of those animals. He waited patiently for the tide to retire so far that the animals would have to travel at least a mile by land before reaching the water; and, when the wished for moment arrived, he suddenly fell upon the affrighted multitude, and with his tomahawk, succeeded in slaughtering upwards of one hundred. To many, this may appear to be an improbable story,

but when it is remembered that this amphibious animal is an exceedingly slow land traveller, it will be readily believed. The manner in which our hunter managed to save his game, was to tie them together with bark, and when the tide rose, tow them to the main shore.

Since I have brought my reader upon the waters of the St. Lawrence, I will not permit him to go ashore until I have given him an account of another inhabitant of the deep which is found in very great abundance, not only in this river, but also in the Saguenay. I allude to the white porpoise. The shape of this creature is similar to that of the whale, though of a pure white color, and usually about fifteen feet in length. They are exceedingly fat, and yield an oil of the best quality, while the skin is capable of being turned into durable leather. They are extensively used as an article of food; the fins and tail, when pickled, are considered a delicacy; and their value is about twenty-five dollars a-piece. They are far from being a shy fish; and, when sailing about our vessel in large numbers, as is often the case, they present a beautiful and unique appearance. For taking this fish, the people of this region have two methods. The first is to use a boat with a white bottom, behind which the fisherman tows a small wooden porpoise, which is painted a dark slate color, in imitation of the young of the species. With these lures the porpoise is often brought into the immediate vicinity of the harpoon, which is thrown here with fatal precision. In this manner an expert man will often take three or four fine prizes in a day. Another mode for taking these creatures is by fencing them in. It appears that it is customary for this fish to wander over the sand bars, at high water, for the purpose of feeding. Profiting by this knowledge, the fishermen enclose one of the sandy reefs with poles set about fifty feet apart, and sometimes covering a square mile. They leave an appropriate opening for the porpoises, which are sure to enter at high water, and, owing to their timidity, they are kept confined by the slender barrier until the tide ebbs, when they are destroyed in great numbers with very little trouble. It is reported that a party of fishermen, some ninety miles above

the Saguenay, once took one hundred and forty porpoises at one tide; and it is also asserted that in dividing the spoil the fishermen had a very bitter quarrel, since which time, as the story goes, not a single porpoise has ever been taken on the shoal in question.

THE ESQUIMAUX INDIANS OF LABRADOR.

THE vast region of country lying on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and extending to the eastward of the Saguenay as far as Newfoundland, is generally known under the name of Labrador. It is an exceedingly wild and desolate region, and, excepting an occasional fishing hamlet or a missionary station belonging to the worthy Moravians, its only inhabitants are Indians. Of these the more famous tribes are the Red Indians, (now almost extinct,) the Hunting Indians, the Mic-Macs, and the Esquimaux. The latter nation is by far the most numerous, and it is said that their sway even extends to the coasts of Hudson's Bay. They are, at the same time, the wildest and most rude inhabitants of this wilderness, and, in appearance, as well as manners and customs, closely resemble the inhabitants of Greenland.

During one of my nautical expeditions down the St. Lawrence, I chanced to be wind-bound for a couple of days at the mouth of the nameless river on the north shore, where I found a small encampment of Esquimaux Indians. The principal man of the party was exceedingly aged, and the only one who could convey his thoughts in any other language than his own. He had mingled much with the French fur traders of the north, and the French fishermen of the east, and possessed a smattering of their tongue. Seated by the side of this good old man, in his lodge with a moose skin for a seat, a pack of miscellaneous furs to lean against, and a rude seal-oil torch suspended over my head, I spent many hours of one long-to-be-remembered night in questioning him about his people. The substance of

the information I then collected, it is now my purpose to record; but it should be remembered that I speak of the nation at large, and not of any particular tribe.

According to my informant, the extent of the Esquimaux nation is unknown, for they consider themselves as numerous as the waves of the sea. Much has been done to give them an education, and, though missionaries of the cross have dwelt among them for about a century, yet the majority of this people are, at the present time, in heathen darkness. The men are chiefly employed in hunting and fishing, and the domestic labor is all performed by the women. Their clothes are made in the rudest manner imaginable, and generally of the coarser skins which they secure in hunting. They believe in a Supreme Being, who has a dwelling-place in the earth, the air, and the ocean, who is both good and evil; and they also believe in the immortality of the soul, which they describe as similar to air, which they cannot feel. Their principal men are magicians and conjurors, distinguished, as I infer from good reason, for their profligacy. Whenever a man is sick, they attribute the cause to the alleged fact that his soul has departed from his body, and he is looked upon with contempt and pity. The first man who came into the world sprang from the bosom of a beautiful valley; in this valley he spent his infancy and childhood, feeding upon berries; and having, on a certain occasion, picked up a flower which drooped over one of his accustomed paths, it immediately became changed into a girl with flowing hair, who became his playmate, and afterwards his wife, and was the mother of all living. They believe in a heaven and a hell, and consider that the road to the former is rugged and rocky, and that to the latter, level, and covered with grass. Their ideas of astronomy are peculiar, for they consider the sun, moon, and stars as so many of their ancestors, who have, for a great variety of reasons, been lifted to the skies, and become celestial bodies. In accounting for the two former, they relate that there was once a superb festival given by the Esquimaux, in a glorious snow-palace of the north, where were assembled all the young men and maidens of the

land. Among them was a remarkably brave youth, who was in love with an exceedingly beautiful girl. She, however, did not reciprocate this attachment, and endeavored, by all the means in her power, to escape from his caresses. To accomplish this end, she called upon the Great Spirit to give her a pair of wings; and, having received them, she flew into the air, and became the moon. The youth also endeavored to obtain a pair of wings, and, after many months, finally succeeded; and, on ascending to the sky, he became the sun. The moon, they say, has a dwelling-place in the west, and the sun another in the far east. They account for thunder and lightning by giving the story of two women who lived together in a wigwam, and, on one occasion, had a most furious battle. During the affray, the cabin tumbled in upon them, causing a tremendous noise, while the women were so angry that their eyes flashed fire. Rain, they say, comes from a river in the skies, which, from the great number of people who sometimes bathe in it, overflows its banks, and thus comes to the earth in showers.

When one of their friends has departed this life, they take all his property and scatter it upon the ground, outside of his cabin, to be purified by the air; but in the evening, they collect it together again, and bury it by the side of his grave. They think it wrong for the men to mourn for their friends, and consider themselves defiled if they happen to touch the body of the deceased, and the individual who usually performs the office of undertaker, is considered unclean for many days after fulfilling his duty. The women do all the wailing and weeping, and during their mourning season, which corresponds with the fame of the deceased, they abstain from food, wear their hair in great disorder, and refrain from every ablution. When a friendless man dies, his body is left upon the hills to decay, as if he had been a beast. When their children die, they bury the body of a dead dog in the same grave, that the child may have a guide in his pathway to an unknown land, to which they suppose all children go.

Polygamy, as such, among the Esquimaux, is practised only to a limited extent; but married men and women are not over-

scrupulous in their love affairs. Unmarried women, however, observe the rules of modesty with peculiar care, and the maiden who suffers herself to be betrayed, is looked upon with infamy. When a young man wishes to marry, he first settles the matter with his intended, and then, having asked and obtained her father's permission, he sends two old women to bring the lady to his lodge, and they are considered one. The Esquimaux mother is fond of her children, and never chastises them for any offence. Children are taught to be dutiful to their parents, and until they marry they always continue under the paternal roof.

The amusements of the Esquimaux do not differ, materially, from those of the Indian tribes generally. The men are fond of dancing, playing ball, and a species of dice game, while the women know of no recreation but that of dancing and singing.

And thus endeth my mite of information respecting one of the most extensive aboriginal nations of the far north.

THE HABITANS OF CANADA.

Since dating my last chapter from the Saguenay, I have completed my pilgrimage through Lower Canada; but before leaving the Province, I will give you the result of my observations respecting some of its people. These are divided into three classes—the descendants of the French colonists, commonly called "Habitans," the British settlers, and the Indian tribes. The "Habitans," of whom I am now to speak, are the most numerous, and so peculiar in their appearance and manners, as to attract the particular attention of travellers. The men are usually tall and slender, of sinewy build, and with a dark-brown complexion; the girls are black-eyed, and disposed to be beautiful, while the women are always dumpy, but good-looking. Their dress is similar to that of the French peasantry; the men wear the old-fashioned *capot*, on their heads every variety of fantastic caps and hats, and, on their feet, moccasins made of cow-hide; the women wear jackets or mantelets, which are made of bright colors, and, on their heads, either a cap or straw hat, made in the gipsy-fashion. Occasionally, they make an effort to imitate the English in their dress, and, at such times, invariably appear ridiculous. As a class they are devoted, principally, to agriculture; but as their opportunities for obtaining instruction are exceedingly limited, their knowledge of the art of husbandry is precisely what it was one hundred years ago. They seem to be entirely destitute of enterprise, and tread in the beaten steps of their fathers. They who live in the vicinity of Montreal and Quebec, generally supply those markets with vegetables; but those who reside in the

more obscure parts, seem to be quite satisfied if they can only manage to raise enough off their farms for the purpose of carrying them through the year. They are partial to rye bread, and never consider it in a cooking condition until it has been soured by age; and their standard dish, which they make use of on all occasions, is a plain pea soup. The consequence is, the pea is extensively cultivated. You seldom find a farmer who is so poor as not to be able to sell from five to fifty bushels of wheat, and this article he appropriates to the same use that most people do their money. Their plough is distinguished for its rudeness, and their farming implements, generally, would not be creditable even to a barbarous people. If an individual happens to have a stony field, the idea does not enter his head that he might build a fence with those very stones, and the consequence is, that he piles them in one immense heap, in the centre of the field, and draws his rails a distance, perhaps, of two miles. But with all their ignorance of agriculture, the the inhabitants are sufficiently careful to make their little farms yield them all the necessaries they require, particularly their clothing and shoes, their candles, soap, and sugar. There are but few professional mechanics among them, and the dwelling of the peasant is almost invariably the production of his own labor. Their houses are distinguished for pictorial beauty, always one story high, and, generally, neatly white-washed. Their cattle are small, and, owing to their neglect in feeding and protecting them, are exceedingly poor. Their horses are nothing but ponies, but distinguished for their toughness. The Habitans are partial to the luxury of riding, and their common vehicle is a rough two-wheeled cart, and, occasionally, a calash.

The establishment which I employed for traveling in the settled parts of Canada, was a fair specimen of the class. The cost of the horse (four feet and a half high,) was twenty dollars, and the cart (made entirely of wood,) was four dollars. My *coachman* was a Habitan, and, in driving over a hilly road, on a certain day, I had a fine opportunity for studying the conflicting traits of character which distinguish the race. Whene-

ver he wanted his horse to go fast, he pulled the reins with all his might, and continued to utter a succession of horrible yells. He invariably *ran* his animal *up* the hill, and deliberately *walked him down*. When angry at his unoffending beast, he showered upon his head a variety of oaths, which might be translated as follows: *infernal hog*, *black toad*, and *hellish dog;* and yet when the animal was about to drop to the ground from fatigue and heat, he would caress him, and do everything in his power to restore the animal, and ease his own conscience. I first employed this man to bring me to this place, and said nothing about continuing my journey. On ascertaining, however, that I was bound further down the St. Lawrence, he volunteered his services, and I employed him, although he had informed his wife that he would positively return on the night of the day he left her. I retained him in my employ for two days, and was particularly struck with the anxiety he manifested concerning the disappointment of his wife. He alluded to the impropriety of his conduct at least a dozen times, and usually added, "But you give me plenty money (it was only six dollars for taking me forty miles,) and *I will buy something pretty for my wife*, which will make her very glad—I guess she won't be sorry." I asked him what it was that he intended to purchase, and his answer was, "some ribbon, a pair of scissors, with some needles, and a calico dress." Who can deny that it is pleasant to study the sunshine of the human heart "by which we live?"

The Habitans profess the Roman Catholic religion with much zeal. Among them, I believe, may be found many worthy Christians; but they manifest their religious devotions in many peculiar ways. They are fond of social intercourse, and spend a goodly portion of their time in visiting each other. They reluctantly establish themselves beyond the sound of a chapel bell, and I positively believe that they spend more than half of their time in performing mass and horse-racing. The Sabbath is their great holiday, and always decidedly the noisiest day in the week. Their general deportment, however, is inoffensive, and often highly praiseworthy. They are seldom guilty of committing atrocious crimes, and do not often engage in the

personal conflicts which are so prevalent in the United States. They treat all men with kindness, and in their language and manners, are remarkably polite. The little girl, playing with her doll in her father's door, would think her conduct highly improper should she omit to drop you a courtesy as you passed along; and even the rude boy, when playing ball, or driving his team, invariably takes off his hat to salute the traveler.

The Habitans are particularly fond of the river St. Lawrence, and their settlements extend from Montreal, about two hundred miles along the river on the north shore, and perhaps three hundred and fifty on the southern shore. Their principal roads run parallel with the river; are about half a mile apart, and, generally, completely lined with rural dwellings.

The political opinions of the Habitans are extremely liberal, and not much in accordance with the spirit of Canadian institutions. They hate England by nature, and the advice of their priesthood, and scruple not to declare themselves actually in love with what they call the American Government. They complain that Englishmen treat them as if they were slaves, while the people of the United States always hail them as brothers. They are an unlettered race, but believe that their condition would be much happier were they the subjects of a President, instead of a Queen. That is a matter I consider questionable.

LAKE TIMISCOUTA.

The traveler who would go from Quebec to Halifax by the recently established government route, will have to take a steamer for one hundred and twenty miles down the great river, and cross the Grand Portage road, which commences at the river Du Loup, and extends to Lake Timiscouta, a distance of thirty-six miles.

With the village of Du Loup, I was well pleased. It contains about twelve hundred inhabitants, and a more general mixture of English, Scotch, and French than is usually found in the smaller towns of Canada. The place contains an Episcopal church, which must be looked upon as a curiosity in this Roman Catholic country, for it is the only one, I believe, found eastward of Quebec. The situation of the village is romantic. It commands an extensive prospect of the St. Lawrence, which is here upwards of twenty miles wide, and bounded, on the opposite side, by a multitude of rugged mountains. The river is studded with islands; and ships are constantly passing hither and thither over the broad expanse; and when, from their great distance, all these objects are constantly enveloped in a gauze-like atmosphere, there is a magic influence in the scenery. The principal local attraction is a water-fall, about a mile in the rear of the village. At this point the waters of the rapid and beautiful Du Loup dance joyously over a rocky bed, until they reach a picturesque precipice of perhaps eighty or a hundred feet, over which they dash in a sheet of foam, and, after forming an extensive and shadowy pool, glide onward, through a pleasant meadow, until they mingle with the waters of the

St. Lawrence. But, as I intend to take you over the Grand Portage, it is time that we should be off. The first ten miles of this road are dotted with the box-looking houses of the Canadian peasantry; but the rest of the route leads you up mountains and down valleys as wild and desolate as when first created. The principal trees of the forest are pine, spruce and hemlock, and the foundation of the country seems to be granite. This region is watered by many sparkling streams, which contain trout in great abundance; and the summer climate is so cold that ice is frequently formed in the month of July. The only curiosity on the road is of a geological character, and struck me as something remarkable. Crossing the road, and running in a northerly direction, and extending to the width of about two miles, is a singular bed of granite boulders. The rocks are of every size and form, and while, from a portion of them, rises a scanty vegetation, other portions are destitute of even the common moss. In looking upon this region, the idea struck me that I was passing through the bed of what once was a mighty river, but whose fountains have become forever dry. This is only one, however, of the unnumbered wonders of the world which are constantly appearing to puzzle the philosophy of man. In passing over the Grand Portage, the traveler has to resort to a conveyance which presents a striking contrast with the usual national works of her ladyship the Queen. It is the same establishment which conveys the Royal Mail from Quebec to Halifax, and consists of a common Canadian cart, a miserable Canadian pony, and a yet more miserable Canadian driver. Such is the way they order things in Canada, which, I fancy, is not exactly the way they do in France. The Grand Portage road itself is all that one could desire, and as there is a good deal of summer and winter traveling upon it, it is surprising that the Government cannot afford a more comfortable conveyance. But this recently "Disputed Territory," owing to nobody's fault but the actual settlers, seems to be destitute of everything desirable, and I know not but we ought to rejoice that Lord Ashburton concluded the late treaty in the manner he did.

The eastern termination of the Grand Portage road is at Lake Timiscouta, where is located a pleasant hamlet of Canadians, and a picketed fort, which is now abandoned. The views from this spot are unique and exceedingly beautiful, particularly a western view of the lake, when glowing beneath the rays of the setting sun. The Indian word Timiscouta signifies the *winding water*, and accurately describes the lake, which has a serpentine course, is twenty-four miles long, and from two to three wide. Excepting the cluster of houses already mentioned, there is not a single cabin on the whole lake, and the surrounding mountains, which are perhaps a thousand feet high, are the home of solitude and silence. The only vessels that navigate the Lake are Indian canoes, paddled by Canadians. Not only does the isolated settlers depend upon them for the transportation of provisions, but even the English nobleman, who travelling in this region, finds it necessary to sit like a tailor in their straw-covered bottoms. The winters here are very severe, snow oftentimes covering the earth to the depth of six feet for four months in the year.

The only outlet to Lake Timiscouta is the Madawaska River, which is but a contraction of the same water, but reduced to the width of a stone's throw, and leading to the St. John's, a distance of some forty miles. The meaning of Madawaska, as I am informed, is *never frozen*, and the river obtained this name from the fact that certain portions, on account of the current, are never ice-bound. The scenery of the river is precisely similar to that of its parent lake, only that it is a little cultivated. The waters of both are clear, but not very deep or cold. They abound in fish, of which the common trout, the perch, and tulady, are the more valuable varieties.

The manner in which I sailed through Timiscouta and Madawaska, was exceedingly pleasant, if not peculiar and ridiculous. My canoe was manned by a couple of barbarous Canadians, and while they occupied the extreme stern and bow, I was allowed the "largest liberty" in the body thereof. It was an exceedingly hot day when I passed through, and having stripped myself of nearly all my clothing, I rolled about at my own sweet

will, not only for the purpose of keeping cool, but that I might do a good business in the way of killing time. At one moment I was dipping my feet and hands in the water, humming a lightsome tune of yore, and anon sketching the portrait of a mountain or a group of trees. Now I lay flat upon my back, and while I watched the fantastic movements of the clouds, as they crossed the blue of heaven, I attended to the comforts of the inner man by sucking maple sugar. Now I called upon the boatmen to sing me a song, and, while they complied with my request, I fixed myself in the poetical attitude of a Turk, and smoked a cigar. At one time, we halted at a mountain spring, to obtain a refreshing drink, and at another, the men pulled up to some rocky point, that I might have the pleasure of throwing the fly. Thus vagabondizing, "pleasantly the days of Thalaba went by."

My voyage down the Madawaska was not without a characteristic incident. There was quite a fleet of canoes descending at the same time, some of them laden with women and babies, and some with furs, tin-kettles and the knapsacks of homebound lumbermen. Two of the canoes were managed by a Canadian and a Scotchman, who seemed to cherish a deeply-rooted passion for racing. They paddled a number of heats, and as they were alternately beaten, they both, finally, became angry, and began to bet extravagantly. The conclusion of the whole matter was that they went ashore on a bushy point among the mountains, and settled their difficulty by a "private fight." They fought, "like brave men, long and well," and by the time one had a tooth knocked out of his head, and the other had nearly lost an eye, they separated, and quietly resumed their way. These were the only wild animals that I saw in the Madawaska wilderness.

THE ACADIANS.

At the junction of the river Madawaska and St. John, and extending for some miles down the latter, is a settlement of about three hundred Acadians. How these people came by the name they bear, I do not exactly understand, but of their history, I remember the following particulars. In the year 1755, during the existence of the colonial difficulties between England and France, there existed in a remote section of Nova Scotia, about fifteen thousand Acadians. Aristocratic French blood flowed in their veins, and they were a peaceful and industrious race of husbandmen. Even after the government of England had become established in Canada, they cherished a secret attachment for the laws of their native country. But this was only a feeling, and they continued in the peaceful cultivation of their lands. In process of time, however, three titled Englishmen, named Lawrence, Boscawan and Moysten, held a council and formed the hard-hearted determination of driving this people from their homes, and scattering them to the four quarters of the globe. Playing the part of friends, this brotherhood of conquerors and heroes sent word to the Acadians that they must all meet at a certain place, on business which deeply concerned their welfare. Not dreaming of their impending fate, the poor Acadians met at the appointed place, and were there informed of the fact that their houses and lands were forfeited, and that they must leave the country to become wanderers in strange and distant lands. They sued for mercy, but the iron yoke of a Christian nation was laid more heavily upon their necks, in answer to that prayer, and they were driven

from home and country, and as they sailed from shore, or entered the wilderness, they saw in the distance, ascending to Heaven, the smoke of all they had loved and lost. Those who survived, found an asylum in the United States, and in the more remote portions of the British empire, and when, after the war, they were invited to return to their early homes, only thirteen hundred were known to be in existence. It is a remnant of this very people who, with their descendants, are now the owners of the Madawaska settlement, and it is in an Acadian dwelling that I am now penning this chapter. But owing to their many misfortunes, (I would speak in charity,) the Acadians have degenerated into a more ignorant and miserable people than are the Canadian French, whom they closely resemble in their appearance and customs. They believe the people of Canada to be a nation of knaves, and the people of Canada know them to be a half savage community. Worshipping a miserable priesthood, is their principal business; drinking and cheating their neighbors, their principal amusement. They live by tilling the soil, and are content if they can barely make the provision of one year take them to the entrance of another. They are, at the same time, passionate lovers of money, and have brought the science of fleecing strangers to perfection. Some of them by a life of meanness have succeeded in accumulating a respectable property; but all the money they obtain is systematically hoarded. It is reported of the principal man of this place that he has in his house, at the present moment, the sum of ten thousand dollars, in silver and gold, and yet this man's children are as ignorant of the alphabet as the cattle upon the hills. But with all their ignorance, the Acadians are a happy people, though the happiness is of a mere animal nature.

The scenery of this place, which does not seem to possess a name, is quite agreeable, but its attractive features are of an architectural character. The first is a block house, and the second a Catholic church. The block house occupies the summit of a commanding and rocky knoll, and was built at a cost of near five thousand dollars, for the purpose of defending this

portion of New Brunswick, during the existence of the late boundary difficulty. The edifice is built of stone and timber, and may be described as a square box, placed upon another and larger one in a triangular fashion; the width may be thirty feet, and the height one hundred and fifty. It is well supplied with port holes, entered by a wooden flight of stairs, and covered with a tin roof. It contains two stores, besides a well-filled magazine. It is abundantly supplied with guns and cannon, and almost every variety of shot, shells and balls. It was once occupied by three military companies, (about all that it would possibly hold;) but the only human being who now has any thing to do with it, is a worthy man, who officiates as keeper. The panorama which this fortress overlooks, is exceedingly picturesque, embracing both the valleys of Madawaska and that of the St. John, which fade away amid a multitude of wild and uncultivated mountains. When I first looked upon this block house, it struck me as being a most ridiculous affair, but on further examination, I became convinced that it could not be taken without the shedding of much blood. Compared with such a frontier post as Fort Snelling on the Mississippi, however, it sinks into insignificance.

Of the church to which I alluded, I have only to remark that it is a very small, and, apparently, a venerable structure, built of wood, painted yellow, with a red steeple. It is pleasantly located, amid a cluster of rude cabins, on the margin of the St. John, and in the immediate vicinity of a race course. It was my fate to spend a Sabbath in this Madawaska settlement. As a matter of course, I attended church. The congregation was large, and composed entirely of Acadians; decked out in the most ridiculous gew-gawish dresses imaginable. I noticed nothing extraordinary on the occasion, only that at the threshold of the church, was a kind of stand, where a woman was selling sausages and small beer. The services were read in Latin, and a sermon preached in French, which contained nothing but the most common-place advice, and that all of a secular character. At the conclusion of the service, the male portion of the congregation gradually collected together on the

neighboring green, and the afternoon was devoted to horse racing, the swiftest horse belonging to the loudest talker, and heaviest stake planter, and that man was—a disciple of the Pope, and the identical priest whom I had heard preach in the morning. It will be hard for you to believe this, but I have written the truth, as well as my last line about the Acadian settlement on the Madawaska.

DOWN THE MADAWASKA.

In coming to the Falls of the St. John, from the North, the traveller finds it necessary to descend the river St. John in a canoe. The distance from Madawaska is thirty-six miles, and the day that I passed down was delightful. My canoe was only about fifteen feet long, but my voyageur was an expert and faithful man, and we performed the trip without the slightest accident.

The valley of this portion of the river is mountainous, and its immediate banks vary from fifteen to thirty feet in height. The water is very clear and rapid, but of a brownish color, and quite warm, varying in depth from three to thirty feet, and the width is about a quarter of a mile. That portion of the stream (say some seventy miles of its source,) which belongs exclusively to the United States, runs through a fertile and beautiful country, abounds in water-falls and rapids, and is yet a wilderness. That portion which divides the United States from New Brunswick is somewhat cultivated, but principally by a French population. Owing to the fact that the farms all face the river, and are very narrow, (but extend back to the distance of two or three miles,) the houses have all been erected immediately on the river, so that, to the casual observer, the country might appear to be thickly inhabited, which is far from being the case. The principal business done on the river, is the driving of logs and timber for the market of St. John; and excepting the worthy and hard-working lumbermen who toil in the forests, the people are devoted to the tilling of their land, and are precisely similar to the Acadians in their manners and customs, and probably from the same stock. There is a miniature steamboat on the river, but as the unnumbered canoes of the inha-

bitants are engaged in a kind of opposition line, the fiery little craft would seem to have a hard time. In navigating the river the voyageurs paddle down stream, but use a pole in ascending; and two smart men, gracefully swinging their poles, and sending their little vessel rapidly against the current, taken in connection with the pleasant scenery of the river, present an agreeable and novel sight.

We started from Madawaska at four o'clock in the morning, and having travelled some twenty miles, we thought we would stop at the first nice-looking tavern on the shore, (for about every other dwelling is well supplied with liquor, and, consequently, considered a tavern,) for the purpose of obtaining a breakfast. Carefully did we haul up our canoe, and having knocked at the cabin door, were warmly welcomed by a savage-looking man, whose face was completely besmeared with dirt, and also by a dirty-looking woman, a couple of dirty-legged girls, and a young boy. The only furniture in the room was a bed, and a small cupboard, while the fire-place was without a particle of fire. In one corner of the room was a kind of bar, where the boy was in attendance, and seemed to be the spokesman of the dwelling. We asked him if we could have some breakfast, and he promptly replied that we could.

"What can you give us?" was my next question.

"Anything you please," replied the boy, in broken English.

"We'll take some ham and eggs, then."

"We haven't any, only some eggs."

'We'll take some bread and milk."

"We have'nt any bread, but plenty of milk."

"Haven't you any kind of meat?"

"*No, plenty of* RUM. *What'll you have?*"

I could stand this no longer, and having expressed my displeasure at the ignorance of the boy, and condemned his father for pretending to keep a tavern, I gave the former a sixpence, and took half a dozen eggs, with which we returned to our canoe. While I was fixing my seat in the boat, and commenting upon wilderness hospitality, my companion amused himself by swallowing four of the purchased eggs in a leather cup of brandy. In two hours after this little adventure, our canoe

was moored above the Falls of the St. John, and we were enjoying a first rate breakfast, prepared by the wife of a Mr. Russell, who keeps a comfortable house of entertainment in this place.

After I had finished my cigar, and enjoyed a resting spell, I pocketed my sketch-book, and spent the entire day examining the scenery of the Falls. After a broad and beautiful sweep, the river St. John here makes a sudden turn, and, becoming contracted to the width of about fifty yards, the waters make a plunge of perhaps forty feet, which is mostly in a solid mass, though rather disposed to form the third of a circle from shore to shore. Below this pitch, and extending for about a mile, is a succession of falls, which make the entire descent some eighty feet. The water rushes through what might be termed a winding chasm, whose walls are perhaps one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet high, perpendicular, and composed of a blueish calcareous slate. Generally speaking, the entire distance from the first fall to the last, presents a sheet of foam, though around every jutting point is a black, and, apparently, bottomless pool, which, when I peered into them, were quite alive with salmon, leaping into the air, or swimming on the margin of the foam. On the western side of the walls, to a great extent, the original forest has been suffered to remain, and a walk through its shadowy recesses is an uncommon treat; and on this side, also, is the ruin of an old saw-mill, which adds to the picturesque beauty of the spot. On the eastern side of the falls is a commanding hill, which has been stripped of its forest, and now presents a stump field, of three hundred acres. It is a desolate spot, but in strict keeping with the enterprise of the Province. The expense of clearing, or, rather, half clearing the hill in question, was six thousand dollars, and it was the original intention of the mother government to erect thereon an extensive fortress; but owing to the birth of a sensible reflection, the idea was abandoned. The barracks of the place, as they now exist, consist of two log houses, which are occupied by a dozen sprigs of the British Army. And thus endeth my account of one of the most picturesque spots in New Brunswick, which, I doubt not, may hereafter become a fashionable place of summer resort.

THE HERMIT OF AROOSTOOK.

On my way down the River St. John, I heard that the Aroostook, one of its principal tributaries, was famous for its salmon and a picturesque water-fall, so I took up my quarters at a tavern near the mouth of that stream, with a view of throwing the fly for a few days, and adding to my stock of sketches. I arrived in the forenoon, and after depositing my luggage in an upper room, and ordering a dinner, I proceeded to arrange my tackle and pencils for an afternoon expedition. This preparatory business I performed in the sitting-room of the tavern, where there happened to be seated at the time, and reading the New York Albion, an oddly-dressed, but gentlemanly-looking man. In form, he was tall and slender, appeared to be about fifty years of age, and there was such an air of refinement in his appearance and manners, that he attracted my particular attention. I said nothing, however, and quietly continued my snelling operations, until summoned to dinner. While at the table, I sent for the landlord, to inquire about the stranger whom I had noticed, and his reply was as follows:—

"His name is *Robert Egger;* he is a strange but good man, and lives the life of a recluse; his house is above the fall, on the Aroostook, and about four miles from here. He has been in this part of the country for many years, but I seldom see him at my house, excepting when he wants to read the news, put a letter in the office, or purchase a bag of flour."

With this intelligence I was quite delighted, for I fancied that I had discovered a *character*, which eventually proved to be the case. On returning to the room where the stranger was

seated, I introduced myself by offering him a cigar; and while fixing my rod, asked him a few questions about the surrounding country. His replies proved him to be an intelligent man, and as he happened to express himself a lover of the "gentle art," I offered him the use of some fishing tackle, and invited him to accompany me. He refused my offer, but accepted my invitation, and we started for the Aroostook. He officiated as my guide: and when we approached the river, which was from two to five feet deep, about one hundred yards wide, very rapid filled with bridge piers in ruin, we jumped into a Frenchman's canoe, and were landed on the northern shore. Here we came into a road which passed directly along the bank of the river; this we followed for one mile, until we arrived at a flouring mill, located at the mouth of a large and very beautiful brook where the road made a sudden turn towards the north. Directly opposite the mill, on the Aroostook side, was a narrow and rapid rift, where, my friend told me, I was sure to hook a salmon. I did not like the appearance of the place, but took his advice and waded in. I tried my luck for some thirty minutes, but could not tempt a single fish. This my friend did not understand; he said there were salmon there, and thought that the fault was mine. I knew what he wanted, and therefore handed him my rod, that he might try his fortune. He fished for nearly half an hour, and then broke the fly-tip of my rod. As I was cherishing an earnest desire to take at least one salmon *under the fall*, which I thought the only likely place to succeed, and towards which I had set my face, this little accident made me exceedingly nervous. My friend attempted to console me by remarking, that, as it was getting to be toward evening, we had better return to the tavern, and take a fresh start in the morning. But this proposition did not suit me at all, and I promptly said so. "Just as you please," replied my companion, and so we repaired the rod and continued up the river. Very rapid, with many and deep pools, was this portion of the stream; and our course along the shore, over logs and fallen trees, through tangled underbrush, and around rocky points—was attended with every imaginable difficulty, and so con-

tinued for at least two miles. On coming in sight of the fall, however, I was more than amply repaid for all my trouble, by the prospect which there presented itself. It was, perhaps, one hour before sunset, and there was a delightful atmosphere resting upon the landscape. Directly before me, in the extreme distance, and immediately under the crimson sun, was a narrow rocky gorge, through which foamed the waters of the Aroostook, over a precipice of some thirty feet; and just below the fall, rose a perpendicular rock to the height of nearly one hundred feet, dividing the stream into two channels. The entire middle distance of the prospect was composed of a broad and almost circular basin of very deep and dark water, skirted mostly with a rocky shore, while directly across the surface of this pool, winding down the stream, was a line of foam, distinguishing the main channel; while the foreground of this picture consisted of a gravelly beach, two bark wigwams, several canoes and some half dozen Indians, who were enjoying their evening meal by the side of an expiring fire.

We held a brief conversation with the Indians, and found out they had visited the basin for the purpose of spearing salmon by torchlight; and while my companion sat down in their midst to rest himself, I jumped into one of the canoes, and paddled to the foot of the fall, to try one of my fancy flies. I fished for about thirty minutes—caught one small salmon—lost two very large ones, and returned to the Indian camp, where I had previously concluded to spend the night, provided my guide did not insist upon returning to the tavern by moonlight. It so happened, however, that my interesting plan was vetoed by my companion, who told me that his dwelling was only a mile off, and that I must go and spend the night with him. I willingly assented to this proposition, and having picked up the salmon, we engaged the Indians to ferry us across the basin, and proceeded on our way. Our path was somewhat narrow, crooked, and intricate, and as I listened to the roaring of the water-fall, and thought of the mystery which hung over my companion, I could not but wonder what I was about, and to what strange place I was going.

In due time, however, we emerged from the woods, and came out upon the side of a gentle hill, which sloped to the margin of the Aroostook, and was sufficiently open to command an extensive view of the river. Here my friend told me to tarry a few moments, for he had a canoe hidden among some willows, and wished to hunt it up, that we might recross the river once more. I heard his words, but neglected to assist him, for my whole attention was riveted by the scene upon which I was gazing. The sober livery of twilight had settled upon the world, and the flowing of the river was so peaceful, that I could distinctly hear the hum of unnumbered insects as they sported in the air. On the opposite shore was a lofty forest-covered hill, and at the foot of it a small clearing, in the centre of which stood a rude log cabin—the dwelling-place of my friend. On my left, the river presented the appearance of a lake: and apparently in the centre of it were two of the most exquisitely foliaged islands imaginable. The valley seemed completely hemmed in with mountains, and these, together with a glowing sky, were all distinctly mirrored in the sleeping waters. Charming beyond compare was this evening landscape, and the holy time "was quiet as a nun, breathless with adoration." But now my companion summoned me to a seat in the canoe, and we passed over the stream in safety; he hauled up his shallop, laid aside his paddle, and, slapping me on the shoulder, led the way to his cabin, repeating, in a loud, clear voice, the following words:

"Alone I live, between four hills;
Famed Roostook runs between:
At times, wild animals appear,
But men are seldom seen."

On entering the hut, which was now quite dark, as it only contained one window, my companion turned abruptly round, and after making a frolicsome remark about my being in his power, he exclaimed—"That poetry I repeated to you just now was a home-spun article; but as you might fancy something a little more civilized, I would say to you, my young friend, in the language of Wordsworth's Solitary,

'This is my domain, my cell,
My hermitage, my cabin, what you will—
I love it better than a snail his house;
But now ye shall be feasted with our best.'"

Soon as these words had fallen from his lips, my friend proceeded to collect some wood for a fire, and while I was left to kindle the flame, he seized a tin-pail, and went after some spring water, which, he said, was some distance off. In a few moments, I produced a sufficient quantity of light to answer my purpose, and then took occasion to survey the room, into which I had been thus strangely introduced. Everything about me seemed to be oddity itself. First was the huge fireplace, rudely made of rough stones, and filled with ashes; then the blackish appearance of the log walls around, and the hemlock rafters above. In one corner stood a kind of wooden box, filled with blankets, which answered the purpose of a bed; and in front of the only window in the cabin was a pine table on which stood an inkstand and some writing paper, and under which sat a large gray cat, watching my movements with a suspicious eye. In one place stood a wooden chest, and a half-barrel of meal, and the only things in the room to sit upon, were a couple of wooden chairs. The crevices in the walls were stopped up with rags and clay, and from various rafters depended bundles of mint, hemlock, and other useful productions of the wood. A rusty old gun, and a home-made fishing rod occupied one corner; and on every side, resting upon wooden pegs, were numerous shelves, of every size and form, which were appropriated to a variety of uses. On one or two of them were the cooking utensils of my friend; on another, a lot of smoky books; and on others, a little of everything, from a box of salt or paper of tea, down to a spool of thread or a paper of needles.

In a few moments my friend entered the cabin, and immediately began to prepare our evening meal, which consisted of bread, fried pork, and salmon, and a cup of tea. Plain was our food, but it was as nicely cooked as if it had been done by a pretty girl, instead of an old man, and the comic pomposity with which every little matter was attended to, afforded me

much amusement. One thing I remember, which struck me as particularly funny. My host was talking about the conduct of Sir Robert Peel and the British Parliament, and while in the midst of his discourse, opened a trap-door leading to his cellar, and descended therein. I knew not what he was after, and waited his re-appearance with some anxiety, when suddenly he bobbed up his ghost-like head, resumed the thread of his remarks, and held forth in one hand a huge piece of fat pork, and as he became excited about the conduct of the Prime Minister, he occasionally slapped the pork with the remaining hand, and then shook it in the air, as if it had been one of the bloody Irishmen to whom he was occasionally alluding. He reminded me of Shakspeare's grave-digger. I also remember, that, when my friend was kneading his bread, the idea entered his head, from some remark that I had dropped, that I did not comprehend the meaning of a certain passage in Shakspeare; so he immediatoly wiped one of his hands, leaned over for his ragged copy of the mighty bard, and immediately settled the question to our mutual satisfaction.

Supper being ended, I pulled out of my pocket a couple of cigars which I had brought with me, and we then seated ourselves comfortably before the fire, and entered into a systematic conversation. The greater part of the talking was done by my companion, and in the course of the evening, I gathered the following particulars respecting his own history:

He told me he was a native of Hampshire, England, and had spent his boyhood in the city of London, as a counting-house clerk. He claimed a good name for his family, and added that Mr. William Jerdan, editor of the London Literary Gazette, was his brother-in-law, having married his only sister. He avowed himself about sixty years of age, and had been a resident of New Brunswick ever since the year 1809. He first came across the Atlantic as a government agent, for the transaction of business connected with the Fur Trade; and when he settled in the province, the whole country was an untrodden wilderness. Since that time he had followed a variety of employments, had acquired a competence, but lost it through the

rascality of friends. He told me he was a widower, and that he had one son, who resided in Frederickton, and was rapidly acquiring a reputation for his knowledge of engineering. "It does my heart good to remember this fact," continued my friend, "and I do hope that my son will not disgrace his family, as some people seem to think I have done. The God-forsaken inhabitants of this region have a habit of calling me a crazy old man. God be praised! I *know* they overshoot the mark in that particular; if I have lost my reason, I can tell the mocking world that I have endured trouble enough to make even a philosopher a raving maniac. By patient and unwearied toil, I have won two small fortunes, but both of them were snatched away, and I was left a beggar. The home government took pity on me, and offered to make me a present of land, adding that I was at liberty to make my own selection. I accepted their offer, and selected five hundred acres on the Aroostook, making the fall we visited this evening the centre of my domain. I duly received a deed for the property, and having concluded that my fellow-men were as tired of me as I was of them, I bolted for the wilderness, and have lived here ever since. Yes, sir, for twelve years have I been the only human inmate of this rude cabin; I ought to except, however, 'a lucid interval' of some nine months, which I spent in England, about four years ago, visiting my friends and the favorite haunts of my childhood. To enjoy even that little luxury, I was compelled to sacrifice a portion of my land."

"But why do you not sell your entire property," I remarked, "and take up your abode among men, where your knowledge might be made available?"

"Knowledge, indeed!" replied the hermit philosopher; "all that I possess, you might easily hide in the bowl of an acorn. I do know enough to cast my eyes heavenward, when crushed by misfortune, but the same knowledge was possessed by the worm upon which I accidentally trod this morning. What is man, at his best estate, but a worm! But this is not answering your question. My only reason for not selling this property is, that I cannot find a purchaser. Most gladly would I jump

at the chance, and then I *would* mingle with my fellow-men, and endeavor to be *of* them. Travelers, who sometimes pass through this region, tell me that my property is worth $5000; I know it to be worth at least that amount, but I should be glad to sell it for $3000, and that, too, on a credit of ten years. The interest would, indeed, be a meagre income, but I have schooled myself in the ways of poverty; and though it once cost me $2000 to carry me through a single year, I can tell you that my expenses for the last five years have not averaged more than *twenty dollars*, which I have had to obtain as best I could. But you must not misunderstand me. The little clearing which surrounds my rookery, contains six acres, and as I cultivate them with all diligence, they keep me from actual starvation."

"But it strikes me, my dear sir, that you ask rather an extravagant price for your uncultivated land?" I asked this question with a view of obtaining some information in reference to the valley of the Aroostook, and was not disappointed. The reply of my friend was as follows:

"I can convince you that you are mistaken. In the first place, the water privilege which my land covers, is acknowledged to be the most valuable on the Aroostook, and I may add, that it is abundantly fertile. And then think of the valley, at the very threshhold of which I am located! It is one of the most beautiful and luxuriant in this northern wilderness; and the only thing against it, though I say it that should not, is the fact, that nearly five miles of its outlet belongs to the English Government, while the remainder belongs to the United States. The whole of it ought to be yours; but if it were, I would not live here a year; I am near enough to you now; directly on the boundary line between your country and mine. The Aroostook, I verily believe, is one of the most important branches of the St. John. Its general course is easterly, but it is exceedingly serpentine, and according to some of your best surveyors, drains upwards of a million acres of the best soil in Maine. Above my place, there is hardly a spot that might not be navigated by a small steamboat, and I believe the

time is not far distant when your enterprising Yankees will have a score of boats employed here, in carrying their grain to market. Before that time comes, however, you must dig a canal or build a railroad around my beautiful waterfall, which, I am sure, could be done for $20,000. An extensive lumbering business is now carried on in the valley, but its future prosperity must depend upon its agriculture. Already are its shores dotted with well-cultivated farms, and every year is adding to their number, and the rural beauty of those already in existence. The soil of this valley is rich, and composed principally of what is called *alluvial* (not interval) land, together with the quality known as *upland*. In many portions, however, you will find some of the most charming intervals in the world. The trees of this region are similar to those of your Northern States. The staple crop of the Aroostook farmer is wheat. Owing to the shortness of our seasons, corn does not arrive at perfection, and its cultivation is neglected. Rye, barley, and oats, all flourish here, but much more buckwheat is raised than any other grain besides wheat. Grasses flourish here in great perfection, and the farmer of Aroostook will yet send to market immense quantities of cattle. As to the climate, it is not so severe as is generally supposed. Snow falls early, and continues late, which prevents the ground from freezing very deep. And when summer comes, as you may testify, the weather is sufficiently warm for every necessary purpose. Now, sir, do you not think I have made out a clear case?" I answered in the affirmative, and thanked him for the information he had given me. Like Oliver Twist, however, I was anxious for "more," and therefore endeavored to start him on another subject. In this laudable effort I fully succeeded, and by merely expressing the opinion that he must lead a very lonely life in this remote wilderness.

"Not at all, not at all," replied my friend. "It is my good fortune to belong to that class of men who depend upon books, the works of nature, and themselves, for happiness, and not upon a selfish and heartless world. As to my books, they are not very abundant, nor are they bound in fancy morocco; but

the substance of them is of the right sort. Foremost among them is the Bible, which tells even a poor devil like me that he is a man. Perfect in their generation are the truths of this glorious old book; they have an important bearing upon everything; and they should be studied and cherished with jealous care. But the earth-born men, with whom I hold daily communion, are the mighty Shakspeare, the splendid Gibbon, the good and loving brother poets Thomson and Wordsworth, the gifted but wayward Burns, the elegant and witty Addison, and the ponderous Johnson. These are the minds which always afford me solid satisfaction. As to the immense herd who keep the printing presses of the present day constantly employed, I know nothing about them, and care still less. And now as to the pleasures which are brought to me by the revolving seasons. They are indeed manifold, and it is pleasant to remember that 'Nature never did betray the heart that loved her.' The hills which surround my cabin I look upon as familiar friends; not only when crowned with a wreath of snow, but when rejoicing in their summer bloom; and a more peaceful and heart-soothing stream can nowhere be found, than the one which flows along by my door; and you know from experience that it abounds in the finest of salmon and trout. The surrounding woods furnish me with game, but their greatest treasures are the ten thousand beautiful birds, which make melody in their little hearts, and afford me unalloyed pleasure for at least one-half the year. I seldom have occasion to kill these feathered minstrels for food, and the consequence is, whenever I go out into my fields to work, they gather around me without fear, and often come so near, as to be in my very way. The quail and the wren, the jay and the blue-bird, the mocking-bird, the partridge, the fish-hawk, the eagle, and the crow, and also the swallow, the owl and whippoorwill, all build their nests within a stone's throw of my door, and they know that the friendless old man will do them no harm. And then what exquisite pleasure do I continually enjoy in watching the ever-varying changes of the year! First, when the primrose tells me that the rains are over and gone, and I go forth in the re-

freshing sunshine to sow my seeds; secondly, when the glorious summer is in its prime, with its dewy mornings and lovely twilights; also in the sober autumnal time, when I thoughtfully count the leaves floating on the bosom of the stream; and then, again, when the cold winds of winter are howling around my cabin, and I sit in my pleasant solitude before a roaring fire, building palaces, in my mind, as I peer into the burning embers. Yes, sir, I have learned to live without excitement, and to depend upon myself for the companionship I need. I do, indeed, occasionally steal out of my beautiful vale, and mingle with my fellow-men; but I always return perfectly contented with my lot. After all, I do not believe that the world *could* add greatly to my stock of happiness, even if I were a worshipper of Mammon, a brawling politician, or a responsible statesman."

"But, Mr. Egger, it strikes me that your manner of life is not in keeping with the Bible, for which you have expressed so much reverence."

"That may be true," was the reply, "but I make no sanctimonious pretensions. I do but little to promote the happiness of my fellow-men, and I congratulate myself with the idea that I do as little to make them miserable. The influence of my example amounts to nothing, and I give no bread to the poor, because I have none to give. But let us drop the subject; I feel that your questions may so annoy me, that I shall be compelled to abandon this glorious old wilderness, and become a denizen of the busy and noisy world."

A breach having thus been made in our discourse, I examined my watch, and found it to be near twelve o'clock. My companion took the hint, and immediately proceeded to fix a sleeping place that would accommodate us both. This was done by spreading the clothes of the wooden bedstead upon the floor. While going through with this little operation, he held high above his head a ragged old bed-quilt, and asked me what I thought Queen Victoria would say, if she had such an article to rest her royal limbs upon? He then pointed to the particular spot which he wanted me to occupy, giving as a reason for the request, that there was a hole on the opposite side of his

mansion, where toads, rats, and weasels were frequently in the habit of entering, and he was afraid that they might annoy me, though he had never been disturbed by their nocturnal visits. This information appeared to me somewhat peculiar, but did not prevent me from undressing myself to lie down. When about half through this business, however, I was actually compelled to take a seat on account of a laughing fit brought upon me by one or two stories, which my host related for my special benefit. *What* a strange man, indeed! thought I, and making another effort, I tumbled into bed. In the meantime, my companion had stripped himself of everything but his shirt, and in spite of the frailty of his "spindle shanks," was throwing himself into the attitudes for which Kemble was distinguished, whose acting he had often witnessed in olden times. I was already quite exhausted with excess of laughter, and I verily believed that the queer antics of the anchorite and philosopher would be the death of me. But I felt that I must go to sleep, and, in self-defence, partly covered my head with the end of a quilt, and almost swore that I would not be disturbed again.

I did not swear, however, and was consequently again disturbed. I had just fixed my head upon the pillow, as I thought, for the last time, when I was startled by a tremendous yell proceeding from without the cabin. I rushed out of the house as if the old Harry himself had been after me, and beheld my spare and venerable friend sitting upon a stump, gazing upon the rising moon, and listening to the distant howl of a wolf, with one of his feet dangling to and fro like the pendulum of a clock. "Wasn't that a musical yell, my boy?" were the first words spoken by the hermit mad-cap; and then he went on to point out all the finer features of the scene spread out before us. Silently flowed the stream, grand and sublime looked the mountains, clear and very blue the sky, spirit-like the moon and stars, and above the neighboring water-fall ascended a column of spray, which was fast melting into a snowy cloud. After enjoying this picture for a reasonable time, my companion then proposed that we should enjoy a swim in the river, to which arrangement I assented, even as did the wedding-guest of Cole-

ridge to the command of the Ancient Mariner. Our bath ended, we returned to the cabin, and in the course of half an hour, the hermit and the stranger were side by side in the arms of sleep.

On opening my eyes in the morning, the pleasant sunshine was flooding the floor through the open door, and my friend, who had risen without disturbing me, was frying some trout which he had just taken in the stream. I arose, rolled up the bed, and prepared myself for breakfast, which was particularly relished by the giver and the receiver. I spent the forenoon rambling about the estate of my old friend, and enjoying the surrounding scenery; I then proposed to him that he should come down and be my guest at the tavern on the St. John for a day or two, which invitation was accepted. Before my return, I took a sketch of the secluded vale where stands the cabin of my friend, also a profile of his own handsome face, and a view of his water-fall; and the time of my departure having arrived, the philosophic hermit returned to his solitary cottage among the mountains.*

* While on a second visit to the Valley of the St. John, in 1852, I had the pleasure of again meeting my Aroostook friend, whom I found in good health, and devoting himself to mercantile pursuits at the mouth of the beautiful Tobique.

THE RIVER ST. JOHN.

I HAVE recently performed a pilgrimage along the valley of the St. John, and as I am about to leave the river, it is meet that I should give my reader a record of my observations. The distance from the Falls of St. John to the city of that name, is two hundred and twenty miles. The width of the river varies from a quarter of a mile to two miles, and the depth from two to forty feet. That portion lying north of Frederickton abounds in rapids and shallows, and is navigated only by flat-bottomed boats, which are taken up stream by horse power, but descend with the current. Here, for the most part, the shores are mountainous, the more elevated peaks being named Mars Hill and Moose Mountain,—and only partly cultivated, with high and picturesque banks; the lowest portion, however, is of a level character, and presents the appearance of an ancient and highly cultivated country, and is navigated by steamboats, and the common sail-craft of the country. The soil all along the shores is good, but seems better adapted for grass than wheat, and I can see no good reason for its not becoming greatly distinguished as a grazing country.

The lower part of the river is not famous for pictorial features, though it abounds in beautiful landscapes; but a place called the Narrows, situated at the southern extremity, is worth visiting. At this point, the stream is not more than five hundred yards wide, and as it is bounded on either side by a high rocky barrier, the current ordinarily passes through with great rapidity. The tides of the ocean ascend about thirty miles, and it is only when the tide is high that the point in

question can be navigated. Though these narrows are a great annoyance to the navigator, by the lover of the picturesque they are highly esteemed. Not only are they beautiful in themselves, but, owing to the peculiarity of the place, it is frequently the case, that the broad expanse of water above it is covered with a fleet of sloops, schooners, steamboats, towboats, and timber crafts, which present a peculiar and agreeable panorama. The river abounds with salmon and shad, and the former, though rather small, may be taken by the angler in the principal tributaries. They are not sufficiently abundant, however, to constitute an important article of commerce, and the common modes of taking them are with the spear and the drift net.

The principal towns on the St. John are, Woodstock, French Village, Frederickton and St. John. The first of these is one hundred and fifty miles from the mouth, and though a ragged, yet an interesting village. So far as its natural productions are concerned, I am disposed to compliment this Province in the highest terms; but I must say, that the ignorance, idleness, and gouging character of its common people, have made me quite willing to take my departure therefrom. The expenses of travelling are enormous. Stage fares average about twelve cents per mile, and if you happen to spend a week at a miserable country tavern, you will have to pay two dollars per day for board. With a few exceptions, there is hardly a *country* tavern in the Province, where the traveller is not in danger of being robbed. It was my good fortune to be robbed only twice, but I was particularly fortunate. This is rather severe, but I am driven to talk in this strain, though I would not be understood as reflecting upon the better classes of the Province.

The stage-route from the Grand Falls to St. John passes through Woodstock, but the distance from this place to the American town of Houlton is ten miles, and in this direction there is also an established stage-route to Bangor.

The next place on the St. John of any note, is French Village. It contains a thousand souls—most of them Milicite Indians. They live in frame and log houses, and though they pretend to do some farming, they are chiefly engaged in hunt-

ing and fishing. They are a good-looking race, speak English fluently, and are the followers of a Roman Catholic priest, who lives among them, and officiates in a small chapel which was built by the Jesuits at an early day. This society is said to be one of the most wealthy in the Province. The chief of the village is one Louis Beir. He lives in a very comfortable and well-furnished house, is rather a handsome man, dresses in a half-savage manner, and while he offers his visitor a comfortable chair, he invariably seats himself upon the floor in the true Indian fashion.

Frederickton is at the head of the steamboat navigation, and distant from St. John ninety miles. Between these two places there runs a morning and evening boat, and the summer travel is quite extensive. Frederickton contains about five thousand inhabitants, composed of Irish, Scotch, and English. It displays three principal streets, running north and south, and some half dozen handsome public buildings, including an Episcopal church, after the Tuscan order, a court-house, and a college. The town is situated on a level plain, and its suburbs are made beautiful by the number of rural residences which attract the eye in every direction. The elm and poplar both seem to flourish here, and add much to the picturesqueness of the place and vicinity. The business of Frederickton is only of a second-rate character, and it has become what it is, merely from the fact that it is the seat of government. This fact has also had a tendency to collect a good society in the place, and its "ton," though in a small way, have been disposed to cut a dash. The "mother Parliament," I believe, has recently talked much about removing the seat of government to St. John, and the lovers of Frederickton are sorry and a little angry at the possibility of such a change.

The city of St. John stands at the mouth of the river of that name, and is also laved by the waters of the Bay of Fundy. I hate cities, but suppose that I must stop a moment in the one alluded to. It is a business place, planted among rocks, contains some twenty thousand inhabitants, (two-thirds of whom are Irish,) and in this port, at the present time, is moored a fleet

of two hundred ships. Its public buildings are numerous, the finest of which are the court-house, an Episcopal church of the Doric order, another after the Gothic, and a Presbyterian church after the Corinthian order. The city is defended by a fortress, which presents a handsome appearance as you approach the port. The merchants of the place are chiefly employed in the square-timber trade, and have, heretofore, done an extensive business. This trade, however, I am inclined to believe, is rapidly running out. On the opposite side of the St. John River is a picturesque point or hill, called the Carlton Hill. It is surmounted by a massive block-house, and commands an extensive view of the Bay of Fundy, the spring tides of which rise to the height of sixty feet. Before leaving the St. John River, I must pay a passing compliment to the Salmon and Tobique rivers, which are among its most charming tributaries. The first abounds in salmon, but the second in salmon and much beautiful scenery, having a number of falls, gorges, and narrows, which are unsurpassed. At the mouth of the Tobique, too, is situated a village of two or three hundred intelligent and inoffensive Milicite Indians, and a few days that I spent with a couple of these in their canoe, taking sketches, killing trout, trying for salmon, and listening to their stories, were among the happiest I ever experienced. The Tobique has its source in a spring-lake, and its two most picturesque features are the *Red Rapids*, so called from the sandstone over which it runs, and a place called *The Narrows*, which is a chasm nearly a mile long, and rendered exceedingly charming by a happy blending of the hemlock, pine, spruce-cedar, and birch trees, interspersed with hoary lichens. The Indians alluded to, have a Reservation of good land on this river, consisting of sixteen hundred acres; and on questioning the oldest man of the tribe about his national history, all that I could learn was, that they once lived on the Restigonche.

THE PENOBSCOT RIVER.

ONE week ago I was fighting with the musquetos and black flies, on the head-waters of the Penobscot, and now that I am upon the ocean once more, I fancy that my feelings are allied to those of an old moose that I lately saw standing in a mountain lake, with the water up to his lips. The noble river which I have mentioned, is all my fancy painted it, and in spite of its insect inhabitants, I shall ever remember it with pleasure.

The length of this stream from the mouth of its bay to where its principal branches come together, is about one hundred and forty miles; from this junction, to the fountain head of the west branch, the distance is supposed to be one hundred and fifty miles, while the east branch is probably only one hundred miles in length. Both of these streams rise in the midst of a mountain wilderness, looming above which is old Katahden, the loftiest mountain in Maine, elder brother to Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, and it towers into the sky so grandly, that nearly all the people who inhabit the northern part of Maine look upon it as a familiar friend. The two leading branches of the Penobscot run through a mountainous region, abounding in rapids and waterfalls. Among them are the Grand Falls, so-called, which are fifty feet high; Gordon's Fall, which is twenty-five feet high; and the Slugundy Falls, consisting of a great number of picturesque schutes and rapids. And then, upon some of the other tributaries of the Penobscot are to be found immense bogs, which have been poetically termed "Oceans of Moss," and are noted for their desolate

and lonely appearance. One of these, lying near the source of the Mattawamkeg, is said to be fifteen miles long, upon which, in the olden times, a great battle is said to have been fought between the Penobscot and Mohawk Indians, and in which were found, a few years ago, the remains of slain warriors, in a perfect state of preservation. The aborigines manifested their affection for this river by giving it no less than three names, characteristic of its diverse peculiarities, viz., *Penobscot*, or Rocky River; *Baam-tu-guai-took*, or Broad Water; and *Gim-sit-i-cook*, or Smooth Water. The soil of this region, generally speaking, is good, but remains in its original wildness. Its stationary inhabitants are few and far between; but it gives employment to about three thousand lumbermen. They spend the winter wielding the axe in the forests, and the spring and summer in driving down the stream logs which they have prepared for the saw-mills, which are mostly located on the lower part of the Penobscot. Nine months in the year they labor without ceasing, but usually appropriate to themselves a play spell of three months, which is the entire autumn. They are a young and powerfully built race of men, mostly New Englanders, generally unmarried, and, though rude in their manner, and intemperate, are quite intelligent. They seem to have a passion for their wild and toilsome life, and, judging from their dresses, I should think possess a fine eye for the comic and fantastic. The entire apparel of an individual usually consists of a pair of gray pantaloons and *two red* flannel shirts, a pair of long boots, and a woollen covering for the head, and *all* these things are worn at one and the same time. The head-covering alluded to, when first purchased, is what might be called a hat, but the wearers invariably take particular pains to transform the article into such queer shapes as to render it indescribable. Sometimes they take the crown and tie it in the shape of a fool's cap, and sometimes they trim the rims with a jack-knife into many different fashions. Their wages vary from twenty to thirty dollars per month, and they are chiefly employed by the lumber merchants of Bangor, who furnish them with the necessary supplies.

The Penobscot is unquestionably the most fruitful lumber river in the United States, and its pine and hemlock forests seem yet to be inexhaustible; and the State of Maine is indebted to the lumber business for many of its beautiful cities and towns.

From the Forks of the Penobscot to Bangor, the distance is about sixty miles. This portion of the river is nearly a quarter of a mile wide. The banks are rather low and level, and somewhat cultivated. The water is deep and clear, and the current strong. Generally speaking, the scenery of the river is not remarkable, and were it not for the numerous islands, it might be considered tame, by the lover of a mountain land. The islands alluded to, however, are exceedingly beautiful. Covered as they are with venerable elms, and containing no underbrush, but a continuous plot of green, they have all the appearance of cultivated parks. The stage route from Woodstock, after reaching the Penobscot, continues along the eastern bank, and as the coaches are comfortable, and the horses good, the ride is quite pleasant. The principal village, of which there are four, is Old Town. It is a busy little place, and the present termination of a railroad from Bangor, which is twelve miles distant. Directly opposite Old Town is a small island, where resides a remnant of the Penobscot Indians. They number some four hundred souls, and are just sufficiently civilized to lead a very miserable sort of life.

I come now to speak of Bangor. It is a well built and handsome city, eighty miles from the ocean, and contains about eight thousand inhabitants. It is at the head of tide water navigation, and has a good harbor, where I counted, from one point, nearly two hundred sails. The principal article of trade is lumber, which is distinguished for its good qualities. All the heaviest merchants are engaged in the lumber trade, and almost everybody deals in it to a limited extent. A few thousand shingles will pay your tailor for a coat, a few loads of plank will settle your account with the butcher, and bundles of clapboards are gladly received by the grocer, in exchange for his sugar and tea.

With the people of Bangor I was very much pleased. Their manners and habits are stamped with the true New England character; they mind their own business, and are distinguished for their intelligence, virtue and hospitality.

The distance from Bangor from the ocean is eighty miles. For twenty miles, the river averages three quarters of a mile in width, when it gradually widens into an expansive bay or gulf. The water is deep, always covered with vessels, and abounds in salmon, which are taken only with the net. The shores are hilly and well cultivated, and the towns of Bucksport, Frankfort, Belfast, and Thomaston, as you pass them, present each a thriving and pleasant appearance.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE AND THE KENNEBECK RIVER.

Moosehead Lake is the largest and the wildest in New England. It lies in the central portion of the State of Maine, and distant from the ocean about one hundred and fifty miles. Its length is fifty miles, and its width from five to fifteen. It is embosomed among a brotherhood of mountains, whose highest peak has been christened with the beautiful name of Katahden. This mountain is twenty miles from the Lake, is supposed to be six thousand feet high, and commands an uninterrupted view of the two great valleys of the Penobscot and Kennebeck. The ascent to the top is precipitous and rugged, but when attained, is found to consist of an area of perhaps one thousand acres of level land, resting on a granite foundation. In former times the Indians were fearful of hunting upon this mountain, because it was thought to be the abode of *Matahonda* or the author of Evil. All of these northern mountains, excepting Katahden, which is woodless on top, from base to summit, are covered with a dense forest, in which the pine is by far the most abundant. Moosehead is the grand centre of a vast wilderness region, whose principal denizens are wild beasts. During the summer months, its tranquil waters remain in unbroken solitude, unless some scenery-hunting pilgrim, like myself, happens to steal along its shores in his birchen canoe. But in the winter the case is very different, for then, all along its borders, may be heard the sound of the axe, wielded by a thousand men. Then it is that an immense quantity of logs are cut, which are manufactured into lumber at the extensive mills down the Kennebeck, which is the only outlet of the lake.

A winter at Moosehead must be attended with much that is rare, and wild, and exciting, not only to the wealthy proprietor who has a hundred men to superintend, but even to the toiling chopper himself. Look at a single specimen of the gladdening scenes enacted in that forest world. It is an awful night, the winds wailing, the snow falling, and the forests making a moan. Before you is a spacious, but rudely built log cabin, almost covered with snow. But now, above the shriek of the storm, and the howl of the wolf, you hear a long, loud shout, from a score of human mouths. You enter the cabin, and lo, a merry band of noble men, some lying on a buffalo-robe, and some seated upon a log, while the huge fire before them reveals every feature and wrinkle of their countenances, and makes a picture of the richest coloring. Now the call is for a song, and a young man sings a song of Scotland, which is his native land; a mug of cider then goes round, after which an old pioneer clears his throat for a hunting legend of the times of old; now the cunning jest is heard, and peals of hearty laughter shake the building; and now a soul-stirring speech is delivered in favor of Henry Clay. The fire-place is again replenished, when, with a happy and contented mind, each woodman retires to his couch, to sleep, and to dream of his wife and children, or of the buxom damsel whom he loves.

The number of logs which these men cut in a single winter, is almost incredible, and the business of conveying them to the lake upon the snow gives employment to a great many additional men and their oxen. The consequence is, that large quantities of flour, potatoes, pork, and hay, are consumed; and as these things are mostly supplied by the farmers of the Kennebeck, winter is the busiest season of the year throughout the region. When the lake is released from its icy fetters in the spring, a new feature of the logging business comes into operation, which is called rafting. A large raft contains about eighteen thousand logs, and covers a space of some ten acres. In towing them to Kennebeck, a small steamboat is employed, which, when seen from the summit of a hill, looks like a living creature struggling with a mighty incubus. But the most pic-

turesque thing connected with this business is a floating log-cabin, called a Raft-House, which ever attends a raft on its way to the river. During the summer, as before stated, Moosehead Lake is a perfect solitude, for the "log-chopper" has become a "log driver" on the Kennebeck—the little steamer having been moored in its sheltering bay, near the tavern at the south end of the lake, and the toiling oxen been permitted to enjoy their summer Sabbath on the farm of their master.

The islands of Moosehead Lake, of any size, are only four: Moose and Deer Islands at the southern extremity, Sugar Island in the large eastern bay, and Farm Island in a north-western direction from that. All of these are covered with beautiful groves, but the time is not far distant when they will be cultivated farms. Trout are the principal fish that flourish in its waters, and may be caught at any time in great abundance. And thereby hangs a *fish story*.

It was the sunset hour, and with one of my companions, I had gone to a rocky ledge for the purpose of trying my luck. Our bait was squirrel meat, and I was the first to throw the line. It had hardly reached the water, before I had the pleasure of striking and securing a two pound trout. This threw my friend into a perfect fever of excitement, so that he was everlastingly slow in cutting up the squirrel; and it may be readily supposed that I was somewhat excited myself; so I snatched the animal out of his hands, and with my *teeth*, made a number of good baits. The conclusion of the whole matter was, that in less than forty minutes we had caught nearly seventy pounds of salmon trout. But the fish of Moosehead are not to be compared with those of Horicon in point of delicacy, though they are very large, and very abundant. The reason of this is, that its waters are not remarkably clear, and a good deal of its bottom is muddy. Moose River, which is the principal tributary of the Lake, is a narrow, deep, and picturesque stream, where may be caught the common trout, weighing from one to three pounds.

In this portion of Maine every variety of forest game may be found; but the principal kinds are the gray wolf, the black

bear, the deer, and the moose. Winter is the appropriate season for their capture, when they afford a deal of sport to the hunter, and furnish a variety of food to the forest laborers. Deer are so very plenty, that a certain resident told me, that, in the deep snow of last winter, he caught some dozen of them alive, and having cut a slit in their ears, let them go, that they might recount to their kindred their marvellous escape. But the homeliest animal, the most abundant, and the best for eating, is the moose. I did not kill one, but spent a night with an old hunter who did. During the warm summer night, these animals, for the purpose of getting clear of the black fly, are in the habit of taking to the water, where, with nothing but their heads in sight, they remain for hours. It was the evening of one of those cloudless nights whose memory can never die. We were alone far up the Moose River, and it seemed to me, "we were the first that ever burst into that *forest* sea." On board a swan-like birch canoe we embarked, and with our rifles ready, we carefully and silently descended the stream. How can I describe the lovely pictures that we passed? Now we peered into an ink-black recess in the centre of a group of elms, where a thousand fire-flies were revelling in joy;—and now a solitary duck shot out into the stream from its hidden home, behind a fallen and decayed tree; now we watched the stars mirrored in the sleeping waves, and now we listened to the hoot of the owl, the drum of the partridge, the song of a distant water-fall, or the leap of a robber-trout. It was not far from midnight when my companion whispered, "Hush, hush!" and pointed to a dim spot some hundred yards below. The first chance was allotted me, so I took the best aim I could, and fired. I heard the ball skip along the water, and on coming near, found my mark to be only a smooth rock. Two hours more passed on, one small moose was killed, and at day-break we were in our cabin fast asleep. As to deer hunting there is hardly a lake in Maine that does not afford the rarest sport. The common mode is to "drive" the animals, until they take to the water, and then follow them in a canoe. To succeed in this sport you must have well trained dogs and Indian or half-breed canoe men.

The principal outlet of Moosehead Lake is the Kennebec, which now "demands my song." It is the second river in Maine, and one of the most beautiful in the country. Its name is derived from that of a famous aboriginal chief, who was called *Kannabis*, and whose dominions extended all along its course; and a journey down its charming valley borrows interest from the fact that the traitor, Arnold, before his disgrace, led through this wilderness his ill-fated but romantic expedition, which ended in defeat beneath the walls of Quebec. Instead of watering a wilderness, as I had supposed, all along its valley, for over a hundred miles, are fertile and extensive farms, with here and there a thriving village, inhabited by an intelligent and industrious people. Its principal tributary is Dead River, and the spot at the junction of the two is called the Forks. The cultivated region stops here, and between this point and Moosehead, the distance is twenty-five miles, and this portion is yet a forest wilderness.

The principal attraction at the Forks is a tavern, kept by one Burnham, who is a capital fellow to guide the lover of Nature, or the trout fisherman, to Moxy Fall or Nameless Lake, which are in the immediate vicinity. The mountains about here are quite lofty, and exceedingly picturesque, abounding in the maple, the oak, the pine and hemlock. Emptying into the Kennebec, a few miles north of the Forks, is a superb mountain stream, named Moxy, after an Indian who was there drowned many years ago. Winding for a long distance among wild ravines, and eternally singing to the woods a trumpet song, it finally makes a sudden plunge into a chasm more than a hundred feet in depth. The perpendicular rocks on either side rise to an immense height, their tops crowned with a "peculiar diadem of trees," and their crevices filled up with dark-green verdure, whence occasionally issues, hanging gracefully in the air, beautiful festoons of the ivy, and clusters of the mountain blue-bell. The depth of the pool was never told, and its waters wash against the granite walls in a perpetual gloom. On one occasion I visited it when there was a high freshet, and saw what I could hardly have believed from a de-

scription. I stood on an elevated point, in front of the Fall, when my eye rested upon an immense log, some sixty feet long, coming down the foaming stream with all the fury of a maddened steed; presently it reached the precipice,—then cleaved its airy pathway down into the hell of waters,—was completely out of sight for at least two minutes; then, like a creature endowed with life, it shot upward again, clear out of the water, made another less desperate plunge, and quietly pursued its course into the Kennebec.

In speaking of *Nameless Lake*, it is necessary that I should be a little egotistical. It is a fairy-like sheet of pure water in the heart of the mountain wilderness, only about a mile in length, but full of trout. The proprietor was of the party that accompanied me on my first visit. While approaching it, the remark was made that it was yet without a name; when it was agreed that it should be christened after that individual who should on that day throw the most successful fly. As fortune would have it, the honor was awarded to me; and on a guide-board in the forest, three miles from Burnham's, may be seen the figure of a hand, and the words "Lake Lanman." There stands my written name, exposed "to the peltings of the pitiless storm;" and in a few years, at the longest, it will be washed away, and the tree which supports it be mingling with the dust.

Not to attempt a description of the scenery of the Kennebeck, which could be faithfully given only by the pictures of a Cole or Durand, I will take my readers down its valley, and tell them what I know respecting its beautiful villages.

The first in order is Bingham, situated on a fertile "interval," surrounded with picturesque hills, charming and quiet as a summer day, and containing within the jurisdiction of its town an uncommonly fine farm, whose proprietor manufactures large quantities of maple sugar. This town, by the way, was named after William Bingham, whose landed estate in the wilds of Maine amounted to upwards of two millions of acres, and among whose descendants are two daughters, who married the Brothers Baring of London. Solon is the next village in the Kennebec valley, remarkable for nothing but Caritunk Falls, which are twenty

feet high, and run through a gorge fifty-feet wide. Here I saw some twenty men "driving" the logs that had been lodged all along the river when it was low. It is a laborious life which these men lead, but they receive good pay, and meet with many interesting adventures. They generally have the soul to enjoy fine scenery, and therefore demand the respect of the intelligent traveller. Anson, though in the valley of the Kennebec, is situated on Seven Mile Brook, and is a flourishing business place. From its neighboring hills may be seen the sky-piercing peaks of Mount Blue, Saddleback, Bigelow and Mount Abraham, which are the guardian spirits of Maine. The town is distinguished for its agricultural enterprise, and the abundance of its wheat, having actually produced more than is reported from any other town in the State. Norridgwock, so named after a tribe of Indians, is a charming little village, and associated with a celebrated Indian chief named Bomazeen, and also with the self-sacrificing labors of Father Sebastian Ralle, a devoted and learned Jesuit from France, who perished on this spot by the hands of British soldiers, falling dead at the foot of a cross he had erected in the village over which he ruled. Not far from here is a water-fall, also a picturesque bend of the Kennebec, where empties Sandy River, upon which are many extensive farms. Skowhegan is a thriving village, where there are fine falls, which I could never look upon without thinking of the famous Glen's Falls, in New York, of which they are a counterpart, though on a smaller scale. Many and very dear to me are my recollections of its "choice bits" of scenery, of the fine singing I there heard, of the acquaintances there formed, and of the pleasant literary communings which were mine in company with one of the best and most intellectual of women. Waterville, the next town on the river, is the seat of a Baptist college, and the head of navigation on account of the Ticonic Falls. It is the centre of an extensive farming district, which fact, together with the literary taste of its people, makes it an uncommonly interesting place. Augusta, the capital of the State, is also on the Kennebec, and with its State House, and other State buildings, its admirably conducted hotels, its

commanding churches, its large bridge, and pleasant residences, is one of the most picturesque and interesting towns in the whole of New England. Hallowell, two miles below Augusta, was once a great place for business, and is still a very pleasant town, though unable to compete with its rival, the capital. Gardiner, further down, is a famous place for saw-mills; and lumbering I look upon as one of the surest kinds of business. It contains the handsomest church-building in the State, and a number of fine residences. Bath is the next and most southern town on the Kennebec; it is quite a large place, where there is a great deal of shipping done, and is now in a flourishing condition. The sail down the river from here is a most delightful one, for the eye revels over a succession of pleasant farms, quiet headlands, solitary islands, and vessels of every kind, passing up and down the stream. Even to the present day, the Kennebec abounds in salmon, which are caught with nets from the first of May till midsummer. To take them with the hook is fine sport, indeed, and for the manner in which I conquered a solitary individual, I refer my reader to a certain passage in *Scrope on Salmon Fishing*. Few are the rivers that I love more than the Kennebec, and very dear to me are its manifold associations.

LETTERS

FROM

THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.

DAHLONEGA.

THE Cherokee word Dah-lon-e-ga signifies *the place of yellow metal;* and is now applied to a small hamlet at the foot of the Alleghany Mountains, in Lumpkin county, Georgia, reputed to be the wealthiest gold region in the United States. It is recorded of De Soto and his followers that, in the sixteenth century, they explored this entire Southern country in search of gold, and unquestionable evidences of their work have been discovered in various sections of the State. Among these testimonials may be mentioned the remains of an old furnace, and other works for mining, which have been brought to light by recent explorations. But the attention of our own people was first directed to this region while yet the Cherokees were in possession of the land, though the digging of gold was not made a regular business until after they had been politely banished by the General Government. As soon as the State of Georgia had become the rightful possessor of the soil (according to *law*) much contention and excitement arose among the people as to who should have the best opportunities for making fortunes; and, to settle all difficulties, it was decided by the State Legislature that the country should be surveyed and divided into lots of forty and one hundred and sixty acres, and distributed to the people by lottery. For several years subsequent to that period, deeds of wrong and outrage were practised to a very great extent by profligate adventurers who flocked to this El Dorado. In the year 1838, however, the Government established a branch Mint at this place, since which time a much better state of things has existed in Dahlonega.

The appearance of this village, though not more than a dozen years old, is somewhat antiquated, owing to the fact that the houses are chiefly built of logs, and, having never been painted are particularly dark and dingy, but uncommonly picturesque in form and location. The population of the place is about five hundred. It is located upon a hill, and though the country around is quite uneven, having been deeply ravined by atmospheric agents, when viewed in connection with the mountains, (some ten or fifteen miles off,) which seem to hem it in on three sides, presents the appearance of a pit to a magnificent amphitheatre. On approaching Dahlonega I noticed that the watercourses had all been mutilated with the spade and pickaxe, and that their waters were of a deep yellow; and having explored the country since then, I find that such is the condition of all the streams within a circuit of many miles. Large brooks (and even an occasional river) have been turned into a new channel, and thereby deprived of their original beauty. And of all the hills in the vicinity of Dahlonega which I have visited I have not seen one which is not actually riddled with shafts and tunnels. The soil is of a primitive character, quite yellowish in color, composed of sand and clay, and uncommonly easy to excavate with the spade. Heretofore the gold ore of Lumpkin county has been obtained from what has been called the deposit beds, but the miners are now beginning to direct their attention to the veined ore, which is supposed to be very abundant in all directions. It is generally found in quartz and a species of slate stone. The gold region of Georgia, strictly speaking, is confined to a broad belt, which runs in a northeastern and southwestern direction from Dahlonega, which may be considered its centre. Several auriferous veins traverse the town, and it is common after a rain to see the inhabitants busily engaged in *hunting* for gold in the streets. That huge quantities are thus accumulated in *these* days I am not ready to believe, whatever may have been done in former years. I know not that any very remarkable specimens of gold ore have been found in the immediate vicinity of Dahlonega, but an idea of the wealth of the State in this particular may be gathered from

the fact, that several lumps have heretofore been found in different sections, which were worth from five hundred to one thousand dollars. More valuable specimens have been found in North Carolina; but while Virginia, the Carolinas, and Alabama have all produced a goodly amount of gold, I have heard it conceded that Georgia has produced the largest quantity and decidedly the best quality.

And now with regard to the fortunes that have been made in this region. They are very few and far between. But, by way of illustration, I will give two or three incidents which have come to my knowledge. In passing, however, I may repeat the remark made to me by an intelligent gentleman, that the expenses of digging out the gold in this section of country have ever exceeded the gain by about one hundred per cent. Immense amounts of labor as well as money have been expended, and generally speaking, the condition of the people has not been improved; the very wealth of the country has caused the ruin of many individuals. The following story is a matter of popular history. After the State Legislature had divided the Cherokee Purchase into lots and regularly numbered them, it was rumored about the country that lot No. 1052 was a great prize, and everybody was on tiptoe with regard to its distribution by the proposed lottery. At that time 1052 *figured* in the dreams of every Georgian, and those figures were then far more *popular* than the figures 54 40 have been in these latter days. Among the more crazy individuals who attended the lottery was one Mosely, who had determined either to draw the much talked of prize *or purchase it of the winner*, even though it should be at the cost of his entire property, which was quite large. The drawing took place, and 1052 came into the possession of a poor farmer named Ellison. Mosely immediately mounted his horse and hastened to Ellison's farm, where he found the child of fortune following his plough. The would-be purchaser made known the object of his visit, and Ellison only laughed at the impetuosity of his impatient friend. Ellison said he was not anxious to sell the lot, but if Mosely *must* have it, he *might* have it for $30,000. Mosely acceded

to the terms, and in paying for the lot sacrificed most of his landed and personal property. The little property which was left him he was compelled to employ in working his mines; he labored with great diligence for several years, but he could never make both ends meet, for his mines were not at all distinguished for their richness. In process of time he was compelled to sell 1052 for what it would bring, and having squandered that remnant of his former wealth, he left the country for parts unknown, a veritable beggar. But, what is more singular than all, the present proprietor of 1052 is that identical man Ellison, who is annually realizing a handsome sum of money from the newly-discovered gold ore found in the bowels of his lottery lot.

Another instance of good fortune, unattended with any *alloy*, is as follows: Five years ago, a couple of brothers, who were at work upon the Georgia railroad, took it into their heads to visit Dahlonega and try their luck in the mining business. They were hard-working Irishmen, and understood the science of digging to perfection. They leased one or two lots in this vicinity, and are now reputed to be worth $15,000.

And now that it has come into my mind, I will mention another *lottery* anecdote, which was related to me by an old resident. By way of introduction, however, I ought here to mention that this region is famous for the number and size of its rattlesnakes, and that our hero had an utter abhorrence of the reptile. Among those who obtained prizes at the great drawing, before alluded to, was an individual from the southern part of the State, who drew a lot in this vicinity. In process of time he came to the north to explore his property, and had called at the house of a farmer near his land, for the purpose of obtaining a guide. In conversing with the farmer, he took occasion to express his dislike to the rattlesnake; whereupon the farmer concluded that he would attempt a speculation. Remembering that in going to the stranger's land he might (if he chose to do so) pass through an out-of-the-way ravine which abounded in the dreaded snake, the farmer beckoned to the stranger, and they took their way towards the ravine. After

they had arrived at the spot, hardly a rod did the pedestrians pass without hearing the hiss of a snake or seeing its fiery tongue, and the stranger was as completely frightened as any one could possibly be by a similar cause. In his despair he turned to his companion and said:

"Are snakes as plenty as this *all* over the country?"

"I can't say about that, stranger, but one of my neighbors killed about a hundred last year, and I've hearn tell that your land is very rich in snakes."

"Now I ain't a going any further in this infernal region, and I want to know if you have a horse that you'll give me for my land—gold ore, snakes, and all."

"I have, and a first-rate horse too."

"It's a bargain."

On the following morning, the stranger, like the hero of a novel, might be seen mounted on a Dahlonega steed, pursuing his devious pathway along a lonely road towards the south pole.

Of the uncounted gold mines which are found in this region, the most fruitful at the present times lies about twenty-five miles from here, in a northerly direction, and is the property of Mr. Lorenzo Dow Smith. And the success which has ever attended Lorenzo is worth recording. In a conversation that I had with him in this place, where he is now staying, I remarked that I should like to embody his history in a paragraph of my note book, and he replied to me as follows:

"I was born in Vermont; I came into this Southern country twenty-four years ago as a clock-pedler, where I drove a good business. I used to spend my summers among the mountains of the Cherokee country, partly for the purpose of keeping away from the fever, and partly with a view of living over again the days of my boyhood, which were spent among the Green Mountains. I made some money, and when the gold fever commenced I took it and went to speculating in gold lots, though I spent many years without finding lots of gold. I associated with bear hunters, and explored every corner and stream of this great mountain land, away to the north, and have seen more glorious scenery than any other live man. I'm forty years old, unmarried, love good liquor, and go in for

having fun. 'Bout four years ago, it came into my thinking mug that there must be plenty of gold in the bed of Coosa creek, which runs into Coosa river. I traded for a lot there, and went to work. I found a deposit, gave up work, and went to leasing small sections, which are now worked by a good many men, and give me a decent living. I have had all sorts of luck in my day—good luck and bad luck. When I'm prosperous I always hope to be more prosperous still, and when I have bad luck, I always wish for worse luck—if it'll only come. I never allow myself to be disappointed. The longer I live the more anxious am I to do some good to my fellow-men. I've passed the blossom of my life, and I don't expect to live many years longer; I haven't lived as I ought to have lived, but I hope it'll be well with me when I come to take my final sleep. But enough. I'm going out to my mine on a visit to-morrow, and if you'll go with me, I'll show you some real Vermont trout, and mountain peaks which would shame the camel's hump of old Yankee land."

I did not accept Lorenzo's tempting invitation, but I made up my mind that he was an original. Some of the scenery to which he alluded I shall visit in due time.

In former times, as before intimated, the miners of this region were mostly foreigners and an abandoned race, but the principal deposits and veins are now worked by native Georgians, who are a very respectable class of people. Among them are many young men, who labor hard and are intelligent. The dangers of mining in this region are rather uncommon, owing principally to the lightness of the soil. Many of the accidents which occur, however, are the result of carelessness; and the most melancholly one I have heard of is as follows: A man named Hunt, together with his son and another man named Smith, were digging for gold on the side of a neighboring hill. At the end of a tunnel, which was some thirty feet long, they excavated a large cave or hall, which they had neglected to support in the usual manner. They apprehended no danger, but were told by a neighbor that their conduct was imprudent. The elder Hunt thought he would be on the safe side, and on a certain afternoon went into the woods to cut the necessary timber, while his son

and Smith continued their labors in the cave. Night came on, and the father, having accomplished his task, retired to his home. On taking his seat at the supper table it came into his mind that his son and Smith were somewhat later in coming home than usual. He waited awhile, but becoming impatient, set out for the cave, and, on reaching it, to his utter astonishment and horror, he found that the roof of the cave had fallen in. The alarm was given, and the whole village was assembled, to extricate the unfortunate miners, and by the aid of torches the bodies were recovered. The boy was found in a running attitude, as if overtaken while endeavoring to escape, and the man Smith was found clinging to a single post, which had been vainly used to prop the ceiling of the cave.

With regard to the means employed by the miners I have but one word to say. The deposit gold is extracted from the gravel by means of a simple machine called a rocker, which merely shifts and washes out the metal. The vein gold is brought to light by means of what is called a pounding-mill, which reduces the rock to the consistency of sand, when the ore is separated by the use of quicksilver. In this particular department of their business the Dahlonega miners confess themselves to be comparatively ignorant; and what proves this to be the case is the fact, that some of their ore has frequently been worked over a second time with considerable profit.

But the prominent attraction of Dahlonega, I have not yet touched upon—I allude to the *Mint Establishment.* The building itself, which is quite large, has a commanding appearance. It was erected in 1837, at an expense of $70,000, and the machinery which it contains cost $30,000. It is built of brick, but stuccoed so as to resemble stone. It gives employment to nine men, who receive for their services, collectively, the sum of $12,000. The Superintendent, who also acts as Treasurer, is J. F. Cooper, (son, by the way, of the famous actor of that name;) the Comer is D. H. Mason, who has a very interesting cabinet of minerals, and the Assayer is J. L. Todd. The Dahlonega Branch Mint and the one located at Charlottesville, North Carolina, are the only ones in the United States which coin the gold on the very spot where it is found. The

New Orleans Branch, as well as the mother Mint in Philadelphia, are chiefly occupied with foreign ores. Of the two first mentioned, Dahlonega has thus far been the most successful, the coinage in one year having amounted to $600,000. At the present time, however, the business of this mint is said to be on the wane. The coinage of the three branch Mints mentioned above is uniform with that of the mother Mint, and it is all systematically tested there for approval. It thus appears that the whole establishment is a branch of the Treasury Department of the United States, and under the supervision of the Secretary of the Treasury, and an account of the progress and condition of the bureau is annually given to Congress.

The smallest amount of gold ore received at the Dahlonega Mint by law has to be worth one hundred dollars. When the miner has obtained a sufficient amount, he takes it to the Mint and delivers it to the Superintendent. That officer takes an account of it, and passes it over to the Assayer, who fixes its value, when the miner receives the allotted sum of money. The operation of coining is performed by the power of steam, and may be briefly described by the words rolling, drawing, cutting, and stamping. Some of the Dahlonega gold is said to be as pure as any in the world, but it is commonly alloyed with silver. One or two specimens were shown me, which were just one half silver: and yet it is said that *silver ore* is nowhere found in this section of country. The value of pure gold is one dollar per pennyweight: and I have learned since I came here that every genuine American eagle is made by law to contain one-twentieth of silver and one-twentieth of copper. The word *bullion*, which we hear so often mentioned among commercial men, is a misnomer, for it is legitimately applied only to unwrought gold, washed grains or gold dust, amalgamated cakes and balls, and melted bars and cakes; and the word *ingot* is applied to a bar of gold, which may be manufactured into two hundred half eagles, or one thousand dollars. To give a scientific account of what I have seen in the Dahlonega Mint would probably please my scientific readers, but, as I am not writing for them, they must excuse me. "What is writ, is writ; would it were worthier!"

TRIP TO TRACK ROCK.

During my stay at Dahlonega, where I arrived in April, I heard a good deal about a native wonder, called "Track Rock," which was reported to be some thirty miles off, on the north-western side of the Blue Ridge Mountains. On revolving the information in my mind, I concluded that this rock was identical with one which had been mentioned to me by Professor James Jackson, of the University of Georgia, and I also remembered that the Professor had shown me a specimen of the rock he alluded to, which contained the imprint or impression of a human foot. My curiosity was of course excited, and I resolved to visit the natural or artificial wonder. I made the pilgrimage on foot, and what I saw and heard of peculiar interest on the occasion the reader will find recorded in the present letter.

In accomplishing the trip to "Track Rock" and back again to this place I was two days. On the first day I walked only twenty miles, having tarried occasionally to take a pencil sketch or hear the birds, as they actually filled the air with melody. My course lay over a very uneven country, which was entirely uncultivated, excepting some half dozen quiet vales, which presented a cheerful appearance. The woods were generally composed of oak and chestnut, and destitute to a considerable extent of undergrowth; the soil was composed of clay and sand, and apparently fertile; and clear sparkling brooks intersected the country, and were the first that I had seen in Georgia. I had a number of extensive mountain views, which were more beautiful than imposing; and among the birds that attracted

my attention were the red-bird, mocking-bird, quail, lark, woodpecker, jay, king-bird, crow, blue-bird, and dove, together with a large black-bird, having a red head, (apparently of the woodpecker genus,) and another smaller bird, whose back was of a rich black, breast a bright brown, with an occasional white feather in its wing, which I fancied to be a species of robin. Since these were my companions, it may be readily imagined that "pleasantly the *hours* of Thalaba went by."

I spent the night at a place called "Tesantee Gap," in the cabin of a poor farmer, where I was most hospitably entertained. My host had a family of nine sons and three daughters, not one of whom had ever been out of the wilderness region of Georgia. Though the father was a very intelligent man by nature, he told me that he had received no education, and could hardly read a chapter in the Bible. He informed me, too, that his children were but little better informed, and seemed deeply to regret his inability to give them the schooling which he felt they needed. "I have always desired," said he, "that I could live on *some public road*, so that my girls could occasionally *see* a civilized man, since it is fated that they will never meet with them in society." I felt sorry for the worthy man, and endeavored to direct his attention from himself to the surrounding country. He told me the mountains were susceptible of cultivation even to their summits, and that the principal productions of his farm were corn, wheat, rye, and potatoes; also, that the country abounded in game, such as deer, turkeys, and bears, and an occasional panther. Some of the mountains, he said, were covered with hickory, and a peculiar kind of oak, and that gray squirrels were very abundant. The streams, he informed me, were well supplied with *large minnows*, by which I afterwards ascertained he meant the brook trout.

While conversing with my old friend, an hour or so before sunset, we were startled by the baying of his hounds, and on looking up the narrow road running by his home, we saw a fine looking doe coming towards us on the run. In its terror the poor creature made a sudden turn, and scaling a garden fence was overtaken by the dogs on a spot near which the wife of my

host was planting seeds, when she immediately seized a bean-pole, and by a single blow deprived the doe of life. In a very few moments her husband was on the ground, and, having put his knife to the throat of the animal, the twain re-entered their dwelling, as if nothing had happened out of the common order of events. This was the first deer that I ever knew to be killed by a woman. When I took occasion to compliment the dogs of my old friend, he said that one of them was a "powerful runner; for he had known him to follow a deer for three days and three nights." Having in view my future rambles among the mountains, I questioned my companion about the snakes of this region, and, after remarking that they were "very plenty," he continued as follows: "But of all the snake stories you ever heard tell of, I do not believe you ever heard of a *snake fight*. I saw one, Monday was a week, between a black-racer and a rattlesnake. It was in the road, about a mile from here, and when I saw them the racer had the other by the back of the head, and was coiling his body all around him, as if to squeeze him to death. The scuffle was pretty severe, but the racer soon killed the fellow with rattles, and I killed the racer. It was a queer scrape, and I reckon you do not often see the like in your country."

On the following day I passed through the Blue Ridge, and visited the "Mecca of my pilgrimage," and was—disappointed. I was piloted to it by a neighboring mountaineer, who remarked, "This is Track Rock, and it's no great shakes after all." I found it occupying an unobtrusive place by the road side. It is of an irregular form and quite smooth, rises gradually from the ground to the height of perhaps three feet, and is about twenty feet long by the most liberal measurement. It is evidently covered with a great variety of tracks, including those of men, bears or dogs, and turkeys, together with indistinct impressions of a man's hand. Some of the impressions are half an inch thick, while many of them appear to be almost entirely effaced. The rock seemed to be a species of slate-colored soapstone. The conclusion to which I have arrived, after careful examination, is as follows: This rock is located on what was

once an Indian trail, and, having been used by the Cherokees as a resting place, it was probably their own ingenuity which conceived and executed the characters which now puzzle the philosophy of many men. The common opinion is, however, that these tracks were originally made in a soft mud, which time has transformed into stone. But how came the human impressions there? The scenery about Track Rock is not remarkable for its grandeur, though you can hardly turn the eye in any direction without beholding an agreeable mountain landscape. In returning through Tesantee Gap and the valley below, I met with no adventures worth recording, and will therefore conclude my present epistle with a paragraph concerning the plantation where I am now tarrying.

The proprietor is an intelligent and worthy gentleman, who is reputed to be the nabob of this region. He acquired a portion of his wealth by digging gold, but is now chiefly devoting himself to agriculture. He complains of the little advancement which the people of Northern Georgia are making in the arts of husbandry; and thinks that it would be much better for the State if the people could be persuaded to follow the plough, instead of wasting their time and money in searching for gold, which metal, he seems to think, is nearly exhausted in this section of country. Among the curious things which I have seen under his roof, is a small but choice collection of minerals, fossil remains, and Indian relics, belonging to his eldest son. Among the latter may be mentioned a heavy stone pipe, made in imitation of a duck, which was found in Macon county, North Carolina, fifteen feet below the surface; and also a small cup, similar to a crucible, and made of an unknown earthy material, which was found in this county, about nine feet below the surface, and directly under a large tree. But the post boy's horn is blowing, and I must bring my "disjointed chat" to a conclusion.

VALLEY OF NACOOCHEE.

I now write from the most charming valley of this southern wilderness. The river Nacooche is a tributary of the Chattahooche, and, for this country, is a remarkably clear, cold and picturesque stream. From the moment that it doffs the title of brook, and receives the more dignified one of river, it begins to wind itself in a most wayward manner through a valley which is some eight or ten miles long, when it wanders from the vision of the ordinary traveller, and loses itself among unexplored hills. The valley is perhaps a mile wide, and, as the surrounding hills are not lofty, it is distinguished more for its beauty than any other quality; and this characteristic is greatly enhanced by the fact, that while the surrounding country remains in its original wilderness, the valley itself is highly cultivated, and the eye is occasionally gratified by cottage scenes, which suggest the ideas of contentment and peace. Before the window where I am now writing lies a broad meadow, where horses and cattle are quietly grazing, and from the neighboring hills comes to my ear the frequent tinkling of a bell, which tells me that the sheep or goats are returning from their morning rambles in the cool woods.

And now for the associations connected with the valley of Nacoochee. Foremost among them all is a somewhat isolated mountain, the summit of which is nearly three miles distant from the margin of the valley. It occupies a conspicuous position in all the views of the surrounding country, and from one point partially resembles the figure of a crouching bear, from which circumstance it was named the *Yonah* Mountain—yonah

being the Cherokee for bear. The mountain bear seems to be proud of its exalted position, and well it may, for it is the natural guardian of one of the sweetest valleys in the world. Its height is nearly two thousand feet above the water in its vicinity.

But the artificial memorials of Nacoochee are deserving of a passing notice. On the southern side of the valley, and about half a mile apart, are two mounds, which are the wonder of all who see them. They are, perhaps, forty feet high, and similar in form to a half globe. One of them has been cultivated, while the other is covered with grass and bushes, and surmounted, directly on the top, by a large pine tree. Into one of them an excavation has been made, and, as I am informed, pipes, tomahawks, and human bones were found in great numbers. Connected with these is an Indian legend, which I will give my readers presently.

Many discoveries have been made in the valley of Nacoochee, corroborating the general impression that De Soto, or some other adventurer in the olden times, performed a pilgrimage through the northern part of Georgia in search of gold. Some twelve years ago, for example, half a dozen log cabins were discovered in one portion of the valley, lying ten feet below the surface; and, in other places, something resembling a furnace, together with iron spoons, pieces of earthenware, and leaden plates were disinterred, and are now in possession of the resident inhabitants. In this connection might also be mentioned the ruin of an old fort, which may now be seen a few miles north of Nacoochee valley. It is almost obliterated from the face of the earth, but its various ramparts can be easily traced by a careful observer. Its purpose we can easily divine, but with regard to its history even the Indians are entirely ignorant.

Connected with the valley of Nacoochee are the following legends, which were related to me by the "oldest inhabitant" of this region.

In this valley, in the olden times, resided *Kostoyeak*, or the "Sharp Shooter," a chief of the Cherokee nation. He was

renowned for his bravery and cunning, and among his bitterest enemies was one *Chonesta*, or the "Black Dog," a chief of the Tennessees. In those days there was a Yemassee maiden residing in the low country, who was renowned for her beauty in all the land, and she numbered among her many suitors the famous Kostoyeak and four other warriors, upon each of whom she was pleased to smile; whereupon she discarded all the others, and among them the Tennessee chief Chonesta. On returning to his own country he breathed revenge against Kostoyeak, and threatened that if he succeeded to the hand of the Yemassee beauty, the Cherokee's tribe should be speedily exterminated. The merits of the four rival chiefs were equal, and the Yemassee chief could not decide upon which to bestow his daughter. Kostoyeak was her favorite, and in order to secure a marriage with him, she proposed to her father that she should accept that warrior who could discover where the waters of the Savannah and those of the Tennessee took their rise among the mountains. Supposing that no such place existed the father gave his consent, and the great hunt was commenced. At the end of the first moon Kostoyeak returned with the intelligence that he had found a gorge—now called the gap of the Blue Ridge, as well as Raburn Gap—where the two great rivers "shake hands and commence their several journeys, each singing a song of gladness and freedom." In process of time the Yemassee chief was convinced that Kostoyeak told a true story, and he was, therefore, married to the long-loved maiden of his choice.

Enraged at these events, Chonesta assembled his warriors, and made war upon the fortunate Cherokee and his whole tribe. The Great Spirit was the friend of Kostoyeak, and he was triumphant. He slew Chonesta with his own hand, and destroyed his bravest warriors, and finally became the possessor of half the entire Tennessee valley.

Years rolled on, and Kostoyeak as well as his wife were numbered among the dead. They were buried with every Indian honor in the valley of Nacoochee, and, to perpetuate their many virtues in after years, their several nations erected over

their remains the *mounds* which now adorn a portion of the valley where they lived.

The other legend to which I have alluded is as follows: The meaning of the Indian word Nacoochee is the "Evening Star," and was applied to a Cherokee girl of the same name. She was distinguished for her beauty, and a strange attachment for the flowers and the birds of her native valley. She died in her fifteenth summer, and at the twilight hour of a summer day. On the evening following her burial, a newly-born star made its appearance in the sky, and all her kindred cherished the belief that she whom they had thought as lovely as the star, had now become the brightest of the whole array which looked down upon the world, and so she has ever been remembered (as well as the valley where she lived) as Na-coo-chee, or the Evening Star. The spot of earth where the maiden is said to have been buried is now covered with flowers, and the waters of the beautiful Nacoochee seem to be murmuring a perpetual song in memory of the departed.

That this letter may leave a permanent impression upon my reader's mind, I will append to it the following poem written by a Georgia poet, Henry R. Jackson, Esq.

Mount Yonah — Vale of Nacoochee.

Before me, as I stand, his broad, round head
Mount YONAH lifts the neighboring hills above,
While, at his foot, all pleasantly is spread
NACOOCHEE'S vale, sweet as a dream of love.
Cradle of peace! mild, gentle as the dove
Whose tender accents from yon woodlands swell,
Must she have been who thus has interwove
Her name with thee, and thy soft, holy spell,
And all of peace which on this troubled globe may dwell!

NACOOCHEE—in tradition, thy sweet queen—
Has vanished with her maidens: not again
Along thy meadows shall their forms be seen;
The mountain echoes catch no more the strain
Of their wild Indian lays at evening's wane;

No more, where rumbling branches interwine,
They pluck the jasmine-flowers, or break the cane
Beside the marshy stream, or from the vine
Shake down, in purple showers, the luscious muscadine.

Yet round thee hangs the same sweet spirit still!
Thou art among these hills a sacred spot,
As if shut out from all the clouds of ill
That gloom so darkly o'er the human lot.
On thy green breast the world I quite forgot—
Its stern contentions—its dark grief and care,
And I breathed freer, deeper, and blushed not
At old emotions long, long stifled there,
Which sprang once more to life in thy calm, loving air.

I saw the last bright gleam of sunset play
On Yonah's lofty head: all quiet grew
Thy bosom, which beneath the shadows lay
Of the surrounding mountains; deeper blue
Fell on their mighty summits; evening threw
Her veil o'er all, and on her azure brow
A bright star shone; a trusting form I drew
Yet closer to my side; above, below,
Within where peace and hope life may not often know!

Thou loveliest of earth's valleys! fare thee well!
Nor is the parting pangless to my soul.
Youth, hope and happiness with thee shall dwell,
Unsullied Nature hold o'er thee control,
And years still leave thee beauteous as they roll.
Oh! I could linger with thee! yet this spell
Must break, e'en as upon my heart it stole,
And found a weakness there I may not tell—
An anxious life, a troubled future claim me! fare thee well!

CASCADE OF TUCCOAH.

The little village where I am now staying is decidedly the most interesting in the northern part of Georgia. There is nothing particularly fine about its buildings, and it only contains some three hundred inhabitants, but it commands a magnificent prospect of two ranges of the Alleghany Mountains. It is remarkable for the healthfulness of its climate, and is the summer resort of between forty and fifty of the most wealthy and accomplished families of Georgia and South Carolina, a number of whom have erected and are erecting elegant country seats in its immediate vicinity. It contains a mineral spring, which is said to have saved the lives of many individuals; and it patronizes two hotels, where the tourist may obtain all the luxuries of the North as well as the South, and in a style which must gratify and astonish him, when he remembers that he has reached the end of carriage traveling, and is on the confines of an almost impassable wilderness. The water-power in its neighborhood would supply at least fifty factories, and it yields more than a sufficient quantity of iron ore to furnish constant employment to an extensive smelting establishment and furnace. Its soil is of the best quality, and yields in great abundance every variety of produce peculiar to a temperate climate. But the chief attraction of Clarksville is, that it is the centre of some of the most romantic scenery in the world, and the stopping-place for all those who visit Nacoochee Valley, Yonah Mountain, the Tuccoah Cascade, Tallulah Falls, and Trail Mountain. The first two curiosities alluded to have already been described, and I now purpose to introduce to my reader

the peculiar and beautiful Cascade of Tuccoah, reserving the two other marvels of nature for future letters.

The Tuccoah is a very small stream—a mere brooklet, and for the most part is not at all distinguished for any other quality than those belonging to a thousand other sparkling streams of this region; but, in its oceanward course, it performs one leap which has given it a reputation. On account of this leap the aborigines christened it with the name of *Tuccoah* or *the beautiful.* To see this cascade, in your mind's eye, (and I here partly quote the language of one who could fully appreciate its beauty,) imagine a sheer precipice of gray and rugged rock, one hundred and eighty-six feet high, with a little quiet lake at its base, surrounded by sloping masses of granite and tall shadowy trees. From the overhanging lips of this cliff, aloft, between your upturned eyes and the sky, comes a softly flowing stream. After making a joyous leap it breaks into a shower of heavy spray, and scatters its drops more and more widely and minute, until, in little more than a drizzling mist it falls upon the smooth, moss-covered stones lying immediately beneath. All the way up the sides of this precipice cling, wherever space is afforded, little tufts of moss and delicate vines and creepers, contrasting beautifully with the solid granite. There is no stunning noise of falling waters, but only a dripping, pattering, plashing in the lake; a murmuring sound, which must be very grateful during the noontide heat of a summer day. There comes also a soft cool breeze, constantly from the foot of the precipice, caused by the falling shower, and this ripples the surface of the pool and gently agitates the leaves around and overhead.

Connected with the Cascade of Tuccoah is an Indian tradition, which was related to me by a gentleman connected with the Georgia University, who obtained it from a Cherokee chief. The occurrence is said to be well authenticated, and runneth in this wise: A short time previous to the Revolution, the Cherokees were waging a very bitter warfare against a powerful tribe of Indians who dwelt in the country of the Potomac. During one of their pitched battles, it so happened that the

Cherokees made captive about a dozen of their enemies, whom they brought into their own country safely bound. Their intention was to sacrifice the prisoners; but, as they wished the ceremony to be particularly imposing, on account of the fame of the captives, it was resolved to postpone the sacrifice until the following moon. In the meantime the Cherokee braves went forth to battle again, while the prisoners, now more securely bound than ever, were left in a large wigwam near Tuccoah, in the especial charge of an old woman, who was noted for her savage patriotism.

Day followed day, and, as the unfortunate enemies lay in the lodge of the old woman, she dealt out to them a scanty supply of food and water. They besought the woman to release them, and offered her the most valuable of Indian bribes, but she held her tongue and remained faithful to her trust. It was now the morning of a pleasant day, when an Indian boy called at the door of the old woman's lodge and told her that he had seen a party of their enemies in a neighboring valley, and he thought it probable that they had come to rescue their fellows. The woman heard this intelligence in silence, but bit her lip in anger and defiance. On re-entering her lodge another appeal for freedom was made, and the prisoners were delighted to see a smile playing about the countenance of their keeper. She told them she had relented, and was willing to let them escape their promised doom, but it must be on certain conditions. They were first to give into her hands all their personal effects, which she would bury under the lodge. She did not wish to be discovered, and they must therefore depart at the dead of night. She did not wish them to know how to find their way back to the lodge, whence they might see fit to take away her reward, and she therefore desired that they should be blindfolded, and consent to her leading them about two miles through a thick wood, into an open country, when she would release them. The prisoners gladly consented; and, while they were suffering themselves to be stripped of their robes and weapons, a heavy cloud canopied the sky, as if heralding a storm. At the hour of midnight loud peals of thunder bellowed through

the firmament, and terribly flashed the lightning. The night and the contemplated deed were admirably suited, thought the warriors, and so thought the woman also. She placed leathern bands around the eyes of her captives; and, having severed the thongs which confined their feet, bade them follow whither she might lead. They were connected with each other by iron withes; and so the woman led them to their promised freedom. Intricate, and winding, and tedious was the way; but not a murmur was uttered, nor a word spoken. Now has the strange procession reached a level spot of earth, and the men step proudly on their way. Now have they reached the precipice of Tuccoah; and as the woman walks to the very edge, she makes a sudden wheel, and, one after the other, are the poor captives launched into the abyss below. A loud wail of triumph echoes through the air from the lips of the woman-fiend, and, with the groans of the dying in her ears, and the very lightning in her path, does she retrace her steps to her lodge to seek repose, and then on the morrow to proclaim her cruel and unnatural deed.

In the bottom of the Tuccoah pool may now be gathered small fragments of a white material, resembling soap-stone, and many people allege that these are the remains of the Indian captives who perished at the foot of the precipice.

THE FALLS OF TALLULAH.

As a natural curiosity the *Falls of Tallulah* are on a par with the River Saguenay and the Falls of Niagara. They had been described to me in the most glowing and enthusiastic manner, and yet the reality far exceeds the scene which I had conceived. They have filled me with astonishment, and created a feeling strong enough almost to induce me to remain within hearing of their roar forever.

The Cherokee word *Tallulah* or *Turrurah*, signifies *the terrible*, and was originally applied to the river of that name on account of its fearful falls. This river rises among the Alleghany mountains, and is a tributary of the Savannah. Its entire course lies through a mountain land, and in every particular it is a mountain stream, narrow, deep, clear, cold, and subject to every variety of mood. During the first half of its career it winds among the hills as if in uneasy joy, and then for several miles it wears a placid appearance, and you can scarcely hear the murmur of its waters. Soon, tiring of this peaceful course, however, it narrows itself for an approaching contest, and runs through a chasm whose walls, about two miles in length, are for the most part perpendicular; and, after making within the space of half a mile a number of leaps as the chasm deepens, it settles into a turbulent and angry mood, and so continues until it leaves the chasm and regains its wonted character. The Falls of Tallulah, properly speaking, are five in number, and have been christened *Lodore*, *Tempesta*, *Oceana*, *Horicon*, and *the Serpentine*. Their several heights are said to be forty-five feet, one hundred, one hundred

and twenty, fifty, and thirty feet, making, in connection with the accompanying rapids, a descent of at least four hundred feet within the space of half a mile. At this point the stream is particularly winding, and the cliffs of solid granite on either side, which are perpendicular, vary in height from six hundred to nine hundred feet, while the mountains which back the cliffs reach an elevation of perhaps fifteen hundred feet. Many of the pools are very large and deep, and the walls and rocks in their immediate vicinity are always green with luxuriant mosses. The vegetation of the whole chasm is in fact particularly rich and varied; for you may here find not only the pine, but specimens of every variety of the more tender trees, together with lichens, and vines, and flowers, which would keep the botanist employed for half a century. Up to the present time, only four paths have been discovered leading to the margin of the water, and to make either of these descents requires much of the nerve and courage of the samphire-gatherer. Through this immense gorge a strong wind is ever blowing, and the sunlight never falls upon the cataracts without forming beautiful rainbows, which contrast strangely with the surrounding gloom and horror; and the roar of the waterfalls, eternally ascending to the sky, comes to the ear like a voice from heaven, calling upon man to wonder and admire.

Of the more peculiar features which I have met with in the Tallulah chasm, the following are the only ones which have yet been christened, viz.: the Devil's Pulpit, the Devil's Dwelling, the Eagle's Nest, the Deer Leap, Hawthorn's Pool, and Hanck's Sliding Place.

The Devil's Pulpit is a double-headed and exceedingly ragged cliff, which actually hangs over the ravine, and estimated to be over six hundred feet high. While standing upon the brow of this precipice I saw a number of buzzards sitting upon the rocks below, and appearing like a flock of blackbirds. While looking at them, the thought came into my mind that I would startle them from their fancied security, by throwing a stone among them. I did throw the stone, and with all my might, too, but instead of going across the ravine, as I sup-

posed it would, it fell out of my sight, and apparently at the very base of the cliff upon which I was standing. This little incident gave me a realizing sense of the immense width and depth of the chasm. While upon this cliff also, with my arms clasped around a small pine tree, an eagle came sailing up the chasm in mid air, and, as he cast his eye upward at my insignificant form, he uttered a loud shriek as if in anger at my temerity, and continued on his way, swooping above the spray of the waterfalls.

The *Devil's Dwelling* is a cave of some twenty feet in depth, which occupies a conspicuous place near the summit of a precipice overlooking the Horicon Fall. Near its outlet is a singular rock, which resembles (from the opposite side of the gorge) the figure of a woman in a sitting posture, who is said to be the wife or better-half of the devil. I do not *believe* this story, and cannot therefore endorse the prevailing opinion.

The *Eagle's Nest* is a rock which projects from the brow of a cliff reputed to be seven hundred feet high, and perpendicular. The finest view of this point is from the margin of the water, where it is grand beyond compare. To describe it with the pen were utterly impossible, but it was just such a scene as would have delighted the lamented COLE, and by a kindred genius alone can it ever be placed on the canvas.

The *Deer Leap* is the highest cliff in the whole chasm, measuring about nine hundred feet, and differs from its fellows in two particulars. From summit to bottom it is almost without a fissure or an evergreen, and remarkably smooth; and over it, in the most beautiful manner imaginable, tumbles a tiny stream, which scatters upon the rocks below with infinite prodigality the purest of diamonds and pearls, appearing to be woven into wreaths of foam. It obtained its name from the circumstance that a deer was once pursued to this point by a hound, and in its terror, cleared a pathway through the air, and perished in the depths below.

Hawthorn's Pool derives its name from the fact that in its apparently soundless waters a young and accomplished English clergyman lost his life while bathing; and *Hanck's Sliding*

Place is so called because a native of this region once slipped off the rock into a sheet of foam, and was rescued from his perilous situation not much injured, but immensely frightened.

But of all the scenes which I have been privileged to enjoy in the Tallulah chasm, the most glorious and superb was witnessed in the night time. For several days previous to my coming here the woods had been on fire, and I was constantly on the watch for a night picture of a burning forest. On one occasion, as I was about retiring, I saw a light in the direction of the Falls, and concluded that I would take a walk to the Devil's Pulpit, which was distant from my tarrying place some hundred and fifty yards. When I reached there I felt convinced that the fire would soon be in plain view, for I was on the western side of the gorge, and the wind was blowing from the eastward. In a very few moments my anticipations were realized, for I saw the flame licking up the dead leaves which covered the ground, and also stealing up the trunk of every dry tree in its path. A warm current of air was now wafted to my cheek by the breeze, and I discovered with intense satisfaction that an immense dead pine which hung over the opposite precipice (and whose dark form I had noticed distinctly pictured against the crimson background) had been reached by the flame, and in another moment it was entirely in a blaze. The excitement which now took possession of my mind was truly painful; and, as I threw my arms around a small tree, and peered into the horrible chasm, my whole frame shook with an indescribable emotion. The magnificent torch directly in front of me did not seem to have any effect upon the surrounding darkness, but threw a ruddy and death-like glow upon every object in the bottom of the gorge. A flock of vultures which were roosting far down in the ravine were frightened out of their sleep, and in their dismay, as they attempted to rise, flew against the cliffs and amongst the trees, until they finally disappeared; and a number of bats and other winged creatures were winnowing their way in every direction. The deep black pools beneath were enveloped in a more intense blackness, while the foam and spray of a neighboring fall were made a thousand-fold more beautiful than before. The vines, and lichens, and mosses

seemed to cling more closely than usual to their parent rocks; and when an occasional ember fell from its great height far down, and still further down into the abyss below, it made me dizzy and I retreated from my commanding position. In less than twenty minutes from that time the fire was exhausted, and the pall of night had settled upon the lately so brilliant chasm, and no vestige of the marvellous scene remained but an occasional wreath of smoke fading away into the upper air.

During my stay at the Falls of Tallulah I made every effort to obtain an Indian legend or two connected with them, and it was my good fortune to hear one which has never yet been printed. It was originally obtained by the white man who first discovered the Falls, from the Cherokees, who lived in this region at the time. It is in substance as follows: Many generations ago it so happened that several famous hunters, who had wandered from the West towards what is now the Savannah river, in search of game, never returned to their camping grounds. In process of time the curiosity as well as the fears of the nation were excited, and an effort was made to ascertain the cause of their singular disappearance. Whereupon a party of medicine-men were deputed to make a pilgrimage towards the great river. They were absent a whole moon, and, on returning to their friends, they reported that they had discovered a dreadful fissure in an unknown part of the country, through which a mountain torrent took its way with a deafening noise. They said that it was an exceedingly wild place, and that its inhabitants were a species of *little men and women*, who dwelt in the crevices of the rocks and in the grottoes under the waterfalls. They had attempted by every artifice in their power to hold a council with the little people, but all in vain; and, from the shrieks they frequently uttered, the medicine-men knew that they were the enemies of the Indian race; and, therefore, it was concluded in the nation at large that the long lost hunters had been decoyed to their death in the dreadful gorge which they called Tallulah. In view of this little legend, it is worthy of remark that the Cherokee nation, previous to their departure to the distant West, always avoided the Falls of Tallulah, and were seldom found hunting or fishing in their vicinity.

THE HUNTER OF TALLULAH.

THE subject of my present letter is ADAM VANDEVER, "the Hunter of Tallulah." His fame reached my ears soon after arriving at this place, and, having obtained a guide, I paid him a visit at his residence, which is planted directly at the mouth of Tallulah chasm. He lives in a log-cabin, occupying the centre of a small valley, through which the Tallulah river winds its wayward course. It is completely hemmed in on all sides by wild and abrupt mountains, and one of the most romantic and beautiful nooks imaginable. VANDEVER is about sixty years of age, small in stature, has a weasel face, a small gray eye, and wears a long white beard. He was born in South Carolina, spent his early manhood in the wilds of Kentucky, and the last thirty years of his life in the wilderness of Georgia. By way of a frolic, he took a part in the Creek war, and is said to have killed more Indians than any other white man in the army. In the battle of Ottassee alone, he is reported to have sent his rifle-ball through the hearts of twenty poor heathen, merely because they had an undying passion for their native hills, which they could not bear to leave for an unknown wilderness. But Vandever aimed his rifle at the command of his country, and of course the charge of cold-blooded butchery does not rest upon his head. He is now living with his *third* wife, and claims to be the father of *over thirty children*, only five of whom, however, are living under his roof, the remainder being dead or scattered over the world. During the summer months he tills, with his own hand, the few acres of land which constitute his domain. His live stock consists of a mule and some half dozen of goats, together with a number of dogs.

On inquiring into his forest life, he gave me, among others, the following particulars. When the hunting season commences, early in November, he supplies himself with every variety of shooting materials, steel-traps, and a comfortable stock of provisions, and, placing them upon his mule, starts for some wild region among the mountains, where he remains until the following spring. The shanty which he occupies during this season is of the rudest character, with one side always open, as he tells me, for the purpose of having an abundance of fresh air. In killing wild animals he pursues but two methods, called "fire-lighting" and "still-hunting." His favorite game is the deer, but he is not particular, and secures the fur of every four-legged creature which may happen to cross his path. The largest number of skins that he ever brought home at one time was six hundred, among which were those of the bear, the black and gray wolf, the panther, the wild-cat, the fox, the coon, and some dozen other varieties. He computes the entire number of deer that he has killed in his lifetime at four thousand. When spring arrives, and he purposes to return to his valley home, he packs his furs upon his old mule, and, seating himself upon the pile of plunder, makes a bee-line out of the wilderness. And by those who have seen him in this homeward-bound condition, I am told that he presents one of the most curious and romantic pictures imaginable. While among the mountains, his beast subsists upon whatever it may happen to glean in its forest rambles, and, when the first supply of his own provisions is exhausted, he usually contents himself with wild game, which he is often compelled to devour unaccompanied with bread or salt. His mule is the smallest and most miserable looking creature of the kind that I ever saw, and glories in the singular name of "The Devil and Tom Walker." When Vandever informed me of this fact, which he did with a self-satisfied air, I told him that the first portion of the mule's name was more applicable to himself than to the dumb beast; whereupon he "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," as if I had paid him a compliment. Old Vandever is an illiterate man, and when I asked him to give me his opinion of President Polk,

he replied: "I never seed the Governor of this State; for, when he came to this country some years ago, I was off on 'tother side of the ridge, shooting deer. I voted for the General, and that's all I know about him." Very well! and this, thought I, is one of the freemen of our land, who help to elect our rulers!

On questioning my hunter friend with regard to some of his adventures, he commenced a rigmarole narrative, which would have lasted a whole month had I not politely requested him to keep his mouth closed while I took a portrait of him in pencil. His stories all bore a strong family likeness, but were evidently to be relied on, and proved conclusively that the man knew not what it was to fear.

As specimens of the whole, I will outline a few. On one occasion he came up to a large gray wolf, into whose head he discharged a ball. The animal did not drop, but made its way into an adjoining cavern and disappeared. Vandever waited awhile at the opening, and as he could not see or hear his game he concluded that it had ceased to breathe, whereupon he fell upon his hands and knees, and entered the cave. On reaching the bottom, he found the wolf alive, when a "clinch fight" ensued, and the hunter's knife completely severed the heart of the animal. On dragging out the dead wolf into the sunlight, it was found that his lower jaw had been broken, which was probably the reason why he had not succeeded in destroying the hunter.

At one time, when he was out of ammunition, his dogs fell upon a large bear, and it so happened that the latter got one of the former in his power, and was about to squeeze it to death. This was a sight the hunter could not endure, so he unsheathed his huge hunting-knife and assaulted the black monster. The bear tore off nearly every rag of his clothing, and in making his first plunge with the knife he completely cut off two of his own fingers instead of injuring the bear. He was now in a perfect frenzy of pain and rage, and in making another effort succeeded to his satisfaction, and gained the victory. That bear weighed three hundred and fifty pounds.

On another occasion he fired at a large buck near the brow of a precipice some thirty feet high, which hangs over one of the pools in the Tallulah river. On seeing the buck drop, he took it for granted that he was about to die, when he approached the animal for the purpose of cutting its throat. To his great surprise, however, the buck suddenly sprung to his feet and made a tremendous rush at the hunter with a view of throwing him off the ledge. But what was more remarkable, the animal succeeded in its effort, though not until Vandever had obtained a fair hold of the buck's antlers, when the twain performed a somerset into the pool below. The buck made its escape, and Vandever was not seriously injured in any particular. About a month subsequent to that time he killed a buck, which had a bullet wound in the lower part of its neck, whereupon he concluded that he had finally triumphed over the animal which had given him the unexpected ducking.

But the most remarkable escape which old Vandever ever experienced happened on this wise. He was encamped upon one of the loftiest mountains in Union county. It was near the twilight hour, and he had heard the howl of a wolf. With a view of ascertaining the direction whence it came, he climbed upon an immense boulder-rock, (weighing perhaps fifty tons,) which stood on the brow of a steep hill side. While standing upon this boulder he suddenly felt a swinging sensation, and to his astonishment he found that it was about to make a fearful plunge into the ravine half a mile below him. As fortune would have it, the limb of an oak tree drooped over the rock; and, as the rock started from its foundation, he seized the limb, and thereby saved his life. The dreadful crashing of the boulder as it descended the mountain side came to the hunter's ear while he was suspended in the air, and by the time it had reached the bottom he dropped himself *on the very spot* which had been vacated by the boulder. Vandever said that this was the only time in his life when he had been really frightened; and he also added, that for one day after this escape he did not care a finger's snap for the finest game in the wilderness.

While on my visit to Vandever's cabin, one of his boys came home from a fishing expedition, and on examining his fish I was surprised to find a couple of *shad* and three or four *striped bass* or *rock-fish*. They had been taken in the Tallulah just below the chasm, by means of a wicker-net, and at a point distant from the ocean at least two hundred and fifty miles. I had been informed that the Tallulah abounded in trout, but I was not prepared to find salt-water fish in this remote mountain wilderness.

Since I have introduced the above youthful Vandever to my readers, I will record a single one of his deeds, which ought to give him a fortune, or at least an education. The incident occurred when he was in his twelfth year. He and a younger brother had been gathering berries on a mountain side, and were distant from home about two miles. While carelessly tramping down the weeds and bushes, the younger boy was bitten by a rattlesnake on the calf his leg. In a few moments thereafter the unhappy child fell to the ground in great pain, and the pair were of course in unexpected tribulation. The elder boy, having succeeded in killing the rattlesnake, conceived the idea, as the only alternative, of carrying his little brother home on his back. And this deed the noble fellow accomplished. For two long miles did he carry his heavy burden over rocks and down the water-courses, and in a hour after he reached his father's cabin the younger child was dead; and the heroic boy was in a state of insensibility from the fatigue and heat which he had experienced. He recovered, however, and is now apparently in the enjoyment of good health, though when I fixed my admiring eyes upon him, it seemed to me that he was far from being strong, and it was evident that a shadow rested upon his brow.

TRAIL MOUNTAIN.

I NOW write from near the summit of the highest mountain in Georgia. I obtained my first view of this peak while in the village of Clarksville, and it presented such a commanding appearance, that I resolved to surmount it, on my way to the North, although my experience has proven that climbing high mountains is always more laborious than profitable. I came here on the back of a mule, and my guide and companion on the occasion was the principal proprietor of Nacoochee valley, Major EDWARD WILLIAMS. While ascending the mountain, which occupied about seven hours, (from his residence,) the venerable gentleman expatiated at considerable length on the superb scenery to be witnessed from its summit, and then informed me that he had just established a dairy on the mountain, which, it was easy to see, had become his hobby. He described the "ranges" of the mountains as affording an abundance of the sweetest food for cattle, and said that he had already sent to his dairy somewhere between fifty and eighty cows, and was intending soon to increase the number to one hundred. He told me that his dairyman was an excellent young man from Vermont, named Joseph E. Hubbard, to whom he was indebted for the original idea of establishing the dairy. While journeying through this region the young man chanced to stop at the Major's house, and though they were perfect strangers, they conversed upon matters connected with farming, and soon became acquainted; and the stranger having made known the fact that he knew how to make butter and cheese, a bargain was struck, which has resulted in the establishment

already mentioned. The Williams dairy is said to be the only one in the entire State of Georgia, and it is worthy of remark, in this connection, that Major Williams (as well as his dairyman) is a native of New-England. He has been an exile from Yankee land for upwards of twenty years, and though nearly seventy years of age, it appears that his natural spirit of enterprise remains in full vigor.

Trail Mountain was so named by the Cherokees, from the fact that they once had a number of *trails* leading to the summit, to which point they were in the habit of ascending for the purpose of discovering the camp-fires of their enemies during the existence of hostilities. It is the king of the Blue Ridge, and reported to be five thousand feet above the waters of the surrounding country, and perhaps six thousand feet above the level of the ocean. A carpet of green grass and weeds extends to the very top, and as the trees are small, as well as "few and far between," the lover of extensive scenery has a fine opportunity of gratifying his taste. I witnessed a sunset from this great watch-tower of the South, and I know not that I was ever before more deeply impressed with the grandeur of a landscape scene. The horizon formed an unbroken circle, but I could distinctly see that in one direction alone (across South Carolina and part of Georgia) extended a comparatively level country, while the remaining three-quarters of the space around me appeared to be a wilderness of mountains. The grandest display was towards the north, and here it seemed to me that I could count at least twenty distinct ranges, fading away to the sky, until the more remote range melted into a monotonous line. No cities or towns came within the limit of my vision; no, nor even an occasional wreath of smoke, to remind me that human hearts were beating in the unnumbered valleys. A crimson hue covered the sky, but it was without a cloud to cheer the prospect, and the solemn shadow which rested upon the mountains was too deep to partake of a single hue from the departing sun. Grandeur and gloom, like twin spirits, seemed to have subdued the world, causing the pulse of nature to cease its accustomed throb. "At one stride came the dark," and as

there was no moon, I retreated from the peak with pleasure, and sought the rude cabin, where I was to spend the night. While doing this, the distant howl of a wolf came to my ear, borne upward on the quiet air from one of the deep ravines leading to the base of the mountain.

As I was the guest of my friends Williams and Hubbard, I wiled away the evening in their society, asking and answering a thousand questions. Among the matters touched upon in our conversation was a certain mysterious "water-spout," of which I had heard a great deal among the people in my journeying, and which was said to have fallen upon Trail Mountain. I again inquired into the particulars, and Major Williams replied as follows:

"This water-spout story has always been a great botheration to me. The circumstance occurred several years ago. A number of hunters were spending the night in the very ravine where this shanty now stands, when, about midnight, they they heard a tremendous roaring in the air, and a large torrent of water fell upon their camp and swept it, with all its effects and its inmates, about a dozen yards from the spot where they had planted their polls. There were three hunters, and one of them was severely injured on the head by the water, and all of them completely drenched. They were of course much alarmed at the event, and concluded that a spring farther up the mountain had probably broken away; but when morning came they could find no evidences of a spring, and every where above their camping place the ground was perfectly dry, while on the lower side it was completely saturated. They were now perplexed to a marvellous degree, and returned to the lower country impressed with the idea that a water-spout had burst over their heads."

I of course attempted no explanation of this phenomenon, but Mr. Hubbard gave it as his opinion that if the affair actually did occur, it originated from a whirlwind, which might have taken up the water from some neighboring river, and dashed it by the merest accident upon the poor hunters. But this reasoning seemed to me like getting "out of the frying pan into

the fire;" whereupon I concluded to "tell the tale as 'twas told to me," for the especial benefit of Professor Espy.

But to return to the dairy, which is unquestionably the chief attraction (though far from being a romantic one) connected with Trail Mountain. Heretofore a cheese establishment has been associated in my mind with broad meadow lands, spacious and well-furnished out-houses, and a convenient market. But here we have a dairy on the top of a mountain, distant from the first farm-house some fifteen miles, and inaccessible by any conveyance but that of a mule or well-trained horse. The bells of more than half a hundred cows are echoing along the mountain side; and, instead of clover, they are feeding upon the luxuriant grasses and weeds of the wilderness; instead of cool cellars, we have here a hundred tin pans arranged upon tables in a log cabin, into which a cool spring pours its refreshing treasure; instead of a tidy and matronly housewife to superintend the turning of the curd, we have an enterprising young Yankee, a veritable Green Mountain boy; and instead of pretty milkmaids, the inferiors of this establishment are huge negroes, and all of the masculine gender. And this is the establishment which supplies the people of Georgia with cheese, and the material out of which the scientific caterer manufactures the palatable Welsh Rabbit.

DOWN THE OWASSA.

The distance from Hubbard's Cabin, on Trail Mountain, to the Owassa River, in a direct line, is eight miles, but by the ordinary mule-route it is thirteen. In coming to this river, I took the direct route, albeit my only guide was an ancient Indian trail. My friend Hubbard doubted whether I could make the trip alone, but I was anxious to save time and labor, so I determined on trying the experiment. I shouldered my knapsack, and started immediately after an early breakfast, and for a distance of two miles every thing turned out to my entire satisfaction. I was now standing upon the extreme summit of the Blue Ridge, and within a stone's throw of two springs which empty their several waters into the Gulf of Mexico and and the Ohio river. While stopping here to obtain a little breath, I discovered a large spot of bare earth, which I took to be a deer yard, and directly across the middle of it the fresh tracks of a large wolf. I had no gun with me, and this discovery made me a little nervous, which resulted, as I proceeded on my journey, in my losing the trail upon which I had started. I soon came to a brook, however, which rushed down an immense ravine at an angle of forty-five degrees, and I continued my way feeling quite secure. My course lay down, down, down, and then, as I wandered from the brook, it was up, up, up. At the rate that I travelled I knew that I ought to reach my place of destination in at least one hour, but four hours elapsed, and I reluctantly came to the conclusion that I was most decidedly lost, and that, too, among what I fancied to be the wildest and most lonely mountains on the face of the earth.

Then came the thought of spending the night in the wilderness, alone and unprotected, to be destroyed by the wild animals, or to be starved to death. I resolved, however, to continue along the brook, knowing that it must come out "somewhere;" and, as I was by this time in a most painful state of excitement, I clambered up the cliffs and ran down the hills at what now appears to me to have been a fearful rate. The sun was excessively hot, and at every rivulet that I crossed I stopped to slake my thirst. The brook was constantly making a new turn, and leaping over ledges of rocks more than a hundred feet high, and every new bluff that I saw (and there seemed to be no end to them) began to shoot a pang to my bewildered brain. At one time I startled a herd of deer from a cool ravine, where they were spending the noontide hours; and on one occasion I was within a single foot of stepping on a rattlesnake, and when I heard his fearful rattle I made a leap which would have astonished even Sands, Lent & Co., or any other circus magicians. It was now the middle of the afternoon, and my blood seemed to have reached the temperature of boiling heat; my heart began to palpitate, and I came to the conclusion that the critics would never again have an opportunity of doubting my adventures in the wilderness. Just in the nick of time, however, I heard the howling music of a pack of hounds, and in a few moments a beautiful doe and some half a dozen dogs shot across my path like a "rushing mighty wind." This little incident led me to believe that I was not very far from a settlement, and had a tendency to revive my spirits. The result was that I reached the cottage of an old gentleman named Riley, in the valley of Owassa, just as the sun was setting, where I was treated with the utmost kindness by his consort—having travelled at least twenty miles on account of my mishap. I had lost my appetite, but was persuaded to drink two cups of coffee and then retire to bed. I slept until daybreak, without being visited by an unpleasant dream, and arose on the following morning a new man. On the next day I travelled down the Owassa valley a distance of thirty miles, until I reached the very pretty place where I am now tarrying. The Cherokee word Owassa signifies

the main river, or the largest of the tributaries: and the paraphrase of this name into *Hiowasse* by the map-makers is a ridiculous blunder. So I have been informed, at any rate, by one of the oldest Cherokees now living. The Owassa is a tributary of the noble Tennessee, and is as clear, beautiful, rapid and picturesque a mountain river as I have ever seen. At Riley's cottage it is perhaps one hundred feet wide, and at this point it is not far from one hundred and fifty yards. It is quite circuitous in its course, and the valley through which it runs is narrow, but very fertile and pretty well cultivated. The people live almost exclusively in log cabins, and appear to be intelligent and moral, though apparently destitute of all enterprise.

The principal novelty that I noticed on the road to this place was the spot known as *Fort Embree.* The only evidences that there ever was a fortification here are a breastwork of timber, a lot of demolished pickets, and two or three block-houses, which are now in a dilapidated condition. The site is a commanding one, and takes in some of the grandest mountain outlines that I have yet seen. This fort, so called, was made by order of the General Government for the purpose of herding the poor Cherokees previous to their final banishment into exile —a most humane and Christian-like work, indeed! How reluctant the Indians were to leave this beautiful land may be shown by the fact, that a number of women destroyed themselves within this very fort rather than be driven beyond the Mississippi. And a gentleman who saw the Indians, when they were removed, tells me that they were actually driven along the road like a herd of wild and unruly animals, a number of them having been shot down in the vicinity of this place. All these things may have been published, but I have never seen them in print; and I now put them in print with the view of shaming our heartless and cruel Government for its unnatural conduct in times past. The Cherokees were a nation of mountaineers, and, had a wise policy been pursued with regard to them, they might now be chasing the deer upon these mountains, while all the valleys of the land might have been in a

state of cultivation, even as they are now. Not only would they have had the happiness of hunting their favorite game upon their native hills, but they might have been educated with more real satisfaction to themselves than they can be in the Far West. In proof of the opinion that they might have lived here in honor and comfort, it may be mentioned that the few Cherokees who were permitted to remain in Carolina, are now considered the most frugal and inoffensive of the entire population; and the United States District Attorney residing in Cherokee county, informs me, that of five hundred individuals whom he has had to prosecute within the last five years, only one of them was an Indian, and he was led into his difficulty by a drunken white man. But this is a theme that I could write upon for days, so I will turn to something more appropriate to my present purpose.

In coming down the valley of Owassa, I met with a number of incidents which I fancy worth mentioning. For example, in passing along a certain road in Union county, Georgia, I approached a ricketty log cabin, and was surprised to see the family and all the dogs vacate the premises, as if I had been a personified plague. I was subsequently informed that this was a common habit with the more barbarous people of this region, when they see a stranger passing along the road.

Among the characteristic travelling establishments that I met in the above country, was the following: a very small covered wagon, (drawn by one mule and one deformed horse,) which was laden with corn-husk, a few bedclothes, and several rude cooking utensils. Behind this team marched a man and his wife, five boys, and eight girls, and in their rear the skeleton of a cow and four hungry-looking dogs. They had been farming in Union county, but were now on their way into Habersham county in search of a new location. The youngest daughter belonging to this family, as I casually found out by giving her a small piece of money, was *Dorcas Ann Eliza Jane Charlotte*. On hearing this startling information I could not wonder that the family were poor, and had a thorny road to pursue through life.

But the most unique incident that I picked up on the day in question, may be narrated as follows: I was quietly jogging along the road, when I was startled by the dropping of a snake from a small tree. I stopped to see what was the matter, and discovered it to be a black snake or racer, and that he had in his mouth the tail-end of a scarlet lizard, about five inches long. It was evident the snake had some difficulty in swallowing the precious morsel, and while he seemed to be preparing for another effort, I saw the lizard twist its body and bite the snake directly on the back of the head, which caused the latter to loosen his hold. Again did I see the snake attack the lizard, and a second time did the lizard bite the snake, whereupon the serpent gave up the fight, and, while I was hunting for a stick to kill the serpent, both of the reptiles made their escape.

The little village of *Murphy*, whence I date this letter, lies at the junction of the Owassa and Valley rivers, and in point of location is one of the prettiest places in the world. Its Indian name was *Klausuna*, or the *Large Turtle*. It was so called, says a Cherokee legend, on account of its being the *sunning* place of an immense turtle which lived in its vicinity in ancient times. The turtle was particularly famous for its *repelling* power, having been known not to be at all injured by a stroke of lightning. Nothing on earth had power to annihilate the creature; but, on account of the many attempts made to take its life, when it was known to be a harmless and inoffensive creature, it became disgusted with this world, and burrowed its way into the middle of the earth, where it now lives in peace.

In connection with this legend, I may here mention what must be considered a remarkable fact in geology. Running directly across the village of Murphy is a belt of marble, composed of the black, gray, pure white, and flesh-colored varieties, which belt also crosses the Owassa river. Just above this marble causeway, the Owassa, for a space of perhaps two hundred feet, is said to be over one hundred feet deep, and at one point, in fact, a bottom has never been found. All this is

simple truth, but I have heard the opinion expressed that there is a subterranean communication between this immense hole in Owassa and the river Notely, which is some two miles distant. The testimony adduced in proof of this theory is, that a certain log was once marked on the Notely, which was subsequently found floating in the pool of the Deep Hole in the Owassa.

ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS.

THE distance from Murphy to Franklin village is reported to be fifty miles. For twenty miles the road runs in full view of Valley river, which is worthy in every particular of the stream into which it empties, the Owassa. It is a remarkably cold and translucent stream, and looks as if it ought to contain trout, but I am certain that it does not. On inquiring of a homespun angler what fish the river did produce, he replied: "Salmon, black trout, red horse, hog-fish, suckers and cat-fish." I took the liberty of doubting the gentleman's word, and subsequently found out that the people of this section of country call the legitimate *pickerel* the "salmon," the *black bass* the "black trout," the *mullet* the "red horse," and *a deformed sucker* the "hog-fish." And now, while I think of it, I would intimate to my friends residing on the Ohio (to which glorious river all the streams of this region pay tribute) that *their* salmon is none other than the genuine pickerel of the North and South, their white perch only the sheep's head of the great lakes, and their black perch is but another name for the black or Oswego bass. So much for a piscatorial correction.

The only *picture* which attracted my particular attention in passing up the fertile but generally neglected bottom lands of Valley river, was a farm of twenty-five hundred acres, one thousand acres being as level as a floor and highly cultivated. The soil seemed exceedingly rich, and it was evident yielded a considerable income to its possessor. I heard, in fact, that the proprietor had been offered twenty-five thousand dollars for this farm. And in what kind of a *house* does my reader imagine

this wealthy man resided? In a miserable log hovel, a decayed and windowless one, which a respectable member of the *swine* family would hardly deign to occupy. Instances something like this had already come to my knowledge, and caused me to wonder at the inconsistency and apparent want of common sense manifested by some of the farmers of this country; but this instance capped the climax. But again, the individual alluded to is a *white man*, and prides himself upon being more intelligent and acute than his neighbors; and yet one of his neighbors is an *Indian woman*, who raises *only* about *five thousand* bushels of potatoes per annum, but occupies a comfortable dwelling and lives like a rational being.

After leaving the above valley, my course lay over two distinct spurs of the Alleghanies, which are divided by the river Nan-ti-ha-lah, and consequently called the Nan-ti-ha-lah Mountains. In ascending the western ridge, I noticed that at the foot and midway up the pass the trees were all arrayed in their summer verdure, and among the forest trees were many chestnut and poplar specimens, which were at least seven or eight feet in diameter; while the more elevated portions of the ridge were covered with scrub and white oak, which were entirely destitute of foliage and not even in the budding condition. No regular cliffs frowned upon me as I passed along, but the mountains on either side were almost perpendicular, and in one or two places were at least twenty-five hundred feet high. In the side of the highest of these mountains, I was informed, is a deep fissure or cave, which extends to the summit of the hill, where the outlet is quite small. When the wind is blowing from the northwest it passes entirely through this long and mysterious cavern, and when issuing from the top comes with such force as to *throw out* all the smaller stones which one may happen to drop therein. In descending this spur, the road passes directly along the margin of the most gloomy thicket imaginable. It is about a mile wide and somewhat over three miles in length. It is rank with vegetation, and the principal trees are laurel, pine, and cedar. Even at noonday it is impossible to look into it more than half a dozen yards, and then you but peer into the open-

ing of leafy caves and grottos which are perpetually cool and very desolate. It is said to abound in the more ferocious of wild animals, and no white man is yet known to have mustered courage enough to explore the jungle. During the existence of the Cherokee difficulties, the Indians were in the habit of encamping on many places on its margin for the purpose of easily eluding their pursuers; and it is reported of one Indian hunter, who once entered the thicket, that he never returned, having, as is supposed, been overpowered by some wild beast. It was upon the margin of this horrible place, too, that the following incident occurred: An Indian woman once happened to be travelling down the mountain, unaccompanied by her husband, but with three young children, two little girls and a papoose. In an unexpected moment an enraged panther crossed their trail, and while it fell upon and destroyed the mother and one child, the elder girl ran for her life, carrying the infant on her back. The little heroine had not gone over a half a mile with her burden before the panther caught up with her, and dragged the infant from her grasp; and while the savage creature was destroying this third victim, the little girl made her escape to a neighboring encampment.

The river Nan-ti-ha-lah, or the *Woman's Bosom*, was so named on account of its undulating and narrow valley, and its own intrinsic purity and loveliness. Upon this river is situated a rude but comfortable cabin, which is the only one the traveller meets with in going a distance of twenty miles. On first approaching this cabin, I noticed a couple of sweet little girls playing on the greensward before the door with a beautiful fawn, which was as tame as a lamb. This group, taken in connection with the wildness of the surrounding scene, gave me a most delightful feeling, the contrast was so strange and unexpected. The proprietor of the cabin owns about five thousand acres of land in this wilderness region, and is by profession a grazing farmer. He raises a goodly number of cattle as well as horses and mules, and his principal markets for them are Charleston and Savannah, to which cities he performs a pilgrimage in the autumn of every year. He is one of the "oldest inhabitants" of the re-

gion, and as I spent one night under his roof, I took occasion to draw from him a few anecdotes connected with his own experience. On questioning him with regard to the true character of the panther, he replied as follows: "I don't know *much* about this animal, but I have had one chance to study their nature, which I can't forget. It was a very dark night, and I was belated on the western ridge, near the Big Laurel ravine. I was jogging along at a slow rate, when my horse made a terrible leap aside, and I saw directly in front of me one of the biggest of panthers. He soon uttered a shriek or scream (which sounded like a woman in distress) and got out of the way, so that I could pass along. Every bone in my horse's body trembled with fear, and I can tell you that my own feelings were pretty squally. On my way was I still jogging, when the panther again made his appearance, just as he had before, and gave another of his infernal yells. I had no weapon with me, and I now thought I was a gone case. Again did the animal disappear, and again did I continue on my journey. I had not gone more than a hundred yards before I saw, on the upper side of the road, what looked like a couple of balls of fire, and just as I endeavored to urge my horse a little faster, another dreadful scream rang far down the valley. But, to make a long story short, this animal followed me until I got within a half a mile of my house, and, though he *ran around* me at least a dozen times, and uttered more than a dozen screams, he never touched me, and I got safely home. If you can gather any information from this adventure you are welcome to it; but all I know about the animal is this, that I hate him as I do the devil."

My host informed me that he was one of the men appointed by the Government to assess the property of the Cherokees at the time of their removal, and was subsequently employed to aid in their coerced removal. With a view of pacifying the Indians, it had been stipulated that the cabin and improvements of each Indian should be assessed, and an equivalent in money should be paid into his hands for said property; and a part of the nation, it will be remembered, including the head chief,

were opposed to the treaty of banishment. In fulfilling his duties as a Government officer, my informant endured many hardships, subjected himself to much peril, and met with many touching as well as some ridiculous scenes. In the course of a few months he visited, in connection with his assistant and interpreter, every cabin in the counties of Cherokee and Macon; and, from the numerous adventures which he related to me, I will record two or three.

"At one time," said my friend, "we arrived at a cabin where we knew resided, 'solitary and alone,' an old bachelor Indian. It was night, and very cold and stormy. As we were tying our horses the Indian heard us, and, knowing our business, immediately arose and fastened his door that we should not get in. We remonstrated from without, and told him we were almost frozen, and he must admit us, but never a word would he answer; and this was repeated several times. We finally got mad and knocked down the door and entered. The Indian was lying upon a bench before the fire, and by his side were four dogs. We asked him a number of questions, but still did he keep silent. We had by this time made up our minds to 'take care of number one,' and proceeded to cook our bacon. In doing this we had great difficulty on account of the dogs, which were almost starved to death, and were constantly grabbing up our victuals from the coals. They were the ugliest animals that I ever saw, and did not care a pin for the heavy licks that we gave them. And the only way we could get along was for the interpreter to cook the meat, while my assistant and myself seated ourselves at the two corners of the hearth, and as the dogs jumped over the body of the Indian, (who was yet lying on his bench,) we would grab them by the neck and tail and pitch them across the room. So this interesting business continued until the meat was cooked. I then took a slice, put it on a piece of bread, and giving it to the Indian, said to him: 'Now don't be a fool, take this meat and be good friends, for we don't want to injure you.' Whereupon he got over his resentment, took the meat, and began talking so that we could not stop him."

But another incident related to me was truly affecting, and occurred at the time of removal. "There was an old Indian," continued my host, "named *Euchellah*, who had thrown out the idea that he was a strong man, and never would submit to leave his cabin willingly; those who wanted him to go must take him by force. It was in the forenoon, and the whole posse of officers entered his cabin, and after a pretty severe scuffle we succeeded in fastening the old fellow's arms and hands with a rope. He now saw that he must go, and told his wife to get ready, and she got ready *by going out to feed her pig and the chickens*, just as if she was coming back in a few hours. We then started with our prisoners, and just as we were crossing a hill which overlooked the Indian's cabin, he suddenly wheeled about, and as his eyes fell upon his little garden and his hut, he burst into tears, and I thought the man's heart would break. And now when people tell me that the Indian never weeps, I tell them it's no such thing; but, it was true, *Euchellah* had some reason to feel bad; for he had four children buried near his cabin, and had lived there for fifty years. We continued on our way to the West, but in two days our Indian made his escape with his wife. We hunted for them among the mountains, and though we recaptured Euchellah, we never could find his wife, and afterwards heard that she starved to death on a distant mountain. The Indian was now guarded by four soldiers; but, while crossing a certain gap, he suddenly rose upon his keepers and killed three of them, while the other soldier, as well as himself, escaped. The Indian was again taken prisoner, tried by a court martial, and sentenced *to be executed*. When told that he was to be shot down by a rifle ball, he manifested no fear, and, up to the moment that he was shot down, not a tear made its appearance in his eye. He could weep on leaving his home, but he would not weep when he came to die. And the old man was buried on the road side, half way between this place and Murphy."

"But another removal incident that I remember," continued my landlord, "was to this effect. It was another old Indian who had a large family and was religious. When we called to

take him, he said he only wanted to ask one favor, which was, that we would let him *have one more prayer with his wife and children in his old cabin*. We of course granted the request, and when he was through, out came the old fellow and said that he was ready. But just as we were leaving the little clearing, the Indian called his wife and children to his side, and talked to them in the most poetical and affecting manner about their meagre but much-loved possession, which they were about to leave forever. He then took the lead of our procession, and without uttering a word, marched onward with a firm step. We never heard this man's voice again until we had passed beyond the Mississippi."

The scenery lying between the Nan-ti-ha-lah and this place is one of the wildest character. From the summit of the pass, and along the road as you descend to the eastward, a number of very imposing scenes present themselves, but chief among all the hills rises the rugged peak of *Bald Mountain*. The prospect from this point is similar to that which I have described from Trail Mountain, but the legend which commemorates the place is quite interesting, and accounts for the baldness of the mountain's top, which was formerly covered with a dense forest. The Cherokees relate that there once existed among these mountains a very large bird, which resembled in appearance the green-winged hornet, and this creature was in the habit of carrying off the younger children of the nation who happened to wander into the woods. Very many children had mysteriously disappeared in this manner, and the entire people declared a warfare against the monster. A variety of means were employed for his destruction, but without success. In process of time it was determined that the wise men (or medicine men) of the nation should try their skill in the business. They met in council and agreed that each one should station himself on the summit of a mountain, and that, when the creature was discovered, the man who made the discovery should utter a loud halloo, which shout should be taken up by his neighbor on the next mountain, and so continued to the end of the line, that all the men might have a shot at the strange bird.

This experiment was tried and resulted in finding out the hiding-place of the monster, which was a deep cavern on the eastern side of the Blue-Ridge and at the fountain-head of the river Too-gé-lah. On arriving at this place, they found the entrance to the cavern entirely inaccessible by mortal feet, and they therefore prayed to the Great Spirit that he would bring out the bird from his den, and place him within the reach of their arms. Their petition was granted, for a terrible thunder-storm immediately arose, and a stroke of lightning tore away one-half of a large mountain, and the Indians were successful in slaying their enemy. The Great Spirit was pleased with the courage manifested by the Cherokees during this dangerous fight, and, with a view of rewarding the same, he willed it that all the highest mountains in their land should thereafter be destitute of trees, so that they might always have an opportunity of watching the movements of their enemies.

As a sequel to this legend, it may be appropriately mentioned, that at the head of the Too-ge-lah is to be found one of the most remarkable curiosities in this mountain land. It is a granite cliff, with a smooth surface or front, half a mile long, and twelve hundred feet high, and generally spoken of in this part of the country as the *White-side Mountain* or the *Devil's Court-House*. To think of it is almost enough to make one dizzy, but to see it fills one with awe. Near the top of one part of this cliff is a small cave, which can be reached only by passing over a strip of rock about two feet wide. One man only has ever been known to enter it, and when he had performed the deed, he met at the entrance of the cave a large bear, which animal, in making its escape, slipped off the rock, fell a distance of several hundred feet, and was of course killed. When the man saw this, he became so much excited that it was some hours before he could quiet his nerves sufficiently to retrace his dangerous pathway.

THE LITTLE TENNESSEE.

The little village of Franklin is romantically situated on the Little Tennessee. It is surrounded with mountains, and a quiet and pretty hamlet. On the morning after entering this place, I went to the post-office, for the purpose of obtaining a peep at the last number of the National Intelligencer, whereupon the officiating gentleman informed me that I should find it at the office of a young lawyer whom he named. I called upon the legal gentleman, and found him, like all the intelligent people of the country, very polite and well informed. In speaking of the surrounding pictorial associations he alluded to a certain waterfall, and added that the gentleman who referred me to him owned a plantation near the falls, on a famous trout stream, and was an *angler*. On this hint I sent a couple of handsome flies, as a present, to my post-office friend, and in less than twenty minutes thereafter he made his appearance at my lodgings, and insisted that we should go upon a fishing excursion, and that the lawyer should accompany us. Horses were immediately procured, and having rode a distance of ten miles along a very beautiful stream called *Kul-la-sa-jah*, or *the Sugar Water*, we came to the chasm leading to the falls. Here we tied our horses, and while my companions commenced throwing the fly, I proceeded to the more profitable employment of taking sketches.

The chasm of the Sugar Water Falls is about half a mile long, and immediately below the precipices are perpendicular and very imposing, reaching an elevation of at least one thousand feet. The falls themselves are three in number—the first

and principal one being about sixty feet high. Emptying into the Sweet Water, directly at the lower end of the chasm, is a tiny brook without a name, upon which I found a cascade of great beauty. The water falls near forty feet, but sings its eternal song in a shadowy recess, where hoary trees, mossy rocks, and exquisite vines, of every variety peculiar to the country, remain in their original wildness. As I clambered up the ravine leading to this cascade, I startled a doe from the green couch where she had been spending the noontide hours. I added a number of sketches to my portfolio, and after spending "alone in my glory" the whole afternoon, wandering from one chasm to another, I left the delightful valley with reluctance, musing upon the marvellous beauty of everything in the world formed by the hand of God.

On arriving at the spot where our horses were tied, I found my companions both wearing uncommonly long faces, for they had not succeeded in killing a single trout. I joked my post-office friend about his "famous trout stream," and then, remounting our horses, we paid a visit to his plantation, where we enjoyed a comfortable supper, and continued on our way home by the light of the moon. Under any circumstances this would have been an agreeable ride, but on the present occasion my companions did all the talking, and the substance of two of their stories I herewith subjoin merely as specimens:

"I can't account for our bad luck in catching trout to-day," said my post-office friend; "but I do assure you that a couple of young men named Hyatt, and myself, once went a fishing in the Sweet Water, and we took one hundred and seventy-five trout. But this is not to the purpose. On that occasion we fished up the stream; and when we came to the mouth of the chasm, we saw a big buck, which we frightened towards the falls as we ascended. When we came near the falls, one of the Hyatts and myself stopped fishing, and went to work to corner the buck, and see if we could kill him with stones, or cause him to drown himself. There was no way for him to make his escape, except by running directly over us, and this we did not suppose he would dare attempt. He made many desperate

efforts to get away, and at one time managed to climb an almost perpendicular wall of rock to the height of some twenty feet, when he lost his foothold and fell into the pool below. He now became very much enraged, but we continued to pelt him with stones, though without effecting any serious injury. After bothering him for at least half an hour, the creature finally got upon the rocks at the lower part of the pool, when he swept by us with great fury, and started down the chasm, making some of the most fearful leaps that I ever saw. And now it so happened that we saw the younger Hyatt standing upon a rock and casting his fly upon a pool, where we thought the deer must pass in his downward course, and we immediately shouted to the angler to 'look out.' He did so, and immediately drew out a hunting-knife which he had in his pocket, and as the deer tumbled into the pool, young Hyatt actually *jumped upon his back, and succeeded in giving him a fatal stab*, so that the animal merely crawled upon the rocks to die. It was late in the evening before we started for home, and we only brought the skin along with us; but as we left the chasm, we saw a large panther descending one of the cliffs of the gorge, as if hastening to have a feast upon the dead deer."

The "story" of my lawyer friend, or rather a fragment of his entertaining conversation was as follows: "As it is important, Mr. Lanman, that you should not leave our country without learning something of our great personages, and as our companion here is a modest man, I will give you a brief sketch of his character. He is a gentleman of some property, for he not only owns the plantation where we took supper, but one or two others of equal value. He is one of the oldest residents in this mountain region—a gentleman of fine moral character, and with a heart as guileless as that of a child. He is a passionate lover of scenery, and has probably explored the beauties of this mountain land more thoroughly than any other man now living; he is also a great lover of botany, geology, insectology, and a dozen other ologies, and I believe has made a number of discoveries in all his favorite studies. As you have heard, he tells a capital story, and, as you may see by looking

into some of our southern newspapers, he uses the pen with ease and a degree of elegance. He cherishes a love for the 'angle art,' and I must say usually succeeds in his fishing exploits much better than he has to-day. By profession he is a knight of the needle; but, being somewhat advanced in years, he amuses himself by fulfilling the duties of deputy postmaster in the village of Franklin."

The lawyer was here interrupted by the *hero* of his story, who *insisted* upon his changing the "subject theme," and the consequence is, my readers will be disappointed in obtaining any more information respecting the scientific deputy postmaster of the Alleghany mountains.

But, leaving the intellectual out of view, the most interesting character whom I have seen about Franklin is an old Cherokee Indian. His name is *Sa-taw-ha*, or *Hog-Bite*, and he is upwards of one hundred years of age. He lives in a small log hut among the mountains, the door of which is so very low that you have to crawl into it upon your hands and knees. At the time the greater part of his nation were removed to the Far West, the "officers of *justice*" called to obtain his company. He saw them as they approached, and, taking his loaded rifle in hand, he warned them not to attempt to lay their hands upon him, for he would certainly kill them. He was found to be so resolute and so very old, that it was finally concluded by those in power that the old man should be left alone. He lives the life of a hermit, and is chiefly supported by the charity of one or two Indian neighbors, though it is said he even now occasionally manages to kill a deer or turkey. His history is entirely unknown, and he says he can remember the time when the Cherokee nation lived upon the shores of a great ocean, (the Atlantic,) and the color of a white man's face was unknown.

In the immediate vicinity of this place may be seen another of those mysterious Indian mounds which we find beautifying nearly all the valleys of this land. And here it may not be out of place for me to introduce the opinions concerning their origin which prevail among the Indian tribes of the South.

By some they are said to have been built by a race of people who have become extinct, and were formerly used by the Cherokees merely as convenient places to have their dances and their games. A superstition also prevails, that in the ancient days every Indian brought to a certain place a small bark full of the soil which he cultivated, as a tribute to the Great Spirit, who in return sent them a plenteous harvest. Some allege that they were the burial places of great warriors and hunters; some that they were erected as trophies of remarkable victories; others that they were built as fortresses; and others still that upon them were performed the more sacred of religious rites. There is also a tradition existing among the Cherokees that these mounds formerly contained a species of sacred fire; and it is well known that an Indian has never been known to deface one of them, and to see them defaced by the white man always seems to make them unhappy. The only light (in the way of opinion) that I can throw upon these mounds is, that they owe their origin to some aboriginal custom similar to that which has brought together the huge piles of stones which the traveller meets with in various portions of the southern country. But all this information is traditionary, the builders of these mounds are unknown, and all that even the wise of the present generation can do is to look upon them in silence and wonder.

The gentleman upon whose property the above mentioned mound is situated is the nabob of the place, an intelligent man, and an old resident. I am now his guest, and he lives in comfortable style, his dwelling being surrounded with a score or two of out-houses. He carries on an extensive farming business, and is the owner of a goodly number of tidy, respectful, and industrious slaves. Though situated almost within rifle-shot of an impassable mountain, his residence is associated with clover-fields, a well-managed garden filled with flowers and vines, ancient trees where sing the katydids in the evening hours, and above which swoop the joyous and noisy martin and the beautiful dove; and also with meadow-fields, where horses and cattle graze during the long summer day. But there is one associa-

tion connected with this farm-house which is still ringing in my ears: I allude to a perpetual chorus of an everlasting quantity of jackasses, peacocks, and guinea-hens. My host seems to have a passion for these apparently accidental or unfinished specimens of natural history; and I must say that I have never before been privileged to enjoy such unearthly music as I have on his plantation. The painful braying of a jackass awakens his household from their slumbers, and the same braying, accompanied by the screams of the peacock and guinea-hen, continues without ceasing until the twilight hour, when the whip-poerwill takes up her evening lay, and the world lapses into its nightly repose.

Having spent a Sabbath in Franklin, I obtained a little information with regard to the religious condition of the people in this section of country. The only denominations who have preaching here are the Methodists and Baptists. Among the latter class, the Bible custom of *washing feet* is still kept up with rigor. The preachers of both denominations are itinerants, and, so far as I have seen, are worthy, upright, and sensible men. They seem to think more of preaching the *doctrines of Christ* than proclaiming their own learning or advocating their own opinions, and it is therefore always a pleasure to hear them; they know their duties, and faithfully fulfil them, and I believe accomplish much good. The people attend the Sunday meetings from a distance of ten and fifteen miles; and, as the men and women ride on horseback, and as they often come in parties, their appearance on approaching the church is often exceedingly picturesque.

On the day of my arrival in this village, a negro teamster met with an accident while passing over a neighboring mountain, which resulted in his losing one of his four horses, which happened to step over a log, and, on being cut loose, fell down a precipice of forty feet into a pool of water. On being questioned as to the manner in which the animal fell, the negro briefly but *tell*ingly replied, "*Ka wallup, ka wallup, ka wallup, ka swash!*" I thought this a forcible description, and could not but admire the man's ingenuity in representing each somerset by a single word.

Within a few days past I have become acquainted with two insects which I have never seen described, but which are found in abundance throughout the South. I allude to the dirt-dauber and the stump-stinger. In their general appearance they both resemble the wasp. The first lives in a cell, which it builds on the inner side of a shed or piazza. It is a noted enemy of the spider, and possesses the art and the habit of killing that insect in great numbers. But what is really remarkable, they have a fashion of stowing away the carcasses of their slaughtered enemies in their dwellings, as if for future use; and after the cell is full, they close it with mud, and proceed to build another cell, so that the opulence of one of them may be calculated by the number of his closed dwellings. The stump-stinger is remarkable for having attached to the middle of his body a hard and pointed weapon, with which he can dig a hole one inch in depth in the body of even a hickory tree. This weapon he usually carries under his tail, but when about to be used makes him resemble a gimlet in form. The instrument is very hard, and composed of two pieces, which he works up and down, like a pair of chisels. It is supposed that he makes this hole for the purpose of depositing an egg, and it is alleged that the tree upon which he once fastens himself always falls to decay.

But this allusion to insects reminds me of an incident connected with the ant which I lately noticed in one of my mountain rambles. While watching an ant-hill, I discovered that the little creatures were busily engaged in enlarging the hole of their miniature cavern; and my eyes chanced to fall upon another detachment of the same insect, who were approaching the hole in question with the dead body of a grasshopper. The moment this party was discovered by those at the hole, they all fell to work and tumbled their dead booty along at a more rapid rate than before. On reaching the hole an attempt was made to drag the grasshopper into it, but without success, for it was too small. A movement to enlarge it was then immediately made, and in a very few moments the slain creature was out of my sight, and I could almost fancy that I

saw the ants clapping their tiny hands, and congratulating themselves upon the feat they had accomplished. Upon the whole it was one of the most interesting little incidents that I ever witnessed, and I left the spot feeling that I understood the words of Scripture which say, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, and be wise!"

And now, as the *desultory* character of this letter will probably fully satisfy my readers, I will bring it to a close, promising to be somewhat more circumspect in the future.

SMOKY MOUNTAIN.

In coming from Franklin to this place, Qualla Town, a distance of thirty miles, I travelled over a wild, mountainous, and thinly settled country, where I was pained to witness the evil effects of intemperance, and made happy by following the windings of a beautiful river. Having been overtaken by a thunder-storm, I found shelter in a rude and comfortless cabin, which was occupied by a man and his wife and eight children. Every member of the family was barefooted, and the children almost destitute of clothing; not one of them, though several were full-grown girls, could read a single word; the mother was sickly and haggard in her appearance, and one of the little boys told me that he had not eaten a hearty meal for ten days. I subsequently learned that the head of this household was a miserable drunkard.

The river to which I alluded is the Tuck-a-seege, which empties into the Tennessee. It is a very rapid stream, and washes the base of many mountains, which are as wild as they were a century ago. Whenever there occurs any interval land, the soil is very rich, and such spots are usually occupied. The mountains are all covered with forest, where wild game is found in abundance. The fact is, the people of this whole region devote more of their time to hunting than they do to agriculture, which accounts for their proverbial poverty. You can hardly pass a single cabin without being howled at by half a dozen hounds, and I have now become so well educated in guessing the wealth of a mountaineer, that I can fix his condition by ascertaining the number of his dogs. A rich man

seldom has more than one dog, while a very poor man will keep from ten to a dozen. And this remark with regard to dogs, strange as it may seem, is equally applicable to the *children* of the mountaineers. The poorest man without any exception, whom I have seen in this region, lives in a log cabin with two rooms, and is the father of *nineteen children*, and the keeper of *six hounds*.

On my arrival in this place which is the home of a large number of Cherokee Indians, (of whom I shall have much to say in future letters,) I became the guest of Mr. WILLIAM H. THOMAS, who is the "guide, counsellor, and friend" of the Indians, as well as their business agent. While conversing with this gentleman, he excited my curiosity with regard to a certain mountain in his vicinity, and, having settled in his own mind that I should spend a week or two with him and his Indians, proposed (first excusing himself on account of a business engagement) that I should visit the mountain in company with a gentleman in his employ as surveyor. The proposed arrangement was carried out, and thus it was that I visited *Smoky Mountain*.

This mountain is the loftiest of a large brotherhood which lie crowded together upon the dividing line between North Carolina and Tennessee. Its height cannot be less than five thousand feet above the level of the sea, for the road leading from its base to its summit is seven and a half miles long. The general character of the mountain is similar to that already given of other Southern mountains, and all that I can say of its panorama is, that I can conceive of nothing more grand and imposing. It gives birth to a pair of glorious streams, the *Pigeon river* of Tennessee, and the *Ocono-lufty* of North Carolina, and derives its name from the circumstance that its summit is always enveloped, on account of its height, in a blue or smoky atmosphere.

But the chief attraction of smoky mountain is a singular cliff known throughout this region as the *Alum Cave*. In reaching this spot, which is on the Tennessee side, you have to leave your horses on the top of the mountain, and perform a pedes-

trian pilgrimage of about six miles up and down, very far up and ever so far down, and over everything in the way of rocks and ruined vegetation which Nature could possibly devise, until you come to a mountain side, which is only two miles from your starting place at the peak. Roaring along at the base of this mountain side is a small stream, from the margin of which you have to climb a precipice, in a zigzag way, which is at least two thousand feet high, when you find yourself on a level spot of pulverized stone, with a rocky roof extending over your head a distance of fifty or sixty feet. The length of this hollow in the mountain, or "cave," as it is called, is near four hundred feet, and from the brow of the beetling precipice to the level below, the distance is perhaps one hundred and fifty feet. The top of the cliff is covered with a variety of rare and curious plants, and directly over its centre trickles a little stream of water, which forms a tiny pool, like a fountain in front of a spacious piazza. The principal ingredients of the rock composing this whitish cliff are alum, epsom salts, saltpetre, magnesia, and copperas, and the water which oozes therefrom is distinguished for its strong medicinal qualities. This strange and almost inaccessible, but unquestionably very valuable cave, belongs to a company of neighboring Carolinians, who have already made some money out of the alum, but have not yet accomplished much in the way of purifying and exporting the various products in which it abounds.

The scenery upon which this cave looks down, however, interested me quite as much as the cave itself. From the most comprehensive point of view two mountains descend abruptly, into a kind of amphitheatre, where the one on the right terminates in a very narrow and ragged ridge, which is without a particle of vegetation, while far beyond, directly in front of the cave, rises a lofty and pointed mountain, backed by some three or four of inferior magnitude. The ridge which I have mentioned is itself very high, but yet the cave looks down upon it, and it is so fantastic in its appearance that from different points of view you may discover holes leading like windows entirely through it, while from other places you might fancy that

you looked upon a ruined castle, a decayed battlement, or the shattered tower of an old cathedral. To gaze upon this prospect at the sunset hour, when the mountains were tinged with a rosy hue, and the immense hollow before me was filled with a purple atmosphere, and I could see the rocky ledge basking in the sunlight like a huge monster on the placid bosom of a lake, was to me one of the most remarkable and impressive scenes that I ever witnessed; and then remember, too, that I looked upon this wonderful prospect from a framework of solid rock, composed of the overhanging cliff. It was a glorious picture, indeed, and would amply repay one for a long pilgrimage.

The ordinary time required to visit the Alum Cave is two days: but, owing to bad weather, my friend and myself occupied the most of four days in performing the same trip. To give a minute account of all that we met with would occupy too much time, and I will therefore only record in this place the incidents which made the deepest impression on my own mind.

Our first night from home we spent in the cabin of a man who treated us with the utmost kindness, and would not receive a penny for his pains. So much for mountain hospitality. And now, to prove that our friend was an intelligent man, it may be mentioned that he is an adept in the following professions and trades, viz. those of medicine, the law, the blacksmith, the carpenter, the hunter, the shoemaker, the watchmaker, the farmer, and he also seemed to possess an inkling of some half dozen sciences. Now, I do not exactly mean to assert that the gentleman is a master practitioner in all these departments of human learning and industry; but if you were to judge of his ability by his use of technical words, you would not for a moment imagine he could have a competitor. But so it is in this wild region, one man has to perform the intellectual labor of a whole district; and what is really a hard case, the knowledge which is thus brought to so good a market is nearly always the fruit of a chance education and not a systematic one.

Among those who spent the night with us under the roof of the above accomplished man, was one of the idle vagabonds of the country. This individual, it appears, had met with a sin-

gular accident on the day previous, and amused us by relating it. I regret that I cannot remember all the singular epithets that he employed, but I will do my best to report him faithfully:

"Now, the thing happened was this, and I reckon you never heard sich like afore. A lot of us fellars was out in 'Squire Jones' millpond a washing ourselves and swimming. Now, I allow this pond, in a common way, is nigh on to half a mile long; but at this time they were draining the pond, and it warnt so very large. Wall, there was one spot, well nigh the middle—no, not exactly; I reckon it was a little to the left—where the water poured out into a real catarock. The fellars I was with got the devil in 'em, and offered to bet the tabaccer that I couldn't swim near the big hole in the dam without going through. I agreed, for I always counted myself a powerful swimmer. I made one try, and just touched the outside of the whirlpool. The fellars laughed at me and said I couldn't come it. I knew they said what was not so, and I got mad. I tried it again, and went a bit nearer, when they yelled out again and said it was no go. By this time I was considerable perplexed, but I swore to myself I would have the tobaccer, and I made one more try. But this time I got into the whirlpool, and couldn't get out: and, in less than no time, the water wheeled my head round to the hole, and in I went, quick as a streak, I went through the hole, 'bout four or six feet long—no, I allow 'twas seven feet—and fell into the surge below, and in five minutes or so—perhaps six—I was on dry land, sound as a button. The joke was on the fellars then, and when I told 'em to hand over my plunder, they said they would, and told me I looked like a big frog when I come out of the hole into the pool below the dam."

On the following morning we travelled to the foot of Smoky Mountain, and having obtained a guide, who happened to be one of the proprietors of Alum Cave, we resumed our journey. In the immediate vicinity of the cave we came across an Indian camp, where were two Indians who were out bear-hunting. We were admitted under their bark roof, and with them spent the night, sleeping upon the ground. We remained a sufficient

length of time to enjoy one supper and one breakfast; the first was composed of corn bread and bear meat, and the second of trout (caught in a neighboring stream) and a corn cake fried in the fat of a bear.

On questioning our Indian landlord, as we sat around our watch fire, with regard to the Alum Cave, I could only gather the fact that it was originally discovered by the famous chief Yo-na-gus-ka, who happened in his youth to track a bear to one of its corners, where he had a den. Disappointed on this score, I then turned to our guide to see what he could tell me about the cave that was not connected with its minerals, and the substance of his narrative was as follows:

"I hav'n't much to say about the cave that I knows of 'excepting one or two little circumstances about myself and another man. The first time I come here it was with my brother and two Indians. The sight of this strange gash in the mountain and the beautiful scenery all around made me very excited, and I was for climbing on top, and no mistake. The Indians and my brother started with me up the ledge at the north end of the cave, but when we got up half way, just opposite to an eagle's nest, where the creatures were screaming at a fearful rate, they all three of them backed down, and said I must not keep on. I told 'em I was determined to see the top, and I would. I did get on top, and after looking round a while and laughing at the fellows below, I began to think of going down again. And then it was that I felt a good deal skeered. I found I couldn't get down the way I got up, so I turned about for a new place. It was near sundown, and I hadn't yet found a place that suited me, and I was afraid I'd have to sleep out alone and without any fire. And the only way I ever got down was to find a pine tree that stood pretty close to a low part of the ledge, some three hundred yards from the cave, when I got into its top, and so came down among my friends, who said it was a wonder I hadn't been killed.

"I generally have had to pilot all strangers to the cave since that time, and I remember one circumstance that happened to a Tennessee lawyer, who caused us a good deal of fun; for

there was a party of young gentlemen there at the time. We had a camp right under the cave, where it's always dry, and about midnight the lawyer I mentioned suddenly jumped up as we were all asleep, and began to yell in the most awful manner, as if something dreadful had happened. He jumped about as if in the greatest agony, and called on God to have mercy on him, for he knew he would die. O, he did carry on at a most awful rate, and we thought he must have been bitten by some snake, or was crazy, so we tore off his clothes to see what was the matter; and what do you suppose we found? Nothing but a harmless little lizard, that had run up the poor man's legs, all the way up to his arm-pits, thinking, I suppose, that his clothes was the bark of a dead tree. After the trouble was all over, the way we laughed at the fellow was curious."

Our second day at the Alum Cave (and third one from home) was a remarkably cheerless one; for a regular snow-storm set in, mingled with hail, and, before we could reach our horses and descend the Smoky Mountain, some three or four inches of snow had fallen. We spent that night under the roof of our good friend and worthy man, the guide, and it was with difficulty that we could induce him to receive a bit of money for all his trouble in piloting us and treating us to his best fare. On that night we ate our supper at nine o'clock, and what rendered it somewhat peculiar, was the fact that his two eldest daughters, and very pretty girls withal, waited upon us at table, holding above our heads a couple of torches made of the fat pine. That was the first time that I was ever waited upon in so regal a style, and more than once during the feast did I long to retire in a corner of the smoky and dingy cabin to take a sketch of the romantic scene. At sunrise on the following morning my companion and myself remounted our horses, and in three hours were eating our breakfast in Qualla Town.

THE CHEROKEE INDIANS.

Qualla Town is a name applied to a tract of seventy-two thousand acres of land in Haywood county, which is occupied by about eight hundred Cherokee Indians, and one hundred Catawbas. Their district is mountainous from one extremity to the other, and watered by a number of beautiful streams, which abound in fish; the valleys and slopes are quite fertile, and the lower mountains are well adapted to grazing, and at the same time are heavily timbered and supplied with every variety of game. This portion of a much larger multitude of aborigines, in consideration of their rank and age, and of valuable services rendered to the United States, were permitted by the General Government to remain upon their native soil, while the great body of the Cherokee nation were driven into exile. They (the exiles) amounted in all to more than sixteen thousand souls, *eighteen hundred and fifty* having died on their way to the "*promised land*" beyond the Mississippi. And here it may with propriety be added, that since the removal, those in the West have gradually decreased in numbers, while the remaining portion have steadily increased by births at the rate of four per cent. per annum. In addition to the Indians above mentioned, it ought to be stated that there is a remnant of two hundred still remaining in the county of Cherokee; of whom, however, I know but little, and therefore purpose to confine my remarks to those of Qualla Town alone.

The Indians of this district, having formed themselves into a regular company, with appropriate regulations, they elected an old friend of theirs, named WILLIAM H. THOMAS, (mentioned

in my last letter,) to become their business chief, so that the connection now existing between the two parties is that of father and children. What the result of this arrangement has been, will be fully understood when I come to speak of the advance which the Indians have made in the march of civilization. As they are organized at the present time, the Qualla Town people are divided into seven clans, and to each clan is assigned what is called a town, over each of which presides a regular chief. The Cherokee nation was originally divided into seven clans, which were probably descended from certain noted families, and the old party feeling is still preserved with jealous care among their descendants in this vicinity. The names of the clans are: In-e-chees-quah, or Bird Clan; In-egil-lohee, or Pretty-faced Clan; In-e-wo-tah, or Paint Clan; In-e-wah-he-yah, or Wolf Clan; In-e-se-ho-nih, or Blue Clan; In-e-co-wih, or Deer Clan; and In-e-co-te-ca-wih, the meaning of which is not known. And among the customs which prevail among these clans, is one which prevents their marrying among themselves, so that they have to select their wives from a neighboring fraternity. Formerly such marriages were prohibited by penalty of death.

With regard to the extent of their civilization and their existing manner of life, the following may be looked upon as a comprehensive summary: About three-fourths of the entire population can read in their own language, and, though the majority of them understand English, a very few can speak the language. They practice, to a considerable extent, the science of agriculture, and have acquired such a knowledge of the mechanic arts as answers them for all ordinary purposes, for they manufacture their own clothing, their own ploughs, and other farming utensils, their own axes, and even their own guns. Their women are no longer treated as slaves, but as equals; the men labor in the fields, and their wives are devoted entirely to household employments. They keep the same domestic animals that are kept by their white neighbors, and cultivate all the common grains of the country. They are probably as temperate as any other class of people on the face of the earth, honest in their

business intercourse, moral in their thoughts, words and deeds, and distinguished for their faithfulness in performing the duties of religion. They are chiefly Methodists and Baptists, and have regularly ordained ministers, who preach to them on every Sabbath, and they have also abandoned many of their mere senseless superstitions. They have their own courts, and try their criminals by a regular jury. Their judges and lawyers are chosen from among themselves. They keep in order the public roads leading through their settlement. By a law of the State they have the right to vote, but seldom exercise that right, as they do not like the idea of being identified with any of the political parties. Excepting on festive days, they dress after the manner of the white man, but far more picturesquely. They live in small log houses of their own construction, and have every thing they need or desire in the way of food. They are, in fact, the happiest community that I have yet met in this Southern country, and no candid man can visit them without being convinced of the wickedness and foolishness of that policy of the Government, which has always acted upon the opinion that the red man could not be educated into a reasonable being.

By way of giving my readers a correct idea of the present condition of the Carolina Cherokees, I will describe a visit that I paid to one of their churches on the Sabbath. I was anxious to see how far they were advanced in the ways of Christian instruction, and, though I noticed many little eccentricities, I was, upon the whole, very much pleased with what I saw and heard. I was accompanied by Mr. THOMAS, and we reached the rude but spacious log meeting-house about eleven o'clock. The first hour was devoted to instructing the children from a Cherokee Catechism, and the chiefs of the several clans were the officiating teachers. At twelve o'clock a congregation of some one hundred and fifty souls was collected, a large proportion of whom were women, who were as neatly dressed as could be desired, with tidy calico gowns, and fancy handkerchiefs tied over their heads. The deportment of all present was as circumspect and solemn as I have ever witnessed in any New

England religious assembly. When a prayer was offered they all fell upon their knees, and in singing, all but the concluding hymn, they retained their seats. Their form of worship was according to the Methodist custom, but in their singing there was a wild and plaintive sweetness, which was very impressive. The women and children, as well as the men, participated in this portion of the ceremony, and some of the female voices reminded me of the caroling of birds. They sung four hymns; three prayers were offered by several individuals, and two sermons or exhortations were delivered. The prayers were short and pointed, and, as the shortest might be considered a fair specimen of the others, I will transcribe it for the edification of my readers:

"Almighty Lord, who art the father of the world, look down from heaven on this congregation. Bless the Indians, and supply them with all the food and clothing they may want; bless, also, the white men, and give them every thing they may need. Aid us all, O Lord, in all our good works. Take care of us through life, and receive us in heaven when the world shall be burnt up. We pray thee to take care of this young white man who has come to this Indian meeting. Protect him in all his travels, and go with him to his distant home, for we know by his kind words that he is a friend of the poor, ignorant, and persecuted Indian. Amen!"

The first preacher who addressed the meeting was a venerable man, *Big Charley*, and he took for his text the entire first chapter of John; but, before proceeding with his remarks, he turned to Mr. THOMAS and wished to know if he should preach with the "*linguister*," or interpreter, for the benefit of the young stranger. I told him no; but requested Mr. THOMAS to take notes, and, through his kindness, it is now my privilege to print the substance of that Cherokee sermon. It was as follows:

"In the beginning of creation, the world was covered with water. God spake the word and the dry land was made. He next made the day and the night; also, the sun, moon, and stars. He then made all the beasts and birds and fishes in the

world, and was much pleased. He wanted some one to take care of all these creatures, and so he made man, and from his body a woman, to help him and be his companion. He put them into a beautiful garden, which was filled with all kinds of good things to eat, but told them that there was one fruit they must not touch. That fruit was an apple, I believe. The woman was not grateful to God, and when a wicked serpent told her she might eat of the beautiful fruit which she was so curious to taste, she did eat of it, and gave some to the man, and he took some too. God talked with the man about his wicked conduct, and told him that he and his children should always have to work very hard for all they had to eat, so long as they lived in the world; and to the woman, God said, she must always suffer very much when she had children, and that the man should be her master. The man and woman were then turned out of the beautiful garden, and they were the father and mother of all the Indians in the world, as well as the white men and the black men. They had a great many children, and the world was very full of people. The people were very wicked, and God warned a good man that he intended to destroy the world by covering it all with water, and that this good man must build a large boat like a house, and get into it with his family, that they might not perish. The people laughed at this good man for believing such a story; but he took into his house two kinds of all the animals in the world, and the waters came; so the world was destroyed. After many days the good man sent out a dove to find some land, but it could not find any and came back. He sent it out again, and it never returned, and soon the great house rested on the top of a high mountain. Another race of people then covered the earth; and a great many good men lived upon the earth. One of the greatest of them it was who received from God the *ten commandments*, which direct all men how to be good and happy; but the world was yet very wicked. Long after this, God sent into the world his only Son, whose name was Jesus Christ. This wonderful being it was who gave up his own life that all the wicked of the world might be saved, and the justice

of God be satisfied; and so it is, that all the Indians, as well as the white men, who live like Jesus Christ, can get to heaven when they die."

In delivering his sermon, the preacher occupied about thirty minutes; and the above facts were cemented together by a great number of flowery expressions, which made it quite poetical. His manner was impressive, but not particularly eloquent. After he had taken his seat, and a hymn had been sung, a young man stepped into the rude pulpit, who has distinguished himself by his eloquence. His name is Tekin-neb, or the Garden of Eden. He spoke from the same text, and his remarks bore chiefly on the redemption by Christ. At the conclusion of his address, he gave a sketch of his own religious experience, and concluded by a remarkably affecting appeal to his hearers. His voice, emphasis, and manner were those of a genuine orator, and his thoughts were poetical to an uncommon degree. In dwelling upon the marvellous love of the Saviour, and the great wickedness of the world, he was affected to tears, and when he concluded there was hardly a dry eye in the house.

After the benediction had been pronounced, Mr. THOMAS delivered a short address to the meeting on Temperance and a few secular matters, when the Indians quietly dispersed to their several homes. I retired to my own temporary home, deeply impressed by what I had seen and heard, for my pride had been humbled while listening to the rude savage, whose religious knowledge was evidently superior to my own.

CHEROKEE CUSTOMS.

THE plan adopted for the civilization of the Carolina Cherokees differs materially from any others adopted in the United States. Their amusements are not interfered with, excepting when found to have an immoral or unhappy tendency. A goodly number of their more ridiculous games, however, they have abandoned of their own accord, but the manly game of *ball-playing* is still practised after the ancient manner, with one or two restrictions. In the first place, they are not allowed to wager their property on the games, as of old, unless it be some trifle in the way of a woollen belt or cotton handkerchief, and they are prohibited from choking each other, and breaking their heads and legs, when excited, as was their habit in former times. Since my arrival here, the Indians have had one of their ball-games; and as it was gotten up especially for my edification, I made it a point of etiquette to be present at the preparatory dance and the game, as well as at the concluding ceremony, and these I will now endeavor to describe.

The preparatory or training dance took place on the night preceding the game, and none participated in it who were not to play on the following day. There were sixty young men present, besides the spectators, and they met on a grassy plot formed by a bend of a neighboring stream, called Soco Creek. The dancers were stripped of every particle of clothing but their waistbands; they made their own music, which was composed merely of a rapid succession of whoops and shouts; and they danced round a large blazing fire. The night in question was very beautiful, and when this strange group was looked upon by the light of the full moon, and the wild mountain scenery on every side, they presented a most romantic appear-

ance indeed. They kept up the dance for over an hour, and, when it was concluded, all the men immediately ran towards a deep pool in the ice-cold stream, and without waiting for the perspiration to cool, plunged into the water, and, having finally emerged, started for their several homes. This dance, I am informed, had its origin in an ancient custom, which compelled all the candidates for a game of ball to inure themselves to every hardship for ten days before the game took place, and during all that time they were to eat but little food, and were to refrain from gratifying any of their sensual appetites.

On the morning of the game, a large plain, lying between two hills and directly in front of the Indian Court-house (a large circular lodge, built of logs,) was divested of every stone and stick on its surface, and at ten o'clock the spectators began to assemble. These were composed of the old men of the nation, a large number of boys, and a still larger number of women and children. They were all dressed in their holiday attire, so that feathers, shawl turbans, scarlet belts, and gaudy hunting shirts were quite abundant; and, scattered as they were in groups of from five to fifty on the hill sides and under the shadow of the trees, they presented a most picturesque appearance. During all this time the players had kept out of sight, and it was understood that the two parties were among the bushes, at the two ends of the plain, preparing themselves for the game. Under the direction of the presiding chief or game-director, two poles were now erected about six hundred yards apart, on either side of a given centre, and in this centre was placed the ball. From this point was the ball to be given to the players, and the party which first succeeded in throwing it outside of the pole belonging to their opponents to the number of twelve times were to be considered the winners.

Everything being ready, a shrill whoop was given from one end of the plain, and immediately answered by the opposing party, when they all made their appearance, marching slowly to the centre, shouting and yelling as they passed along. Each party consisted of thirty splendidly formed young men, who were unincumbered by any clothing, (save their common waistband,) and every individual carried in his hand a pair of ball

sticks, made with a braided bag at one end. As the parties approached the centre, the lady-loves of the players ran out upon the plain and gave their favorite champions a variety of articles, such as belts and handkerchiefs, which they were willing to wager upon the valor of their future husbands. This little movement struck me as particularly interesting, and I was greatly pleased with the bashfulness and yet complete confidence with which the Indian maidens manifested their preferences.

When the several parties were assembled at the centre of the plain, each man selected his particular antagonist by placing his sticks at his rival's feet, after which the game-director delivered a long speech, wherein he warned them to adhere to the existing regulations; and, throwing the ball high up in the air, made his escape to one side of the plain, and the game commenced. As it proceeded, the players became greatly excited, and I noticed that the ball was never taken in hand until after it had been picked up by the *spoony* stick, but the expertness with which these movements were performed was indeed surprising. At one time the whole crowd of players would rush together in the most desperate and fearful manner, presenting, as they struggled for the ball, the appearance of a dozen gladiators, striving to overcome a monster serpent; and then again, as one man would secure the ball and start for the boundary line of his opponent, the races which ensued were very beautiful and exciting. Wrestling conflicts also occurred quite frequently, and it often seemed as if the players would break every bone in their bodies as they threw each other into the air, or dragged each other over the ground; and many of the leaps, which single individuals performed, were really superb. The exercise was of a character that would kill the majority of white men. The game lasted for about two hours, and the moment it was finished, the entire body of players, while yet panting with excessive fatigue, made a rush for the neighboring river, and in a short time appeared on the plain in their usual garb, and the old chief who had held the stakes awarded the prizes to the winning party. A short time afterwards the boys stripped themselves, and went through the same routine of playing as already described, when the ball-playing was at

an end, and the people began to disperse with a view of getting ready for the evening dance.

I employed the intervening time by going home with one of the chiefs, and eating a comfortable supper in his log cabin. The habitation of this chief was made of hewn logs, and occupied a farm of twenty acres on the mountain side, about one-fourth of which was in a state of cultivation, and planted with corn and potatoes. He had a tidy wife and several children, and his stock consisted of a pony, a cow, and some ten or a dozen sheep. At nine o'clock, I was again in the midst of a crowd of Indians, assembled at the court-house of the town. The edifice, so called, is built of hewn logs, very large and circular, without any floor but that of solid earth, and without any seat but one short bench intended for the great men of the nation. In the centre of this lodge was a large fire, and the number of persons who figured in the several dances of the evening, was perhaps two hundred, all fantastically dressed, and including men, women, and boys. Each dancer made his own music, and, with one exception, the dances were of the common Indian sort. The exception alluded to was particularly fantastic, and called "the Pilgrim Dance." They came in with packs on their backs, with their faces strangely painted, and with gourds hanging at their sides, and the idea seemed to be to represent their hospitality towards all strangers who visited them from distant lands. The dancing continued until midnight, when the presiding chief addressed the multitude on the subject of their duties as intelligent beings, and told them to return to their several homes and resume their labors in the field and in the shops. He concluded by remarking that he hoped I was pleased with what I had witnessed, and trusted that nothing had happened which would make the wise men of my country in the East think less of the poor Indian than they did at the present time: and he then added that, according to an ancient custom, as I was a stranger they liked, the several chiefs had given me a name, by which I should hereafter be remembered among the Carolina Cherokees, and that name was *Ga-taw-hough No-que-sih*, or *The Wandering Star*.

CHEROKEE CHARACTERS.

In the present letter I purpose to give you a brief historical account of certain celebrated Cherokee Indians, who are deservedly considered as among the bright particular stars of their nation. Some of them are dead, and some still living, but they were all born in this mountain land and it is meet that I should award to each a "passing paragraph of praise."

The first individual that I would mention is Yo-na-gus-ka, or the *Drowning Bear*. He was the principal chief of the Qualla Indians, and died in the year 1838, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. When the Cherokees were invited to remove west of the Mississippi in 1809, he petitioned President Jefferson that he might be permitted to remain with his followers, among his native mountains, and his prayer was granted. He was eminently a peace chief, but obstinately declined every invitation of the Government to emigrate, and would probably have shed his blood and that of all his warriors in defending his rights. When about sixty years of age he had a severe fit of sickness, which terminated in a trance; this apparent suspension of all his faculties lasted about twenty-four hours, during which period he was supposed to be dead. It so happened, however, that he recovered, and on resuming his speech, told his attendants that he had been to the spirit land, and held communion with his friends who had been long dead; that they were all very happy. He also stated that he had seen many white men, and that some of them appeared to be unhappy. The Great Spirit talked with him, and told him his time was not yet come to leave the world: that he had been a good and honest man,

and that he must return to his people, and govern them with great care and affection, so that he might finally come and live with the Great Spirit forever.

Subsequently to that time his people gave him a new name, which was Yon-na-yous-ta, or *How like an Indian.* He governed his people like a father, and was universally beloved. It was at his suggestion that Mr. Thomas was adopted into the Cherokee nation; the prominent reasons assigned for such a desire on his part being that Thomas had proved himself to be the Indian's friend, and was alone in the world, having no father or brother. Mr. Thomas exerted a great influence over him, and among the measures which the former recommended was the adoption of a temperance society for the improvement of himself and people, who were all addicted to the intoxicating bowl. He was a true patriot at heart, and on being reasoned into a correct state of mind, he expressed his determination to create a reform. He first reformed himself, and then summoned a council of all his people, ostensibly but secretly, for the purpose of establishing a temperance society. At this council he made a speech to the effect that they knew he had been an intemperate man, and had discouraged the use of strong drink, which he was confident was rapidly annihilating his nation; he expected to be with his people but a short time, and to extricate them from the great evil he had mentioned was the real purpose of the Great Spirit in prolonging his life; he also spoke of the many evils to families and individuals resulting from intemperance; and when he concluded, it is said that his entire audience was in tears. Taking advantage of this triumph, he called his scribe, (for he himself was an illiterate man,) and requested him to write these words upon a sheet of paper: "The undersigned drink no more whiskey;" to which pledge he requested that his name should be attached. Every member of the council appended his name to the paper, and thus was established the first temperance society among the Cherokees, which has already accomplished wonders. Among the regulations which he afterwards proclaimed, was one that each Indian should pay a fine of two shillings for every offence com-

mitted in breaking the pledge, and that the money thus collected should be expended in extending the boundaries of their territory. And here it may be well to mention the fact, that though this "father of temperance" among the Indians had been extremely dissipated during a period of thirty years, he was never known, even in *the way of medicine*, to touch a drop of spirits after his first temperance speech.

The reputation of Yo-na-gus-ka as an orator was co-extensive with his entire nation. He not only understood the art of working upon the feelings and clothing his thoughts in the most appropriate imagery, but the thoughts themselves were invariably sound, and his arguments unanswerable. From many examples of his reasoning I select one. When once invited by the officers of Government to remove westward, even after he and his people had become citizenized, he was informed that in the West he would have an abundance of the most fertile land, with plenty of game; also a government of his own; that he would be undisturbed by the whites, and that the United States Government would ever protect him from future molestation. In replying to this invitation, as he stood in the midst of armed soldiers, he remarked in substance as follows: "I am an old man, and have counted the snows of almost eighty winters. My hair, which is now very white, was once like the raven's wing. I can remember when the white man had not seen the smoke of our cabins westward of the Blue Ridge, and I have watched the establishment of all his settlements, even to the Father of Waters. The march of the white is still towards the setting sun, and I know that he will never be satisfied until he reaches the shore of the great water. It is foolish in you to tell me that the whites will not trouble the poor Cherokee in the Western country. The white man's nature and the Indian's fate tell a different story. Sooner or later one Government must cover the whole continent, and the red people, if not scattered among the autumn leaves, will become a part of the American nation. As to the white man's promises of protection, they have been too often broken; they are like the reeds in yonder river—they are all lies. North Carolina had acknow-

ledged our title to these lands, and the United States had guarantied that title; but all this did not prevent the Government from taking away our lands by force; and, not only that, but sold the very cow of the poor Indian and his gun, so as to compel him to leave the country. Is this what the white man calls justice and protection? No, we will not go to the West. We wanted to become the children of North Carolina, and she has received us as such, and passed a law for our protection, and we will continue to raise our corn in this very land. The people of Carolina have always been very kind to us, and we know they will never oppress us. You say the land in the West is much better than it is here. That very fact is an argument on our side. The white man must have rich land to do his great business, but the Indian can be happy with poorer land. The white man must have a flat country for his plough to run easy, but we can get along even among the rocks on the mountains. We never shall do what you want us to do. I don't like you for your pretended kindness. I always advise my people to keep their backs for ever turned towards the setting sun, and never to leave the land of their fathers. I tell them they must live like good citizens; never forget the kindness of North Carolina, and always be ready to help her in time of war. I have nothing more to say."

When Yo-na-gus-ka was about to die, he summoned his chiefs and warriors to his bed-side, and talked to them at great length upon the importance of temperance, and in opposition to the idea of their emigrating to the West, and made them swear that they would never abandon the graves of their fathers, or his own grave, which is now marked by a pile of stones on the margin of the Soco. In personal appearance he was very handsome, and left two wives. He was the owner of considerable property, and among his possessions was an old negro named *Cudjo*. This man is now living, and on questioning him about his former master he replied: "If Yo-na-gus-ka had had larning, I b'lieve he'd been a very great man. He never allowed himself to be called *master*, for he said Cudjo was his brother, and not his slave. He was a great friend o' mine, and

when he died, I felt as I didn't care about living any longer myself; but Yo-na-gus-ka is gone, and poor old Cudjo is still alive and well."

The second character that I would introduce to my readers is now living in Qualla Town. His name is *Salola*, or the *Squirrel*. He is quite a young man, and has a remarkably thoughtful face. He is the blacksmith of his nation, and with some assistance supplies the whole of Qualla Town with axes and ploughs; but what is more, he has manufactured a number of very superior rifles and pistols, including stock, barrel, and lock; and he is also the builder of grist-mills which grind all the corn that his people eat. A specimen of his workmanship, in the way of a rifle, may be seen at the Patent-Office, in Washington, where it was deposited by Mr. Thomas; and I believe Salola is the first Indian who ever manufactured an entire gun. But, when it is remembered that he never received a particle of education in any of the mechanic arts, but is entirely self-taught, his attainments must be considered truly remarkable.

That he labors under every disadvantage in his most worthy calling, may be shown by the fact that he uses a *flint-stone* for an anvil, and a *water-blast* for a bellows. In every particular he is a most worthy man, and though unable to speak the English tongue, is a very good scholar in his own language. He is the husband of a Catawba woman, whom he married *before he could speak one word of her own tongue, or she could speak Cherokee;* but they have now established a language of their own, by which they get along very well. Salola, upon the whole, is an honor to the country, and one whose services in some iron or steel establishment of the eastern cities would be of great value. Is there not some gentleman in Philadelphia or New York who would take pleasure in patronising this mechanical prodigy of the wilderness?

Another of the characters I intended to mention is named *Euchella*. He is a very worthy chief, and now in the afternoon of his days. He is quite celebrated among his people as a warrior, but is principally famous for important services ren-

dered by him to the United States Government during the Cherokee troubles. He, and a band of one hundred followers, first attracted public attention by evading, for upwards of a whole year, the officers of Government who had been commanded to remove the party beyond the Mississippi. It having been ascertained, however, that Euchella could not easily be captured, and would never submit to leave his country, it was determined that an overture should be made, by which he and his brotherhood of warriors could be secured to assist the whites in their troublesome efforts to capture three Indians who had murdered a number of soldiers. The instrument employed to effect a reconciliation was the Indian trader, Mr. Thomas, who succeeded in appointing a meeting with Euchella on a remote mountain-top.

During this interview, Mr. Thomas remonstrated with Euchella, and told him that, if he would join the whites, he might remain in Carolina and be at peace. "I cannot be at peace," replied the warrior, "because it is now a whole year that your soldiers have hunted me like a wild deer. I have suffered from the white man more than I can bear. I had a wife and a little child—a brave, bright-eyed boy—and because I would not become your slave, they were left to starve upon the mountains. Yes; and I buried them with my own hand, at midnight. For a whole week at a time have I been without bread myself, and this in my own country too. I cannot bear to think upon my wrongs, and I scorn your proposition." It so happened, however, that he partially relented, and having submitted the proposition to his warriors, whom he summoned to his side by a whoop, they agreed to accept it, and from that time Euchella became an ally of the army. It was by the efforts of Euchella and his band that the *murderers* already mentioned were arrested and punished. They had been condemned by a court martial, and sentenced to be shot, and the scorn of death manifested by one of them named Charley, is worth recording. He had been given into the hands of Euchella, and when he was tied to the tree, by one arm, where he was to die, (to which confinement he submitted without a murmur,) he

asked permission to make a few remarks, which was of course granted, and he spoke as follows: "And is it by your hands, Euchella, that I am to die? We have been brothers together; but Euchella has promised to be the white man's friend, and he must do his duty, and poor Charley is to suffer because he loved his country. O, Euchella! if the Cherokee people now beyond the Mississippi carried my heart in their bosoms, they never would have left their beautiful native land—their own mountain land. I am not afraid to die; O, no, I want to die, for my heart is very heavy, heavier than lead. But, Euchella, there is one favor that I would ask at your hands. You know that I had a little boy, who was lost among the mountains. I want you to find that boy, if he is not dead, and tell him that the last words of his father were that he must *never* go beyond the Father of Waters, but die in the land of his birth. It is sweet to die in one's own country, and to be buried by the margin of one's native stream." After the bandage had been placed over his eyes, a little delay occurred in the order of execution, when Charley gently raised the bandage, and saw a dozen of Euchella's warriors in the very act of firing; he then replaced the cloth, without manifesting the least anxiety or moving a muscle, and in a moment more the poor savage was weltering in his blood. And so did all three of the murderers perish.

Another name famous in the unwritten annals of Cherokee history, is that of an Indian named *Guess*, who was the inventor of the Cherokee alphabet. This alphabet contains eighty-six characters, each one of which represents a distinct sound. It can be acquired, by an apt scholar, in the course of ten days, and is now the foundation of the Cherokee literature. Guess died at the West in the year 1842.

The individual who translated the New Testament was an educated Indian, named *Elias Boudinot*, who lost his life by the hand of an Indian assassin. At the time of his death he was engaged upon a translation of the Bible, and was cut down in the midst of his usefulness, in 1839, merely because he had the fearlessness and the honesty to disagree with a majority of

the Arkansas Cherokees in regard to a certain treaty. *John Ridge*, also an educated Indian, and his father Major *Ridge*, were brave and honorable men, who were the friends of Boudinot, and like him perished by the hands of assassins, at the same time and for the same cause. The elder *Ridge* acted a conspicuous part in the battle of the Horse-Shoe, in the Creek war; while the younger *Ridge* was mainly distinguished for his intelligence and the happy influence of his life and good works.

HICKORY NUT GAP.

The distance from Qualla Town to the Hickory Nut Gap is sixty miles. The first half of the route is exceedingly mountainous and almost entirely uncultivated, but the valley of Pigeon river, down which you have to travel for a considerable distance, is very fertile and well cultivated. A pastoral charm seems to rest upon the scenery, and in this particular forcibly reminded me of the upper valley of the Mohawk. I occupied the most of two days in performing this trip, and the only incident that I met with which was at all unique, was upon this wise. I had stopped at a farm-house to take my dinner. It so happened that my host was about to erect a new barn, and some twenty of his neighbors were assembled for the purpose of raising the frame work to its proper position. An abundance of whiskey had already been imbibed by a few of this rustic company, and among these was one individual who had recently been grossly cheated in purchasing a horse from a Tennessee horse-dealer. He had given a mule and twenty dollars for the stranger's gelding, and, though the animal was quite respectable in appearance, it had turned out to be old, unsound, and almost without a redeeming quality. The individual in question was noted for making a fool of himself when intoxicated, and on this occasion he was determined to prove true to himself. At this time his horse speculation seemed to weigh heavily upon his mind, and in his vehement remarks he took particular pains to curse the entire State of Tennessee, including President Polk. The poor man finally became so completely excited that he swore he would whip the first man he met on the road who

happened to be from Tennessee; and so the matter rested. In about thirty minutes thereafter, as fortune would have it, a man made his appearance on the road, apparently from the West; and in jeering their noisy companion, the farmers remarked that "now he would have a chance to revenge himself." The excitement of the horse-bitten speculator was consequently greatly increased, and when the stranger reached the hill-top he was accosted as follows:

"May I ask you, sir, if you come from Tennessee?"

"I do. What will you have?" replied the stranger.

The Carolinian then related his trading story, which he concluded by carefully reiterating the determination he had made. The stranger laughed at the idea, and was about to resume his journey, when the reins of his horse were seized, and he found that it was indeed necessary for him to fight his way out of the queer scrape. All remonstrance on his part was in vain; but at the very moment the fight was to commence, another horseman rode up, who was also interrogated as to his native State. His presence had a tendency to suspend hostilities; but when it was ascertained that he was *only* a Kentuckian, the Carolinian insisted upon going on with his business. The feelings of the Kentuckian were now enlisted, and he declared his intention of regulating the fight; whereupon he made a large ring, and taking out of his pocket a couple of pistols, he told the combatants "to go ahead," and at the same time warned the bystanders that he would shoot the first man that interfered. The conclusion of the whole matter was, that the intoxicated man received a cruel thrashing for his ridiculous conduct, and the two gentlemen from the West quietly resumed their several journeys.

On my way to this place, I stopped for a few hours at *Deaver's Sulphur Springs*, which are about four miles from the French Broad river, on the road to Clarksville, Georgia. This is one of the most popular watering-places in the South, not only on account of the medicinal qualities of the water, but on account of the surrounding scenery, which is remarkably interesting, and also for the additional reason that the style in which

people are entertained is well worthy of even such places as Saratoga. The several buildings connected with the establishment usually accommodate about two hundred families during the summer months, and they are chiefly from the cities of Charleston and Savannah. The people of Eastern North Carolina do not seem to know that they have such a delightful retreat within their borders, which, to a man of genuine taste, is as far ahead of Saratoga as a mountain stream is ahead of a canal.

With regard to Ashville, I can only say that it is a very busy and pleasant village, filled with intelligent and hospitable inhabitants, and is the centre of a mountain land, where Nature has been extremely liberal and tasteful in piling up her mighty bulwarks for the admiration of man. Indeed, from the summit of a hill immediately in the vicinity of the village, I had a south-western view which struck me as eminently superb. It was near the sunset hour, and the sky was flooded with a golden glow, which gave a living beauty to at least a hundred mountain peaks, from the centre of which loomed high towards the zenith *Mount Pisgah* and the *Cold Mountain*, richly clothed in purple, which are from twenty to thirty miles distant, and not far from six thousand feet in height. The middle distance, though in reality composed of wood-crowned hills, presented the appearance of a level plain or valley, where columns of blue smoke were gracefully floating into the upper air, and whence came the occasional tinkle of a bell, as the cattle wended their way homeward, after roaming among the unfenced hills. Directly at my feet lay the little town of Ashville, like an oddly-shaped figure on a green carpet; and over the whole scene dwelt a spirit of repose, which seemed to quiet even the common throbbings of the heart.

My first expedition on arriving here was to a gorge in the Blue Ridge called the *Hickory Nut Gap*. How it came by that name I cannot imagine, since the forests in this particular region, so far as I could ascertain, are almost entirely destitute of the hickory tree. It is true that for a distance of four miles the gorge is watered by a brook called after the hickory nut,

but I take it that this name is a borrowed one. The entire length of the gap is about nine miles, and the last five miles are watered by the Rocky Broad River. The upper part of this stream runs between the Blue Ridge proper and a spur of the Blue Ridge, and at the point where it forces a channel through the spur its bed is exceedingly rocky, and on either hand, until it reaches the middle country of the State, it is protected by a series of mountain bluffs. That portion of the gorge which might be called the gateway, is at the eastern extremity. From any point of view this particular spot is remarkably imposing, the gap being not more than half a mile wide, though appearing to narrow down to a few hundred yards. The highest bluff is on the south side, and, though rising to the height of full *twenty-five hundred feet*, it is nearly perpendicular, and midway up its front stands an isolated rock, looming against the sky, which is of a circular form, and resembles the principal turret of a stupendous castle. The entire mountain is composed of granite, and a large proportion of the bluff in question positively hangs over the abyss beneath, and is as smooth as it could possibly be made by the rains of uncounted centuries. Over one portion of this superb cliff, falling far down into some undiscovered and apparently unattainable pool, is a stream of water, which seems to be the offspring of the clouds; and in a neighboring brook near the base of this precipice are three shooting waterfalls, at the foot of which, formed out of the solid stone, are three holes, which are about ten feet in diameter, and measure from forty to fifty feet in depth. But, leaving these remarkable features entirely out of the question, the mountain scenery in this vicinity is as beautiful and fantastic as any I have yet witnessed among the Alleghanies. At a farm-house near the gap, where I spent a night, I had the pleasure of meeting an English gentleman and tourist, and he informed me that, though he had crossed the Alps in a number of places, yet he had never seen any mountain scenery which he thought more beautiful than that of the Hickory Nut Gap. My best view of the gorge was from the eastward, and just as the sun, with a magnificent retinue of clouds, was sinking directly in the hollow

of the hills, and as I gazed upon the prospect, it seemed to me, as was in reality the case, that I stood at the very threshold of an almost boundless wilderness of mountains.

Before visiting this remarkable passage through the mountains, I endeavored to ascertain from the Cherokees of Qualla Town, its original Indian name, but without succeeding. It was my good fortune, however, to obtain a romantic legend connected therewith. I heard it from the lips of a Chief who glories in the two names of *All Bones* and *Flying Squirrel*, and, though he occupied no less than two hours in telling the story, I will endeavor to give it to my readers in about five minutes.

There was a time when the Cherokees were without the famous *Tse-lungh*, or tobacco weed, with which they had previously been made acquainted by a wandering stranger from the far East. Having smoked it in their large stone pipes, they became impatient to obtain it in abundance. They ascertained that the country where it grew in the greatest quantities was situated on the big waters, and that the gateway to that country (a mighty gorge among the mountains) was perpetually guarded by an immense number of little people or spirits. A council of the bravest men in the nation was called, and, while they were discussing the dangers of visiting the unknown country, and bringing therefrom a large knapsack of the fragrant tobacco, a young man stepped boldly forward and said that he would undertake the task. The young warrior departed on his mission and never returned. The Cherokee nation were now in great tribulation, and another council was held to decide upon a new measure. At this council a celebrated magician rose and expressed his willingness to relieve his people of their difficulties, and informed them that he would visit the tobacco country and see what he could accomplish. He turned himself into a mole, and as such made his appearance eastward of the mountains; but, having been pursued by the guardian spirits, he was compelled to return without any spoil. He next turned himself into a humming-bird, and thus succeeded, to a very limited extent, in obtaining what he needed. On returning to his coun-

try, he found a number of his friends at the point of death, on account of their intense desire for the fragrant weed; whereupon he placed some of it in a pipe, and having blown the smoke into the nostrils of those who were sick, they all revived and were quite happy. The magician now took it into his head that he would revenge the loss of the young warrior, and at the same time become the sole possessor of all the tobacco in the unknown land. He therefore turned himself into a whirlwind, and in passing through the Hickory Nut Gorge he stripped the mountains of their vegetation, and scattered huge rocks in every part of the narrow valley; whereupon the little people were all frightened away, and he was the only being in the country eastward of the mountains. In the bed of a stream he found the bones of the young warrior, and having brought them to life, and turned himself into a man again, the twain returned to their own country heavily laden with tobacco; and ever since that time it has been very abundant throughout the entire land.

THE FRENCH BROAD RIVER.

I HAVE just returned from an excursion down the French Broad River to *Patton's Warm Springs*, and the neighboring curiosities, and I now purpose to describe the "wonders I have seen." The original Indian name of the French Broad was *Pse-li-co*, the meaning of which I have not been able to ascertain. Its English name was derived from a famous hunter named *French*. It is one of the principal tributaries of the Tennessee, about one hundred miles long, from one to two hundred yards wide; and, taking its rise in the Blue Ridge near the border of South Carolina, runs in a northwestern direction. Judging of the whole, by a section of fifty miles, lying westward of Ashville, it must be considered one of the most beautiful rivers in this beautiful land. In running the distance above mentioned it has a fall of nearly fifteen hundred feet, and its bed seems to be entirely composed of solid rock. In depth it varies from five to fifteen feet, and, generally speaking, is quite clear, abounding in a great variety of plebeian fish. Its shores are particularly wild and rocky, for the most part nearly perpendicular, varying from one to four hundred feet in height, and, though usually covered with vegetation, they present frequent cliffs of granite, freestone, and blue limestone, which actually droop over the rushing waters and present a most imposing appearance. With regard to its botanical curiosities, it can safely be said that a more fruitful and interesting valley can nowhere be found in the Union. Here we have not only every variety of American forest trees, but bushes, plants, flowers, and vines in the greatest profusion, and of the most vigorous

growth; many of the grape vines, which weigh down the mighty sycamore, seem to be long enough, and strong enough, to link together a hundred ships of war. When it is remembered, too, that the air is constantly heavy with the fragrance of flowers, and tremulous with the perpetual roar of the stream, it may be readily imagined that a ride down the French Broad is a unique pleasure. Back of the river on either side of the country is hilly and somewhat cultivated, but its immediate valley contains nothing that smacks of civilisation but a turnpike road, and an occasional tavern. This road runs directly along the water's edge nearly the entire distance, and, on account of the quantity of travel which passes over it, is kept in admirable repair. It is the principal thoroughfare between Tennessee and South Carolina, and an immense number of cattle, horses, and hogs, are annually driven over it to the seaboard markets. Over this road also quite a large amount of merchandise is constantly transported for the merchants of the interior, so that mammoth wagons, with their eight and ten horses, and their half-civilized teamsters, are as plenty as blackberries, and afford a romantic variety to the stranger.

In riding down the French Broad, I overtook a gentleman on horseback, who accompanied me about twenty miles. Immediately after the first salutation was passed, and he had ascertained that I was from the eastward, he questioned me with regard to *the latest news from China*. I was surprised at the question, and after telling him I had none to communicate, I could not refrain from asking him what was the secret of his interest in that remote Empire. He replied that he resided on the French Broad, and was a dealer in ginseng. I had heard of the article before, and knew that it was found in abundance throughout this mountain region. My friend described it as a beautiful plant, with one stem growing to a height of eighteen inches, having at the top three leaves, each composed of five leaflets, indented along the margin and closely resembling the sarsaparilla plant. That portion of it, however, which is prepared for market is the root. The Chinese are the only people in the world who make any use of it whatever; but with them it has

been an article of commerce from time immemorial. It is said to be associated in some way or other with an unexplained superstition. Formerly it was obtained exclusively from Tartary, and the Tartars were in the habit of saying that they could never find it, excepting by shooting a magic arrow, which invariably fell where the plant was abundant. The Chinese call it the "food of immortality," and they declare it to be a remedy for every inherited evil, wholesome for the frail in body, refreshing for the memory, calming the wild passions and bestowing inexpressible delight. It is said also that the right for collecting it in China is conferred by the Emperor, and the punishment awarded to those who gather it without permission is perpetual slavery. It is not thought to possess any valuable medicinal quality, and only has the effect of strengthening the sensual appetites. It is used in the same manner that we use tobacco, and to the tongue is an agreeable bitter. It has been an article of export from this country for half a century, and the most extensive American shippers reside in Philadelphia. It is sold for about sixty cents the pound, and my travelling companion told me that his sales amounted to about forty thousand dollars per annum. What an idea! that even the celestials are dependent upon the United States for one of their cherished luxuries, and that luxury a common unnoticed plant of the wilderness! Ours is, indeed a great country."

I come now to speak of the Warm Springs, which are thirty-six miles from Ashville, and within six of the Tennessee line. Of the Springs themselves there are some half a dozen, but the largest is covered with a house, and divided into two equal apartments, either one of which is sufficiently large to allow of a swim. The temperature of the water is 105 degrees, and it is a singular fact that rainy weather has a tendency to increase the heat, but it never varies more than a couple of degrees. All the springs are directly on the southern margin of the French Broad; the water is clear as crystal, and so heavy that even a child may be thrown into it with little danger of being drowned. As a beverage the water is quite palatable, and it is said that some people can drink a number of quarts

per day, and yet experience none but beneficial effects. The diseases which it is thought to cure are palsy, rheumatism, and cutaneous affections; but they are of no avail in curing pulmonic or dropsical affections. The Warm Springs are annually visited by a large number of fashionable and sickly people from all the Southern States, and the proprietor has comfortable accommodations for two hundred and fifty persons. His principal building is of brick, and the ball-room is 230 feet long. Music, dancing, flirting, wine-drinking, riding, bathing, fishing, scenery-hunting, bowling, and reading, are all practised here to an unlimited extent; but, what is more exciting than all these pleasures put together, is the rare sport of deer-hunting; and hereby "hangs a tale" to which I must devote a separate paragraph.

My polite landlord had intimated his intention of affording me a little sport; and immediately after a twelve o'clock dinner, on a certain day, he stepped out upon his piazza, and gave two or three blasts with a small horn, the result of which was, that, in about fifteen minutes, a negro mounted on a handsome horse made his appearance, accompanied by some twenty yelping hounds. The horn was next handed to the negro, and he was requested to go to a certain spot on the mountains about three miles off, and put the dogs out after a deer. Two hours having elapsed, the landlord, his son, and myself each took a rifle, and, after riding some three miles up the French Broad, we stationed ourselves at different points, for the purpose of welcoming the deer, which was expected to take to the water on the opposite side. We had scarcely been ten minutes in our hiding places before the loud baying of the hounds was heard, as they were coming down one of the mountain ravines, and in another instant a very large buck (with his horns as yet only about a foot long) plunged into the rapid stream. Instead of crossing the water, however, he made his way directly down the river, now swimming and now leaping, with the entire pack of hounds directly in his foamy wake. It was evident that he considered himself hard pressed, and, though now approaching a very rocky fall in the stream, he gave himself to the current and went over, and it seemed as if he must inevitably perish. But another

call was immediately made upon our sympathies, for we discovered the entire pack of hounds passing into the same hell of waters. We remained in suspense, however, but a few moments, for we saw the pursued and the pursuers all emerge from the foam entirely unharmed, and still struggling in the race. Now the deer took to an island, and then to another, and now again to the water, and away did the whole pack speed down the river. By this time the buck was evidently becoming tired, and certain of being overtaken; and, having reached a shallow place in the river, he turned upon the dogs and stood at bay. His movements during this scene were indeed superb, and I could not but pity the noble fellow's condition. His sufferings, however, were of short duration, for, while thus standing in full front of his enemies, the landlord's son sent a ball through his heart from the shore, and with one frightful leap the monarch of the mountains was floating in a crimson pool. The mounted negro now made his appearance, as if by magic, and, having waded and swam his horse to the dead deer, took the creature in tow, brought him to the land, threw him upon his horse, and so ended the afternoon deer-hunt.

About six miles from the Warm Springs, and directly on the Tennessee line, are located a brotherhood of perpendicular cliffs, which are known as *the Painted Rocks*. They are of limestone, and rise from the margin of the French Broad to the height of two, three and four hundred feet. They are of a yellowish cast, owing to the drippings of a mineral water, and in form as irregular and fantastic as can well be imagined. They extend along the river nearly a mile, and at every step present new phases of beauty and grandeur. Taken separately, it requires but a trifling effort of the fancy to find among them towers, ramparts and moats, steeples and domes in abundance; but when taken as a whole, and viewed from the opposite bank of the river, they present the appearance of a once magnificent city in ruins. Not only are they exceedingly beautiful in themselves, but the surrounding scenery is highly attractive, for the mountains seem to have huddled themselves together for the purpose of looking down upon and admiring the winding

and rapid stream. With regard to historical and legendary associations, the Painted Rocks are singularly barren; in this particular, however, they are like the entire valley of the French Broad, where relics of a by-gone people are few and far between. The rugged aspect of this country would seem to imply that it was never regularly inhabited by the Indians, but was their hunting ground; and what would appear to strengthen this idea is the fact that it is, even at the present day, particularly famous for its game.

On the day that I returned from my trip down the French Broad, the weather was quite showery, and the consequence was, the rain was occasionally employed as an apology for stopping and enjoying a quiet conversation with the people on the road. At one of the places where I halted there was a contest going on between two Whigs, concerning the talents of the honorable gentleman who represents the famous county of Buncombe in Congress. The men were both strongly attached to the representative, and the contest consisted in their efforts to excel each other in complimenting their friend, and the climax of the argument seemed to be that Mr. CLINGMAN was not "*some pumpkins*," but "PUMPKINS." The strangeness of this expression attracted my attention, and when an opportunity offered I questioned the *successful* disputant as to the origin and meaning of the phrase he had employed, and the substance of his reply was that a small man, intellectually, was *nothing*; a man of average smartness, *some pumpkins*; and a superior man, *pumpkins*.

At another of the houses where I tarried for an hour, it was my fortune to arrive just in time to witness the conclusion of a domestic quarrel between a young husband and his wife. On subsequently inquiring into the history of this affectionate couple, I obtained the following particulars: The young man was reported to be a very weak-minded individual, and ever since his marriage had been exceedingly jealous of his wife, who (as I had seen) was quite beautiful, but known to be perfectly true to her husband. Jealousy, however, was the rage of the man, and he was constantly making himself very ridi-

culous. His wife remonstrated, but at the same time appreciated his folly, and acted accordingly. On one occasion she was politely informed by her husband that he was very unhappy, and intended to hang himself. "Very well," replied the wife, "I hope you will have a good time." The husband was desperate, and having obtained a rope, and carefully adjusted a certain stool, he slipped the former over his head, and, when he knew that his wife was looking on, he swung himself to a cross-beam of his cabin. In playing his trick, however, he unfortunately kicked over the stool, (which he had placed in a convenient spot for future use in regaining his feet,) and was well nigh losing his life in reality, but was saved by the timely assistance of his wife. His first remark on being cut down was, "Jane, won't you please go after the doctor: I've twisted my neck dreadfully."

I also picked up, while travelling along the French Broad, the following bit of history connected with one of the handsomest plantations on said river. About forty years ago a young girl and her brother (who was a mere boy) found themselves in this portion of North Carolina, strangers, orphans, friendless, and with only the moneyed inheritance of one hundred and fifty dollars. With this money the girl bought a piece of land, and, her little brother having died, she hired herself out as housekeeper. In process of time she married, gave her little property into the keeping of her husband, who squandered it, died a drunkard, and left her without a penny. By the kindness of a friend she borrowed a couple of hundred dollars, and came to Ashville and opened a boarding-house. In the course of five years she made ten thousand dollars, married a second time, and by the profligacy and death of her second husband again lost every penny of her property. Years elapsed, and the unceasing industry of the poor widow was recompensed by the smiles of fortune, and she is now the owner of a large and valuable plantation, which is the fruit of her own individual toil, and a number of strong and manly sons are the comforts of her old age. But enough! I am now in Ashville, and at the conclusion of my letter.

BLACK MOUNTAIN.

TWENTY-FIVE miles from Ashville, in a northerly direction, stands *Black Mountain*, which is the gloomy looking patriarch of the Alleghanies, and claimed to be the most elevated point of land eastward of the Mississippi. It is nearly seven thousand feet high, and, with its numerous pinnacles, covers an area of territory which must measure in length a distance of at least twenty miles. Unlike its fellows in this Southern land, it is covered with a dense forest from base to summit, where may be found nearly every variety of American trees, from the willow and the elm, to the oak and the Canada fir; and it is the parent of at least a hundred streams. Not a rood of its rocky and yet fertile surface has ever been cultivated, and its chief inhabitants are the panther, the bear, and the deer. Almost its only human denizen is one Frederick Burnet, a "mighty hunter," who is now upwards of forty years of age, and is said to have slain between five hundred and six hundred bears upon this mountain alone. To obtain an adequate idea of its height and grandeur, it should be viewed from at least a dozen points of the compass, and with regard to the circular and apparently boundless panorama which it commands, it can be far better imagined than described. On questioning one of the wild natives of the region as to the character of this prospect, he replied: "Good heavens! sir, it looks down upon every seaport in the United States, and across the whole of Mexico." On learning this truly remarkable circumstance, my curiosity was of course excited, and I questioned my informant as to the facilities of looking off from the peak. "Directly on the

highest point," said he, "stands a single fir-tree, which you have to climb, and thus look down on all creation." And how do you reach the summit?" I continued. "O! it's a very easy matter, stranger; you only have to *walk* about six miles, and right straight *up* the roughest country you ever *did* see."

With this intelligence I was fully satisfied, and thereupon concluded that I should waste none of my strength merely for the privilege of "climbing a tree," even though it were the most elevated in the land. One of my Ashville friends, however, to whom I had brought letters of introduction, spoke to me of the Black Mountain in the most enthusiastic terms, said that I ought to visit it, and added that he had gotten up a party of one dozen gentlemen, including himself, who were resolved upon visiting the foot of the mountain in my company. They were described as lovers of scenery, anglers and hunters, and it was proposed that we should go on horseback, though accompanied by a kind of tender, consisting of a small wagon load of provisions, fishing-rods, and guns, which was to be under the especial charge of an old negro named Sam Drymond. I was of course delighted with this arrangement, and, as the expedition was accomplished to the satisfaction of all concerned, I will give an account of its principal incidents.

Our cavalcade started at the break of day, and, as Miss Fortune would have it, in what we imagined a morning shower. It so happened, however, that it rained almost without ceasing until we reached our place of destination, which was a log shantee not far from the base of the Black Mountain, and about six miles from its summit. Our course lay up the valley of *the Swannanoah*, which, in spite of the rain, I could not but admire for its varied beauties. This river rises on the Black Mountain, is a charming tributary of the French Broad, from five to twenty yards in width, cold and clear, very rapid, and throughout its entire length is overshaded by a most luxuriant growth of graceful and sweet-scented trees and vines. The plantations on this stream are highly cultivated, the surrounding scenery is mountainous, graceful, and picturesque, and among the small but numerous waterfalls, which make the first half of its course

exceedingly romantic, may be enjoyed the finest of trout fishing.

To describe the appearance of our party as we descended the Swannanoah, through the mud and rain, were quite impossible without employing a military phrase. We looked more like a party of "used up" cavaliers, returning from an unfortunate siege, than one in pursuit of pleasure; and in spite of our efforts to be cheerful, a few of our faces were lengthened to an uncommon degree. Some of our company were decided characters, and a variety of professions were represented. Our captain was a banker, highly intelligent, and rode a superb horse; our second captain was a Lambert-like gentleman, with scarlet Mexican cloak: we had an editor with us, whose principal appendage was a long pipe; there was also a young physician, wrapped up in a blue blanket; also a young graduate, enveloped in a Spanish cloak, and riding a beautiful pony; also an artist, and then a farmer or two; also a merchant; and last of all came the deponent, with an immense plaid blanket wrapped round his body, and a huge pair of boots hanging from his legs, whose romantic appearance was somewhat enhanced by the fact that his horse was the ugliest in the country. Long before reaching our place of destination, a freshet came pouring down the bed of the Swannanoah, and, as we had to ford it at least twenty times, we met with a variety of mishaps, which were particularly amusing. The most unique incident, however, was as follows: The party having crossed a certain ford, a motion was made that we should wait and see that old Drymond made the passage in safety. We did so, and spent about one hour on the margin of the stream, in a most impatient mood, for the old man travelled very slowly, and the clouds were pouring down the rain most abundantly. And what greatly added to our discomfort was the fact, that our horses got into a cluster of nettles, which made them almost unmanageable. In due time the negro made his appearance, and plunged into the stream. Hardly had he reached the middle, before his horse became unruly, and having broken entirely loose from the wagon, disappeared down the stream,

leaving the vehicle in a most dangerous position, near the centre thereof, with a tremendous torrent rushing on either side, and the poor negro in the attitude of despair. He was indeed almost frightened to death; but his woe-begone appearance was so comical, that in spite of his real danger, and the prayer he offered, the whole party burst into a roar of laughter. One remark made by the negro was this: "O Massa, dis is de last o' poor old Drymond—his time's come." But it so happened that our old friend was rescued from a watery grave: but I am compelled to state that our provisions, which were now transferred, with old Drymond, on the back of the horse, were greatly damaged, and we resumed our journey, with our spirits at a much lower ebb than the stream which had caused the mishap.

We arrived at a vacant cabin on the mountain, our place of destination, about noon, when the weather became clear, and our drooping spirits were revived. The cabin stood on the margin of the Swannanoah, and was completely hemmed in by immense forest trees. Our first movement was to fasten and feed the horses; and having satisfied our own appetites with a cold lunch, a portion of the company went a fishing, while the remainder secured the services of the hunter Burnet, and some half dozen of his hounds, and endeavored to kill a deer. At the sunset hour the anglers returned with a lot of two or three hundred trout, and the hunters with a handsome doe. With this abundant supply of forest delicacies, and a few "knick-knacks" that we had brought with us, we managed to get up a supper of the first water, but each man was his own cook, and our fingers and hands were employed in the place of knives and plates. While this interesting business was going on we dispatched Burnet after a fiddler, who occupied a cabin near his own, and when the musical gentleman made his appearance, we were ready for the "evening's entertainment."

We devoted two hours to a series of fantastic dances, and when we became tired of this portion of the frolic, we spent an hour or so in singing songs, and wound up the evening by telling stories. Of the hundred and one that were related, only two

were at all connected with the Black Mountain; but as these were Indian legends, and gathered from different sources, by the gentlemen present, I will preserve them in this letter for the edification of those interested in such matters. On the north side of Black Mountain there was once a cave, where all the animals in the world were closely confined; and before that time they had never been known to roam over the mountains as they do now. All these animals were in the keeping of an old Cherokee chief. This man, who had a mischievous son, often came home with a fine bear or deer, but would never tell his son or any other person where he found so much valuable game. The son did not like this, and on one occasion when his father went out after food he hid himself among the trees, and watched his movements. He saw the old man go to the cave, already mentioned, and, as he pushed away a big stone, out ran a fine buck, which he killed with an arrow, and then rolled back the stone. When the old man was gone home with his deer, the boy went to the cave, and thought that he would try his luck in killing game. He rolled away the stone, when out jumped a wolf, which so frightened him that he forgot to replace the stone, and, before he knew what he was about, all the animals made their escape, and were fleeing down the mountain in every possible direction. They made a dreadful noise for a while, but finally came together in pairs, and so have continued to multiply down to the present time. When the father found out what the foolishness of his son had accomplished, he became very unhappy, and in less than a week he disappeared, and was never heard of again. The boy also became very unhappy, and spent many days in trying to find his father, but it was all in vain. As a last resort he tried an old Indian experiment which consisted in shooting arrows, to find out in which direction the old man had gone. The boy fired an arrow towards the north, but it returned and fell at his feet, and he knew that his father had not travelled in that direction. He also fired one towards the east and the south and the west, but they all came back in the same manner. He then thought that he would fire one directly above his head, and it so hap-

pened that this arrow never returned, and so the boy knew that his father had gone to the spirit land. The Great Spirit was angry with the Cherokee nation, and to punish it for the offence of the foolish boy he tore away the cave from the side of the Black Mountain, and left only a large cliff in its place, which is now a conspicuous feature; and he then declared that the time would come when another race of men should possess the mountains where the Cherokees had flourished for many generations.

Another legend was as follows: Once, in the olden times, when the animals of the earth had the power of speech, a red deer and a terrapin met on the Black Mountain. The deer ridiculed the terrapin, boasted of his own fleetness, and proposed that the twain should run a race. The creeping animal assented to the proposition. The race was to extend from the Black Mountain to the summit of the third pinnacle extending to the eastward. The day was then fixed, and the animals separated. During the intervening time the cunning terrapin secured the services of three of its fellows resembling itself in appearance, and having given them particular directions, stationed them upon the several peaks over which the race was to take place. The appointed day arrived, and the deer, as well as the first mentioned terrapin, were faithfully on the ground. All things being ready, the word was given, and away started the deer at a break-neck speed. Just as he reached the summit of the first hill he heard the shout of a terrapin, and as he supposed it to be his antagonist, he was greatly perplexed, but continued on his course. On reaching the top of the second hill, he heard another shout of defiance, and was more astonished than ever, but onward still did he continue. Just before reaching the summit of the third hill, the deer heard what he supposed to be the same shout, and he gave up the race in despair. On returning to the starting-place, he found his antagonist in a calm and collected mood, and, when he demanded an explanation, the terrapin solved the mystery, and then begged the deer to remember that mind could sometimes accomplish what was often beyond the reach of the swiftest legs.

With regard to the manner in which our party spent the night at the foot of Black Mountain, I can only say that we slept upon the floor, and that our saddles were our only pillows. The morning of the next day we devoted to an unsuccessful hunt after a bear, and a portion of us having thrown the fly a sufficient length of time to load old Drymond with trout, we all started on our return to Ashville, reached the village just as the sun was sinking behind the western mountains.

THE CATAWBA COUNTRY.

I NOW write from a log cabin situated on the Catawba river, and in one of the most beautiful of valleys. My ride from Ashville to Burnsville, a distance of over forty miles, was unattended by a single interesting incident, and afforded only one mountain prospect that caused me to rein in my horse. But the prospect alluded to embraced the entire outline of Bald Mountain, which, being one of the loftiest in this section of country, and particularly barren, presented a magnificent appearance. On the extreme summit of this mountain is a very large and an intensely cold spring of water, and in its immediate vicinity a small cave and the ruins of a log cabin, which are associated with a singular being named David Greer, who once made this upper world his home. He first appeared in this country about fifty years ago; his native land, the story of his birth, and his early history, were alike unknown. Soon after his arrival among the mountains, he fell desperately in love with the daughter of a farmer, but his suit was rejected by the maiden, and strenuously opposed by all her friends. Soon after this disappointment the lover suddenly disappeared, and was subsequently found residing on Bald Mountain in the cave already mentioned. Here he lived the life of a literary recluse, and is said to have written a singular work upon religion, and another which purported to be a treatise on human government. In the latter production he proclaimed himself the sole proprietor of Bald Mountain, and made it known to the world that all who should ever become his neighbors must submit to the laws he had himself enacted. The prominent actions of his life

were "few and far between," but particularly infamous. The first that brought him into notice was as follows: A few years after it was ascertained that he had taken possession of this mountain, the authorities of the county sent a messenger to Greer, and demanded a poll-tax of seventy-five cents. The hermit said he would attend to it on the next court-day, and his word was accepted. On the day in question, Greer punctually made his appearance, but, instead of paying over the money, he pelted the windows of the court-house with stones, and drove the judges, lawyers, and clients all out of the village, and then, with a rifle in hand, returned to his mountain dwelling. For some months after this event he amused himself by mutilating all the cattle which he happened to discover on what he called his domain, and it is said was in the habit of trying the power of his rifle by shooting down upon the plantations of his neighbors. The crowning event of David Greer's life, however, consisted in his shooting to the ground in cold blood, and in the broad daylight, a man named Higgins. The only excuse that he offered for committing this murder was that the deceased had been found hunting for deer on that portion of land which he claimed as his own. For this offence Greer was brought to trial and acquitted on the ground of insanity. When this decision was made known, the criminal was greatly enraged, and, when released, started for his cabin, muttering loud and deep curses against the *injustice* of the laws. In process of time a number of attempts were made to take his life, and it was a common occurrence with him to be awakened at midnight by a ball passing through the door of his cabin. After living upon the mountain for a period of twenty years, he finally concluded to abandon his solitary life, and took up his abode in one of the settlements on the Tennessee side of Bald Mountain. Here, for a year or two, he worked regularly in an iron forge, but having had a dispute with a fellow-workman, swore that he would shoot him within five hours, and started after his rifle. The offending party was named Tompkins, and after consulting with his friends as to what course he ought to pursue, in view of the uttered threat, he was advised to take the law in his

own hands. He took this advice, and, as David Greer was discovered walking along the road with rifle in hand, Tompkins shot him through the heart, and the burial-place of the hermit is now unknown. Public opinion was on the side of Tompkins, and he was never summoned to account for the defensive murder he had committed.

In coming from Burnsville to this place, I enjoyed two mountain landscapes, which were supremely beautiful and imposing. The first was a northern view of Black Mountain from the margin of the South Toe river, and all its cliffs, defiles, ravines, and peaks seemed as light, dreamlike, and airy as the clear blue world in which they floated. The stupendous pile appeared to have risen from the earth with all its glories in their prime, as if to join the newly-risen sun in its passage across the heavens. The middle distance of the landscape was composed of two wood-crowned hills which stood before me like a pair of loving brothers, and then came a luxuriant meadow, where a noble horse was quietly cropping his food; while the immediate foreground of the picture consisted of a marvellously beautiful stream, which glided swiftly by, over a bed of golden and scarlet pebbles. The only sounds that fell upon my ear, as I gazed upon this scene, were the murmurings of a distant water-fall, and the hum of insect wings.

The other prospect that I witnessed was from the summit of the Blue Ridge, looking in the direction of the Catawba. It was a wilderness of mountains, whose foundations could not be fathomed by the eye, while in the distance, towering above all the peaks, rose the singular and fantastic form of *the Table Mountain*. Not a sign of the breathing human world could be seen in any direction, and the only living creature which appeared to my view was a solitary eagle, wheeling to and fro far up towards the zenith of the sky.

From the top of the Blue Ridge I descended a winding ravine four miles in length, where the road, even at mid-day, is in a deep shadow, and then I emerged into the North Cove. This charming valley is twelve miles long, from a half to a whole mile in width, completely surrounded with mountains,

highly cultivated, watered by the Catawba, and inhabited by intelligent and worthy farmers. At a certain house where I tarried to dine on my way up the valley, I was treated in a manner that would have put to the blush people of far greater pretentions; and what made a deep impression on my mind, was the fact that I was waited upon by two sisters, about ten years of age, who were remarkably beautiful and sprightly. One of them had flaxen hair and blue eyes, and the other deep black hair and eyes. Familiar as I had been for weeks past with the puny and ungainly inhabitants of the mountain tops, these two human flowers filled my heart with a delightful sensation. May the lives of those two darlings be as peaceful and beautiful as the stream upon which they live! The prominent pictorial feature of the North Cove is of a mountain called *the Hawk's Bill*, on account of i s resemblance to the beak of a mammoth bird, the length of the bill being about fifteen hundred feet. It is visible from every part of the valley, and to my fancy is a more *picturesque* object than the Table Mountain, which is too regular at the sides and top to satisfy the eye. The table part of this mountain, however, is twenty-five hundred feet high, and therefore worthy of its fame.

The cabin where I am stopping at the present time is located at the extreme upper end of the North Cove. It is the residence of the best guide in the country, and the most convenient lodging place for those who would visit the Hawk's Bill and Table Mountains, already mentioned, as well as the Lindville Pinnacle, the Catawba Cave, the Cake Mountain, the Lindville Falls, and the Roan Mountain.

The *Lindville Pinnacle* is a mountain peak, surmounted by a pile of rocks, upon which you may recline at your ease, and look down upon a complete series of rare and gorgeous scenes. On one side is a precipice which seems to descend to the very bowels of the earth; in another direction you have a full view of *Short-off Mountain*, only about a mile off, which is a perpendicular precipice several thousand feet high, and the abrupt termination of a long range of mountains; in another direction still the eye falls upon a brotherhood of mountain peaks

which are particularly ragged and fantastic in their formation —now shooting forward, as if to look down into the valleys, and now looming to the sky, as if to pierce it with their pointed summits; and in another direction you look across what seems to be a valley from eighty to a hundred miles wide, which is bounded by a range of mountains that seem to sweep across the world as with triumphal march.

The *Catawba Cave*, situated on the Catawba river, is entered by a fissure near the base of a mountain, and is reputed to be one mile in length. It has a great variety of chambers, which vary in height from six to twenty feet; its walls are chiefly composed of a porous limestone, through which the water is continually dripping; and along the entire length flows a cold and clear stream, which varies from five to fifteen inches in depth. The cave is indeed a curious affair, though the trouble and fatigue attending a thorough exploration far outweigh the satisfaction which it affords. But there is one arm of the cave which has never been explored, and an admirable opportunity is therefore offered for the adventurous to make themselves famous by revealing some of the hidden wonders of nature.

The *Ginger Cake Mountain* derives its very poetical name from a singular pile of rocks occupying its extreme summit. The pile is composed of two masses of rock of different materials and form, which are so arranged as to stand on a remarkably small base. The lower section is composed of a rough slate stone, and its form is that of an inverted pyramid; but the upper section of the pile consists of an oblong slab of solid granite, which surmounts the lower section in a horizontal position, presenting the appearance of a work of art. The lower section is thirty feet in altitude, while the upper one is thirty-two feet in length, eighteen in breadth, and nearly two feet in thickness. The appearance of this rocky wonder is exceedingly tottering, and though we may be assured that it has stood upon that eminence perhaps for a thousand years, yet it is impossible to tarry within its shadow without a feeling of insecurity. The individual who gave the Ginger Cake Mountain its outlandish name was a hermit named Watson, who resided

at the foot of the mountain about fifty years ago, but who died in 1816. He lived in a small cabin, and entirely alone. His history was a mystery to every one but himself, and, though remarkably eccentric he was noted for his amiability. He had given up the world, like his brother hermit of the Bald Mountain, on account of a disappointment in love, and the utter contempt which he ever afterwards manifested for the gentler sex, was one of his most singular traits of character. Whenever a party of ladies paid him a visit, which was frequently the case, he invariably treated them politely, but would never *speak* to them; he even went so far in expressing his dislike as to consume for firewood, after the ladies were gone, the topmost rail of his yard-fence, over which they had been compelled to pass, on their way into his cabin. That old Watson "fared sumptuously every day" could not be denied, but whence came the money that supported him no one could divine. He seldom molested the wild animals of the mountain where he lived, and his chief employments seemed to be *the raising of peacocks*, and the making of garments for his own use, which were all elegantly trimmed off with the feathers of his favorite bird. The feathery suit in which he kept himself constantly arrayed he designated as his *culgee;* the meaning of which word could never be ascertained; and long after the deluded being had passed away from among the living, he was spoken of as Culgee Watson, and is so remembered to this day.

I come now to speak of *the Lindville Falls*, which are situated on the Lindville river, a tributary of the beautiful Catawba. They are literally embosomed among mountains, and long before seeing them do you hear their musical roar. The scenery about them is as wild as it was a hundred years ago—not even a pathway has yet been made to guide the tourist into the stupendous gorge where they reign supreme. At the point in question the Lindville is about one hundred and fifty feet broad, and though its waters have come down their parent mountains at a most furious speed, they here make a more desperate plunge than they ever dared to attempt before, when they find themselves in a deep pool and suddenly hemmed in by a barrier

of gray granite, which crosses the entire bed of the river. In their desperation, however, they finally work a passage through the solid rock, and after filling another hollow with foam, they make a desperate leap of at least one hundred feet, and find a resting place in an immense pool, which one might easily imagine to be bottomless. And then, as if attracted by the astonishing feats performed by the waters, a number of lofty and exceedingly fantastic cliffs have gathered themselves together in the immediate neighborhood, and are ever peering over each other's shoulders into the depths below. But as the eye wanders from the surrounding cliffs, it falls upon an isolated column several hundred feet high, around which are clustered in the greatest profusion the most beautiful of vines and flowers. This column occupies a conspicuous position a short distance below the Falls, and it were an easy matter to imagine it a monument erected by Nature to celebrate her own creative power.

With a liberal hand, indeed, has she planted her forest trees in every imaginable place; but with a view of even surpassing herself, she has filled the gorge with a variety of caverns, which astonish the beholder, and almost cause him to dread an attack from a brotherhood of spirits. But how futile is my effort to give an adequate idea of the Lindville Falls and their surrounding attractions! When I attempted to sketch them I threw away my pencil in despair; and I now feel that I should be doing my pen a kindness, if I were to consume what I have written. I will give this paragraph to the world, however, trusting that those who may hereafter visit the Lindville Falls, will award to me a little credit for my *will* if not for my *deed*.

To be in keeping with my wayward wanderings in this Alpine wilderness, it now becomes my duty to speak of the *Roan Mountain* and the *Grand Father*. By actual measurement the former is only seventy feet lower than the Black Mountain, and consequently measures well nigh to seven thousand feet. It derives its name from the circumstance that it is often covered with snow, and at such times is of a roan color. It lies in

the States of North Carolina and Tennessee, and has three prominent peaks, which are all entirely destitute of trees. The highest of them has a clearing containing several thousand acres, and the cattle and horses of the surrounding farmers resort to it in immense numbers, for the purpose of feeding upon the fine and luxuriant grass which grows there in great abundance. The ascent to the top of this peak is gradual from all directions except one; but on the north it is quite perpendicular, and to one standing near the brow of the mighty cliff the scene is exceedingly imposing and fearful. That it commands an uninterrupted view of what appears to be the entire world, may be readily imagined. When I was there I observed no less than three thunder storms performing their uproarious feats in three several valleys, while the remaining portions of the lower world were enjoying a deep blue atmosphere. In visiting Roan Mountain you have to travel on horseback, and, by starting at the break of day, you may spend two hours on the highest peak, and be home again on the same evening about the sunset hour.

In accounting for the baldness which characterizes the Roan Mountain, the Catawba Indians relate the following tradition: There was once a time when all the nations of the earth were at war with the Catawbas, and had proclaimed their determination to conquer and possess their country. On hearing this intelligence the Catawbas became greatly enraged, and sent a challenge to all their enemies, and dared them to a fight on the summit of the Roan. The challenge was accepted, and no less than three famous battles were fought—the streams of the entire land were red with blood, a number of tribes became extinct, and the Catawbas carried the day. Whereupon it was that the Great Spirit caused the forests to wither from the three peaks of the Roan Mountain where the battles were fought; and wherefore it is that the flowers which grow upon this mountain are chiefly of a crimson hue, for they are nourished by the blood of the slain.

One of the finest views from the Roan Mountain is that of the Grand Father, which is said to be altogether the wildest

and most fantastic mountain in the whole Alleghany range. It is reputed to be 5,600 feet high, and particularly famous for its black bears and other large game. Its principal human inhabitants, par excellence, for the last twenty years, have been a man named *Jim Riddle*, and his loving spouse, whose cabin was near its summit. A more successful hunter than Jim never scaled a precipice; and the stories related of him would fill a volume. One of them that I now remember, is briefly as follows:—

He was out upon a hunting expedition, and having come to one of his bear traps, (made of logs, weighing about a thousand pounds, and set with a kind of figure four,) the bait of which happened to be misplaced, he thoughtlessly laid down his gun, and went under the trap to arrange the bait. In doing this, he handled the bait hook a little too roughly, and was consequently caught in the place of a bear. He chanced to have a small hatchet in his belt, with which, under every disadvantage, he succeeded in cutting his way out. He was one day and one night in doing this, however, and his narrow escape caused him to abandon the habit of swearing, and become a religious man.

To the comprehension of Jim Riddle, the Grand Father was the highest mountain in the world. He used to say that he had read of the Andes, but did not believe that they were half as high as the mountain on which he lived. His reason for this opinion was, that when a man stood on the top of the Grand Father, it was perfectly obvious that "*all the other mountains in the world lay rolling from it, even to the sky.*"

Jim Riddle is said to have been a remarkably certain marksman; and one of his favorite pastimes, in the winter, was to shoot at snow-balls. On these occasions, his loving wife, Betsey, was always by his side, to laugh at him when he missed his mark, and to applaud when successful. And it is reported of them, that they were sometimes in the habit of spending entire days in this *elevated* recreation. But enough; Jim Riddle is now an altered man. His cabin has long since been abandoned, and he has become a travelling preacher, and is universally respected for his amiability, and matter-of-fact intelligence.

In a valley lying between the Roan and Grand Father mountains, I first heard the Mocking Bird singing at night. He awakened me out of a deep sleep, while perched upon a tree overhanging the cabin where I was spending the night. His lower notes were sweeter than any instrument I ever heard, but inexpressibly mournful, and as unlike the singing of a caged bird as possible. I was told that they were found in great numbers among the Alleghanies, and that when the hunters hear them sing at night, they know that the moon is about to rise, and therefore prepare for their nocturnal expeditions after game. This charming bird is universally beloved by the inhabitants of this region, and I never see it in its native wood, without being reminded of that most gifted of human minstrels, who penned the words, so appropriate to the Mocking Bird,—"Hope of the wilderness—joy of the free."

THE MOUNTAINS AND THEIR PEOPLE.

The prominent circumstance attending my journey from the North Cove to Elizabethton, in Tennessee, was, that it took me out of the great mountain wilderness of Georgia and North Carolina into a well-cultivated and more level country. For two months past have I spent my days on horseback, and the majority of my nights in the rudest of cabins; and as I am now to continue my journey in a stage-coach, it is meet that I should indite a general letter, descriptive of the region through which I have passed. In coming from Dahlonega to this place, I have travelled in a zig-zag course upwards of four hundred miles, but the intervening distance, in a direct line, would not measure more than two hundred. The entire country is mountainous, and for the most part remains in its original state of nature. To the botanist and geologist, this section of the Union is unquestionably the most interesting eastward of the Mississippi, for we have here nearly every variety of forest trees known in the land, as well as plants and flowers in the greatest abundance, while the mountains, which are of a primitive formation, abound in every known variety of minerals. That the scenery of this region is highly interesting, I hope my readers have already been convinced. More beautiful streams can nowhere be found on the face of the earth. But when we come to speak of lake scenery, the South must yield the palm to the North. Not a single sheet of water deserving the name of lake have I yet seen in this Southern land, and yet every mountain seems to be well supplied with the largest and coldest of springs. I know not but this fact has been explained by our scientific men, but to me it is indeed a striking peculiarity. The valleys, too,

of this region, are remarkably narrow, and the majority of them might with more propriety be called immense ravines. The skies, however, which canopy this Alpine land, appeared to me to be particularly blue, and as to the clouds which gather around the mountains at the sunset hour, they are gorgeous beyond compare.

With regard to climate, I know of no section of country that can be compared with the highlands of Georgia and North Carolina. It is but seldom that a foot of snow covers the earth even in the severest winters; and, though the days of midsummer are very warm, they are seldom sultry, and the nights are invariably sufficiently cool to make one or two blankets comfortable. Fevers and other diseases, peculiar to the sea-side of the Alleghanies, are hardly known among their inhabitants, and heretofore the majority of the people have died of old age. I would not intimate that they are afflicted with an epidemic at the present time, but I do say there are many households in this region, which have been rendered very desolate by the Mexican war. When our *kingly* President commanded the American people to leave the plough in the furrow and invade a neighboring republic, the mountaineers of Georgia and the Carolinas poured down into the valley almost without bidding their mothers and wives and sisters a final adieu; and the bones of at least one half of these brave men are now mouldering away on the desert sands of the far South.

Generally speaking, the soil of this country is fertile, yielding the best of corn, potatoes, and rye, but only an average quality of wheat, on account of the late frosts. In some of the more extensive valleys, the apple and the peach arrive at perfection; and while the former are manufactured into cider, out of the latter the mountaineers make a very palatable brandy. The principle revenue of the people, however, is derived from the business of raising cattle, which is practised to a considerable extent. The mountain ranges afford an abundance of the sweetest grazing food, and all that the farmer has to do in the autumn is to hunt up his stock, which have now become excessively fat, and drive them to the Charleston or Baltimore mar-

ket. The only drawback to this business consists in the fact that the cattle in certain sections of the country are subject to what is called the milk sickness. This disease is supposed to be caused by a poisonous dew which gathers on the grass, and is said not only to have destroyed a great many cattle in other years, but frequently caused the death of entire families who may have partaken of the unwholesome milk. It is a dreaded disease, and principally fatal in the autumn. From the foregoing remarks it will be seen that a mountain farmer may be an agriculturist, and yet have an abundance of time to follow any other employment that he has a passion for; and the result of this fact is, that he is generally a faithful disciple of the immortal Nimrod.

All the cabins that I have visited have been ornamented by at least one gun, and more than one-half of the inhabitants have usually been hounds. That the mountaineers are poor, is a matter of course, and the majority of their cabins are cheerless places indeed to harbor the human frame for life; but the people are distinguished for their hospitality, and always place before the stranger the choicest of their store. Bacon, game, and milk are their staple articles of food, and honey is their principal luxury. In religion, generally speaking, they are Methodists and Baptists, and are distinguished for their sobriety. They have but few opportunities of hearing good preaching, but I have never entered more than three or four cabins where I did not see a copy of the Bible. The limited knowledge they possess has come to them directly from Heaven as it were, and, from the necessity of the case, their children are growing up in the most deplorable ignorance. Whenever one of these poor families happened to learn from my conversation that I was a resident of New York, the interest with which they gazed upon me, and listened to my every word, was both agreeable and painful. It made me happy to communicate what little I happened to know, but pained me to think upon their isolated and uncultivated manner of life. Give me the wilderness for a day or month, but for life I must be amid the haunts of refinement and civilization. As to the slave population of the mountain

districts, it is so limited that I can hardly express an opinion with regard to their condition. Not more than one white man in ten (perhaps I ought to say twenty) is sufficiently wealthy to support a slave, and those who do possess them are in the habit of treating them as intelligent beings, and in the most kindly manner. As I have found it to be the case on the seaboard, the slaves residing among the mountains are the happiest and most independent portion of the population; and I have had many a one pilot me over the mountains who would not have exchanged places even with his master. They have a comfortable house and no debts to pay: every thing they need in the way of clothing and wholesome food is ever at their command, and they have free access to the churches and the Sunday schools of the land. What more do the poor of any country possess that can add to their temporal happiness?

Another, and of course the most limited portion of the population occupying this mountain country, is what might be called the aristocracy or gentry. Generally speaking, they are descended from the best families, and moderately wealthy. They are fond of good living, and their chief business is to make themselves as comfortable as possible. They esteem solid enjoyment more than display, and are far more intelligent (so far as books and the world are concerned) than the same class of people at the North. The majority of Southern gentlemen, I believe, would be glad to see the institution of slavery abolished, if it could be brought about without reducing them to beggary. But they hate a *political* Abolitionist as they do the very—*Father of Lies;* and for this want of affection I do not see that they deserve to be blamed. The height of a Southern man's ambition is to be a gentleman in every particular—in word, thought, and deed; and to be a perfect gentleman, in my opinion, is to be a Christian. And with regard to the much-talked-of hospitality of the wealthier classes in the South, I can only say that my own experience ought to make me very eloquent in their praise. Not only does the genuine feeling exist here, but a Southern gentleman gives such expression to his feeling by his home-like treatment of you, that to be truly

hospitable you might imagine had been the principal study of his life.

But the music of the "mellow horn" is ringing in my ear, and in an hour from this time I shall have thrown myself into a stage-coach, and be on my way up the long and broad valley of Virginia.

THE NAMELESS VALLEY.

Since my last letter was written, my course of travel has led me towards the fountain-head of the Holston river, whose broad and highly cultivated valley is bounded on the northwest by the Clinch Mountains, and on the southeast by the Iron Mountains. The agricultural and mineral advantages of the valley are manifold, and the towns and farms scattered along the stage-road all present a thriving and agreeable appearance. Along the bed of the Holston, agates and cornelians are found in considerable abundance; and though the scenery of its valley is merely beautiful, I know of no district in the world where caves and caverns are found in such great numbers. A zigzag tour along this valley alone will take the traveller to at least one dozen caves, many of which are said to be remarkably interesting. From my own observation, however, I know nothing about them; and so long as I retain my passion for the revealed productions of nature, I will leave the hidden ones to take care of themselves.

On reaching the pleasant little village of Abingdon, in Washington county, a friend informed me that I must not fail to visit the salt-works of Smythe county. I did so, and the following is my account of Saltville, which is the proper name for the place in question: Its site was originally a salt-lick, to which immense herds of elk, buffalo, and deer, were in the habit of resorting; subsequently, the Indians applied the privilege to themselves, and then an occasional hunter came here for his supplies; but the regular business of transforming the water into salt did not commence until the year 1790. Salt-

ville is located at the head of a valley near the base of the Clinch Mountains, and about one mile from the Holston river. All the population of the place, numbering perhaps three hundred inhabitants, are engaged in the manufacture of salt. The water here is said to be the strongest and purest in the world. When tested by a salometer, graded for saturation at twenty-five degrees, it ranges from twenty to twenty-two degrees, and twenty gallons of water will yield one bushel of salt, which weighs fifty pounds, (and not fifty-six as at the North,) and is sold at the rate of twenty cents per bushel, or one dollar and twenty cents per barrel. The water is brought from a depth of two hundred and twenty feet by means of three artesian wells, which keep five furnaces or salt-blocks, of eighty-four kettles each, in constant employment, and produce about two thousand bushels per day. The water is raised by means of horse-power, and twenty-five teams are constantly employed in supplying the furnaces with wood. The salt manufactured here is acknowledged to be superior in quality to that made on the Kanawha, in this State, or at Syracuse, in New York, but the Northern establishments are by far the most extensive. The section of country supplied from this quarter is chiefly Tennessee and Alabama; generally speaking, there is but one shipment made during the year, which is in the spring, and by means of flat-boats built expressly for the purpose. A dozen or two of these boats are always ready for business, and when the Holston is swollen by a freshet they are loaded and manned at the earliest possible moment, and away the singing boatmen go down the wild, winding, and narrow, but picturesque stream, to their desired havens. The section of country supplied by the Kanawha is the northwest and the extreme south, while Syracuse, Liverpool, and Turk's Island supply the Atlantic seaboard. The Saltville reservoir of water seems to be inexhaustible, and it is supposed would give active employment to at least a dozen new furnaces. As already stated, the yielding wells are somewhat over two hundred feet deep; but within a stone's throw of these, other wells have been sunk to the depth of four, five, and six hundred feet,

without obtaining a particle of the valuable liquid. The business of Saltville is carried on by private enterprise altogether, and the principal proprietor and director is a gentleman who comes from that noble stock which has given to this country such men as Patrick Henry and William H. Preston. I am at present the guest of this gentleman, and therefore refrain from giving his name to the public; but as his plantation is decidedly the most beautiful that I have seen in the whole Southern country, I must be permitted to give a particular description for the edification of my readers.

This heretofore nameless nook of the great world I have been permitted to designate as *The Nameless Valley*, and if I succeed in merely enumerating its charming features and associations, I feel confident that my letter will be read with pleasure. It is the centre of a domain comprising eight thousand acres of land, which covers a multitude of hills that are all thrown in shadow at the sunset hour by the Clinch mountains. The valley in question is one mile by three-quarters of a mile wide, and comprises exactly three hundred and thirty-three acres of green meadow land, unbroken by a single fence, but ornamented by about a dozen isolated trees, composed of at least half a dozen varieties, and the valley is watered by a tiny stream of the clearest water. It is completely surrounded with cone-like hills, which are nearly all highly cultivated half way up their sides, but crowned with a diadem of luxuriant forest trees. A little back of the hills, skirting the western side of the valley, are the picturesquely broken Clinch Mountains, whose every outline, and cliff, and fissure, and ravine, may be distinctly seen from the opposite side of the valley, where the spacious and tastefully porticoed mansion of the proprietor is located. Clustering immediately around this dwelling, but not so as to interrupt the view, are a number of very large willows, poplars, and elms, while the enclosed slope upon which it stands is covered with luxuriant grass, here and there enlivened by a stack of roses and other flowers. The numerous out houses of the plantation are a little back of the main building, and consist of neatly painted cabins, occupied

by the negroes belonging to the estate, and numbering about one hundred souls; then come the stables, where no less than seventy-five horses are daily supplied with food; then we have a pasture on the hill side, where thirty or forty cows nightly congregate to be milked, and give suck to their calves; and then we have a mammoth spring, whose waters issue out of the mountain, making only about a dozen leaps, throwing themselves upon the huge wheel of an old mill, causing it to sing a kind of circling song from earliest dawn to the twilight hour. In looking to the westward from the spacious porticoes of the mansion, the eye falls upon only two objects which are at all calculated to destroy the natural solitude of the place, viz., a road which passes directly by the house at the foot of the lawn, and one small white cottage situated at the base of a hill on the opposite side of the valley. Instead of detracting from the scene, however, these objects actually make it more interesting, when the facts are remembered that in that cottage did the proprietor of this great estate first see the light, and that by its side are deposited the remains of five generations of his ancestors; and as to the road, the people who travel it all appear and move along just exactly as a poet or painter would desire.

But to give my readers a more graphic idea of this truly delightful valley, I will enumerate the living pictures which attracted my attention from the book I was attempting to read on a single afternoon. I was in a commanding corner of the porch, and had closed the volume just as the sun was sinking behind the mountains. The sky was of a soft silvery hue, and almost cloudless, and the entire landscape was bathed in an exquisitely soft and delightful atmosphere. Not a breeze was stirring in the valley, and the cool shadows of the trees were twice as long as the trees themselves. The first noise that broke the silence of the scene was a slow thumping and creaking sound away down the road, and on casting my eyes in that direction I discovered a large wain, or covered wagon, drawn by seven horses and driven by a man who amused himself as he lazily moved along, by snapping his whip at the harmless plants by the road-side. I know not whence he came or whither

he was going, but twenty minutes must have flown before he passed out of my view. At one time a flood of discord came to my ear from one of the huge poplars in the yard, and I could see that there was a terrible dispute going on between a lot of resident and stranger blackbirds; and, after they had ceased their noise, I could hear the chirping of the swallows, as they swooped after the insects, floating in the sunbeams, far away over the green valley. And now I heard a laugh and the sound of talking voices, and lo! a party of ten negroes, who were returning from the fields where they had been cutting hay or hoeing corn. The neighing and stamping of a steed now attracted my attention, and I saw a superb blood horse attempting to get away from a negro groom, who was leading him along the road. The mellow tinkling of a bell and the lowing of cattle now came trembling on the air, and presently, a herd of cows made their appearance, returning home from the far off hills with udders brimming full, and kicking up a dust as they lounged along. Now the sun dropped behind the hills, and one solitary night-hawk shot high up into the air, as if he had gone to welcome the evening star, which presently made its appearance from its blue watchtower; and, finally, a dozen women came trooping from the cow-yard into the dairy house, with well-filled milk-pails on their heads, and looking like a troop of Egyptian water damsels. And then for one long hour did the spirits of repose and twilight have complete possession of the valley, and no sound fell upon my ear but the hum of insect wings.

But I was intending to mention the curiosities of the Nameless Valley. Foremost among these I would rank a small cave, on the south side, in which are deposited a curious collection of human bones. Many of them are very large, while others, which were evidently full-grown are exceedingly small. Among the female skulls, I noticed one of a female that seemed to be perfectly beautiful, but small enough to have belonged to a child. The most curious specimen, however, found in this cave, is the skull of a man. It is entirely without a forehead, very narrow across the eyes, full and regularly rounded behind, and

from the lower part of the ears are two bony projections, nearly two inches in length, which must have presented a truly terrible appearance when covered with flesh. The animal organs of this scull are remarkably full, and it is also greatly deficient in all the intellectual faculties. Another curiosity found in this valley is a bed of plaster which lies in the immediate vicinity of a bed of slate, with a granite and limestone strata only a short distance off, the whole constituting a geological conglomeration that I never heard of before. But what is still more remarkable is the fact, that within this plaster bed were found the remains of an unknown animal, which must have been mammoth indeed. A grinder tooth belonging to this monster I have seen and examined. It has a blackish appearance, measures about ten inches in length, weighs about four pounds and a half, and was found only three feet from the surface. This tooth, as well as the scull already mentioned, were discovered by the proprietor of the valley, and, I am glad to learn, are about to be deposited by him in the National Museum at Washington. But another attractive feature in the Nameless Valley consists of a kind of Indian Herculaneum, where, deeply imbedded in sand and clay, are the remains of a town, whence have been brought to light a great variety of earthen vessels and curious utensils. Upon this spot, also, many shells have been found, which are said never to have been seen excepting on the shore of the Pacific. But all these things should be described by the antiquarian, and I only mention them for the purpose of letting the world know that there is literally no end to the wonders of our beautiful land.

I did think of sketching a few of the many charming views which present themselves from the hills surrounding the Nameless Valley, but I am not exactly in the mood just now, and I will leave them "in their glory alone." Connected with a precipice on one of them, however, I have an incident to relate. For an hour or more had I been watching the evolutions of a bald-headed eagle above the valley, when, to my surprise, he suddenly became excited, and darted down with intense swiftness towards the summit of the cliff alluded to, and disappeared

among the trees. A piercing shriek followed this movement, and I anticipated a combat between the eagle and a pair of fish-hawks which I knew had a nest upon the cliff. In less than five minutes after this assault, the eagle again made its appearance, but uttered not a sound, and, having flown to the opposite side of the valley, commenced performing a circle, in the most graceful manner imaginable. Presently the two hawks also made their appearance high above their rocky home, and proceeded to imitate the movements of the eagle. At first the two parties seemed to be indifferent to each other, but on observing them more closely it was evident that they were gradually approaching each other, and that their several circles were rapidly lessening. On reaching an elevation of perhaps five thousand feet, they finally interfered with each other, and, having joined issue, a regular battle commenced; and as they ascended, the screams of the hawks gradually became inaudible, and in a short time the three royal birds were entirely lost to view in the blue zenith.

Before closing this letter, I wish to inform my readers of a natural curiosity lying between the Clinch and Cumberland Mountains, and distant from this place only about a day's journey. I allude to what is called the Natural Tunnel. It is in Scott County, and consists of a subterranean channel through a ragged limestone hill, the entire bed of which is watered by a running stream about twenty feet wide. The cavern is four hundred and fifty feet long, from sixty to eighty feet in height, about seventy in width, and of a serpentine form. On either side of the hill through which this tunnel passes are perpendicular cliffs, some of which are three hundred feet high and exceedingly picturesque. The gloomy aspect of this tunnel, even at mid-day, is very imposing; for when standing near the centre neither of its outlets can be seen, and it requires hardly an effort of the fancy for a man to deem himself forever entombed within the bowels of the earth.

THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA.

Since the date of my last letter, I have been travelling through a very beautiful but thickly settled portion of the Alleghany country, whose natural curiosities are as familiar to the world as a thrice-told tale. For this reason, therefore, I shall be exceedingly brief in describing what I have seen in the Valley of Virginia. That portion of the "Ancient Dominion," known by the above name, is about two hundred miles long, ranging in width from thirty to forty miles. It is bounded on the north by the Potomac, on the east by the Blue Ridge, on the west by a spur of the Alleghanies, called the North Mountains, and on the south by the New River, or Kanawha, as it should be called. Its principal streams are the Shenandoah, the James River, and the Cacapon, which are in every way worthy of their parent country. In ascending to the north, I was tempted to perform a pilgrimage down the Kanawha, but my map told me that I could not see the whole of its valley without travelling at least two hundred miles, and I therefore concluded that its charming scenery, its famous salt-works, and the still more celebrated White Sulphur Springs, should remain undescribed by my pen. In fact, to visit all the interesting objects among the Alleghany Mountains would occupy a number of summers, and therefore, in making a single tour I have found it important to discriminate as I passed along. But it is time that I should turn my attention to the prominent attractions of the great Virginia Valley. They are as follows, and I shall speak of them in the order in which I visited them, viz.: the Peaks of Otter, the Natural Bridge, Wyer's Cave, Cyclopean Towers, the Shenandoah, and Harper's Ferry.

The Peaks of Otter are situated upon the line which separates the counties of Bedford and Bottetourt, and are the two highest mountains on the Blue Ridge range, and therefore the highest in Virginia. They derive their name from the fact, that, at a very early period in the history of our country, the otter was found in great abundance in the smaller streams at their base. In appearance they resemble a pair of regularly formed haystacks, and reach an elevation of about five thousand feet above the level of the ocean. Owing to the circumstance that the country on one side is nearly level, and that the surrounding mountains are comparatively low, their appearance is exceedingly imposing. The summits of these watchtowers are destitute of vegetation, but crowned with immense rocks, which have been scattered about in the most incomprehensible confusion. And hereby hangs a story. About one year ago, a number of persons ascended the highest peak in question, and having discovered an immense rock, which appeared to be in a tottering position, they took into their heads to give it a start down the mountain side and see what would be the result. They accomplished their purpose and something more, for it so happened that the rock travelled much further than they expected, and having fallen into a very large spring at the foot of the mountain, caused it to disappear from the face of the earth. The owner of the spring felt himself injured by this circumstance, and went to law about it, and the offending parties, as I have been informed, were compelled to pay a heavy bill of damages. That the sunrise and sunset prospects from the Peaks of Otter are superb may readily be imagined. Those which present themselves on the north, west, and south, seem to comprise the entire Appalachian chain of mountains, but the oceanward panorama is unique and particularly impressive. In this direction the whole eastern portion of Virginia resembles a boundless plain, where even the most extensive plantations appear no larger than the squares upon a chessboard; and now that I have employed that figure, it strikes me as particularly appropriate; for where is there a man on the face of the earth who is not playing a game for the attainment of happiness? From their position, the

Peaks of Otter look down upon all the fogs and vapors born of the sea breezes, and, by those who have frequently beheld their fantastic evolutions, I am told that they surpass even the wildest flights of poetry. Few mountains in this country have been visited by so many distinguished men as the Peaks of Otter; and it is said that it was while standing on their loftiest pinnacle that John Randolph first had a realizing sense of the existence and the power of God. To some minds a mountain peak may be a thousand-fold more eloquent than the voice of man; and when I think of the highly moral condition of the people in Central Virginia, I am constrained to award a mite of praise even to the Peaks of Otter for their happy influences.

It was a thousand years ago, and a mighty caravan of mammoths were travelling across the American continent. Midway between two ranges of mountains they came to a great ravine, over which they could not find a passage, and they were in despair. The Great Spirit took pity upon the animals, and having brought a deep sleep upon them, threw a mass of solid rock completely across the ravine, and so, according to an almost forgotten Indian legend, came into existence the Natural Bridge of Virginia. The chasm over which this magnificent limestone arch has been formed varies from sixty to ninety feet in width, the surrounding precipices are nearly two hundred and fifty feet high and perpendicular, and the lower line of the narrow arch itself is two hundred feet above the stream which passes through the gorge. The bridge and its cliff-like abutments are all crowned with a luxuriant diadem of trees, which lends them an indescribable charm, and directly on the north side of the former stands an exceedingly picturesque gallery or parapet of solid rock, which seems to have been formed by Nature for the especial purpose of affording the most imposing prospect in the dell. From every elevated point of view the eye falls into an abyss, which one might easily fancy to be the birthplace of all the shadows in the world, the gray and green gloom is so deep, so purely beautiful, and so refreshing, even at the hour of noon; but from every point of view at the bottom of the dell, the stupendous arch, as some writer has

finely said, "seems to offer a passage to the skies," and the massive masonry of Nature stands boldly out against the blue heavens, thereby producing a most unique and poetical contrast. But the location of this bridge is not less beautiful than its structure. It is completely surrounded with hills, which seem to cluster around the rare spectacle, as if to protect it from sacrilege; and from the hills in question the eye is everywhere delighted with mountain landscapes of uncommon loveliness.

Wyer's Cave is in Augusta county, and the entrance to it is from the side of a limestone hill, which commands a very charming prospect of the highly cultivated Valley of the Shenandoah. It was originally discovered by one Bernard Wyer in the year 1804, whose fortune it was to capture a bear within a few paces of its entrance. Its entire length is not far from one thousand yards, so that its size is not to be wondered at; but when you come to speak of its beauty, the variety, number, and imposing appearance of its apartments, the novelty of its concretions, snowy stalactites, its fantastic projections, its comparative freedom from dampness, and the whiteness of its walls, I suppose it must be considered as unsurpassed by any thing of the kind in the country, excepting the Cave of Kentucky. Its rooms number twenty, its greatest depth is fifty feet, and its temperature 50° Fahrenheit. But the pleasure of roaming about this darksome emblem of perdition is greatly enhanced by the huge pine torches which you and your guide have to carry over your heads, and then if you can possibly bribe your friend not to utter a single one of the abominably classical names with which all the nooks and corners of the cave have been christened, your gratification will indeed be real, and your impressions strange, unearthly, and long-to-be-remembered in your dreams. To enjoy a visit to this cave, as it ought to be enjoyed, a man should have an entire summer day at his disposal, be alone, and have a torch that should need no trimming, and under his arm a well-printed copy of Dante. Thus prepared, his enjoyment would be truly exquisite.

The Cyclopean Towers are also in Augusta county, and were

so called on account of their resemblance to the Cyclopean walls of the ancients. They are formed of limestone, and as they stand at the outlet of a valley, through which it is probable a mighty river once flowed, they were evidently formed by the water while forcing its way around the point of the neighboring hill. There are five or six of them, and they vary from forty to ninety feet from base to summit, and are covered with trees. When viewed at the twilight hour they appear like the mouldering remains of a once magnificent castle, and the wildness of the surrounding scenery is not all calculated to dissipate this illusion.

With regard the Valley of the Shenandoah, I can only say that a more beautiful section of country I have never seen. The soil is exceedingly rich and highly cultivated; its yeomanry are descended from the German population of the older times; and throughout all its borders, I am certain that peace and plenty abound. As to the river itself, I can only say that it is worthy of its vague but poetical and melodious Indian name, the interpretation of which is said to be *Daughter of the Stars.*

And now a single word in regard to Harper's Ferry. When I close my eyes and bring the scenery of this portion of the Potomac before my mind, I am disposed to agree, in every particular, with all those writers who have sung the praises of this remarkable gorge; but when I look upon it as it now appears, despoiled by the hand of civilization of almost everything which gives a charm to the wilderness, I am troubled with an emotion allied to regret, and I again instinctively close my eyes, that I may look into the past, and once more hear the whoop of the Indian hunter following the fleet deer.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES ON THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.

Since the foregoing letters were published in the *National Intelligencer*, the Hon. Thomas L. Clingman, of North Carolina, has addressed a communication to that journal, suggested by the letters, from which, and other interesting articles which he has shown me, I have collected the following items of information. And first, as to the elevation of the principal mountains alluded to in my letters, as ascertained by actual measurement above the level of the sea. Black Mountain, whose highest peak has been named after Mr. Clingman, the first to explore and measure it, rises very nearly 7000 feet, Roan Mountain 6187, Grand Father Mountain 5719, Chimney Top 5433, Table Rock 3584, and the Tuckaseege Mountains 3795. In regard to the geological formation of the southwestern counties of North Carolina, it has been asserted by eminent geologists, that the same character prevails here, which distinguishes the gold and diamond regions of Brazil and Siberia; nor can it be doubted that valuable deposites are found here of manganese, lead, chrome, iron, zinc and marble, with many precious stones, making it on the whole a country of the highest mineralogical promise. The latitude and elevation of the Alleghany Mountains, in North Carolina, and of course their temperature is the same with those of ancient Arcadia—the country of herdsmen and shepherds. From this, and many other facts it is argued that the raising of cattle and sheep will eventually be the prevailing employments of the Carolina mountaineers. Though the soil is well adapted to the culture of various kinds of grain, it is particularly fitted for grasses; and what seems extraordinary to a stranger, is the fact that the soil becomes richer as the mountains are ascended. The timber which usually covers the sides of the mountains is heavy, free from underbrush and thereby affording free pasturage, while very many of the mountains are wholly free from timber, but covered with a most luxuriant growth of fine wild grasses, where thousands of cattle may remain throughout the year and flourish. The few sheep that exist in the country thrive remarkably well, and are sometimes permitted to run at large during the winter without being fed, and without suffering. The climate, indeed, is beyond all praise; the winters are moderate, and the summers delightfully cool, there being very few places in the country where the thermometer rises above 80° on the hottest day.

During my wanderings in North Carolina, I was piloted by a mountaineer to a spot in Haywood county, where it was stated a water spout had occur-

red a few years ago, and the bursting forth of which caused a very great noise and the shaking of the earth. I was pointed to the side of a small mountain, and on looking at what seemed to me more like the result of an avalanche, than anything else, I was told such was the effect of the water spout. From Mr. Clingman, who is quite learned in the science of geology, and also has devoted special attention to this phenomenon, I am informed that, at different periods, within the recollection of persons now living, this mountain had been violently agitated and broken to pieces. The first shock occurred in the year 1811 or 1812, and the last in 1835, while it is asserted that another mountain about forty miles off, was also convulsed in like manner in 1831. In the case of the former mountain, the breadth of the surface subjected to violence was nowhere more than two hundred yards, generally rather less than one hundred. Along this space the ground had been rent asunder in various places. The fissures generally ran in a northern direction, but sometimes at right angles. All the roots of trees which crossed the lines of fracture were broken, and many large ones had been thrown down. The rocks also, were cloven by these lines. The top of the mountain seemed to have been a solid mass of granite, but was now broken or shattered. The sides of the mountain are covered by a good vegetable mould, not particularly rocky, and sustaining trees of large size; but along the belt of convulsion the rocks were much more abundant; and with reference to the mineral structure of the locality, it may be remarked that the entire section seems to constitute a hypogene formation. Whether similar disturbances have occurred in other portions of the Alleghany Mountains, I cannot say, but the above particulars may be of service to those who feel an interest in the wonders of geology.

THE

SOURCES OF THE POTOMAC.

ROMNEY.

I HEREWITH commence in Romney and in May, another series of my gossiping mountain letters for the Intelligencer, and it is worthy of notice that I am writing under the roof of a venerable gentleman, who has been a subscriber to that journal for nearly fifty years, and that there is an *immense pile* of the same in a corner of my room. You will readily imagine, therefore, that I feel somewhat at home, though distant from my real home "o'er the far blue mountains."

As the railroad brought me to Winchester, I shall begin the record of my journey with what I have seen and heard on this side of that goodly town. The distance thither is forty-three miles, and, as I must of necessity spend much of my time in the saddle, I was fortunate to accomplish this distance in the mail carriage, and I ought here to introduce to your acquaintance my only companion, the *driver* of said carriage or carryall. He is thirty-five years of age, small in stature, and rusty to an uncommon degree. He was "raised" in Winchester, commenced life as a blacksmith, and, having relinquished that trade for the art of coach-making, he subsequently turned mail-carrier, in which capacity he has zealously labored for sixteen years. His annual income is $120, and, though he has a family to support, this sum is deemed fully adequate to make them comfortable. He is, moreover, without any property "to fall back upon," and without prosperous relatives; and yet this man is one of the happiest and most contented I ever beheld. He declared to me that he knew not what it was to have the *blues*, and that he could never see any sense in one's making

himself miserable, when he had plenty to eat, could hear a good story and sing a good song. A rational motto this, after all, and faithfully does my friend adhere to it, as a specimen of his conversation will testify.

Much of the country over which he transported me is mountainous and wild, and, in spite of his own poverty, he could not help making fun of the poorer inhabitants that we happened to notice on our way. We saw a solitary log-cabin, for example, standing upon the summit of a mountain, whereupon he exclaimed, "That man has a passion for dogs." "Why so?" I inquired. "Because he owns no less than nine, three to keep off the wolves, three to keep off the bears, and three to pump up water by a patent pump." We saw another cabin situated in a hollow, between two very steep but partly cultivated mountains, and this called forth the following remark: "That's a very fortunate man; for, when his pumpkins are ripe and his potatoes dug, all he has to do is to start them and they roll right down into his kitchen." I questioned him with regard to the occupant of a particularly dilapidated cabin, and he replied, "That man is the victim of mountain wine." "What kind of a beverage is that?" I continued. "It's made of Jamestown-weed and *Fish-berries*, and is the fashionable liquor of this region, when people hav'nt any money and can't get trusted." We met a pedestrian on the road, whose clothes were very much worn and torn, and my friend informed me that he was a fair specimen of the mountaineers of Hampshire county. "But why don't they dress more comfortably?" "Oh, they can't help it," he replied; "they live upon persimmons, and damage their clothes by climbing."

But it is time that I should be giving you an account of the *Ice Mountain*, the principal natural curiosity of this region, and in fact the only one worthy of particular note. It lies in the vicinity of the North river, a tributary of the Caspon or Cacapon, and is surrounded with hills of some eight hundred feet in height, while its own elevation is not over five hundred. It is a common-place affair to the casual observer, but, on being inspected, it is found to contain near its summit a kind of

natural ice house built of sandstone. It is subject to the rays of the sun from nine o'clock in the morning until evening, and yet the oldest inhabitant of the country cannot remember the time when an abundance of the purest crystal ice could not be obtained therefrom at all seasons of the year. The ice is imbedded in the rock, and in some of the crevices, snow, friable and crystalline as when newly fallen, is often found even in the month of August. As might be expected, the waters flowing from the mountain are by several degrees colder than those in the neighborhood. Accumulations of ice similar to this have been discovered in other sections of Hampshire county, but none so extensive. To account for this phenomenon upon scientific principles is out of my power, but I can see much plausibility in the following remarks from the pen of C. B. Hayden, Esq., as published in Silliman's Journal, in 1843:

"The solution, I conceive, is to be found in the large and unusual collection of rocks, which from their porous homogeneous texture, are extremely poor conductors of heat. One side of the mountain consists of a massive wall, many hundred feet in thickness, and heaped up against this, as an abutment, is a mass of rocks containing several thousand cubic feet. As the mountain has a general direction from northeast to southwest, the talus heap containing the ice has a northwest exposure. The cavernous nature of this heap would admit the free entrance of atmospheric waters, which during the winter would form ice in the interior of the mass. The ice thus situated would be protected from external heat by the surrounding rocks, as ice in a refrigerator is isolated and protected from the external temperature by the non-conducting sides of the refrigerator. The Ice Mountain only requires for the explanation of its phenomenon the application of the familiar principle upon which is constructed the common refrigerator, which temporarily effects what the Ice Mountain permanently does—a temperature independent of external causes. This mountain is, in fact, a huge sandstone refrigerator, whose increased and unusual effects, beyond those of the ordinary refrigerator, are due to the increased collection of poor conducting materials which form its sides."

Midway between Winchester and this place the road crosses the Capon River, which is indeed a charming stream, rapid, clear and cold. It is some seventy-five miles long, and near its fountain head is called the Lost River, owing to the fact that for the distance of several hundred yards it entirely disappears from view under a hill, after which it resumes its course as naturally and unconcerned as if it had not performed a remarkable feat. Throughout its entire course it is hemmed in with moderately high mountains, and its bottom lands are narrow, but fertile and well cultivated. Wheat is the principal product, and the yield is sufficient to support a number of "merchant mills," which transport their flour to market by teams to Winchester and the Ohio Railroad. As to the fish of Capon River the leather-mouthed varieties are the most abundant, although I am informed that trout are frequently taken in the Lost River and its tributaries, as also in the North river, which is a branch of the Capon. In the way of game, the hill country is well supplied with deer and foxes, both of which are hunted with hounds.

The well known spot called *Capon Springs* we left about a dozen miles on our left. It is one of the pleasantest places for a summer sojourn to be found in Virginia, located in a picturesque hollow of the North Mountains, two miles from the Capon River, and boasts of a handsome spring of water without any particular virtue, of spacious and convenient bathing houses and quite an elegant hotel, which has just been opened. Within a dozen miles of Capon Springs I have thrown the flies for trout with great success.*

And those who have a passion for caves will find a very singular one in this county, a knowledge of which is as yet mostly confined to the bats that inhabit its secret chambers. It is located on the top of a mountain called Long Lick, and while the aperture at the mouth is only about four feet in diameter, it enlarges as you descend, like an inverted funnel, and after going down to the distance of seventy feet by means of a rope

* One month after the above was written it was my privilege to accompany the Hon. Daniel Webster upon a visit to Capon Springs where he delivered one of his happiest after-dinner speeches.

the explorer finds himself on a rocky floor, with several passages on his right and left leading to other rooms which have never been visited.

And now for a word about the little village of Romney where I am spending a couple of days. It is situated within half a mile of the South Branch of the Potomac, flanked on the east by a lot of miscellaneously planted hills, while on the western side is a ridge of steep mountain lands, which, when thrown into shadow at the sunset hour, presents the appearance of an immense rampart, the river flowing at its base answering as a moat to the fortification. The scenery all about Romney is quite beautiful, some of it indeed might be termed imposing. This portion of the South Potomac runs through, or rather along the western side of a narrow but fertile bottom land, and at the two points down the river, four and six miles distant, there are perpendicular bluffs, which I will describe presently. The population of Romney is estimated at six hundred souls, and the handsomest compliment that I can pay its inhabitants is to mention the fact that they support two well-conducted boarding-schools. One of them is in charge of the Episcopalians of the place, and the other of the Presbyterians. The edifices are of brick, neatly built and spacious, and surrounded with tastefully arranged grounds. The town derives its chief importance from being the county seat; and that the people are fond of good living (like all true Virginians) may be inferred from the fact that venison, trout, corncakes, and maple molasses have been my principal food since I arrived here; the venison was of that peculiar quality which is denominated *mountain mutton*, and as to the trout, they were chiefly taken by myself—and, though the largest in the lot measured some fourteen inches, he cost me a walk of just as many miles.

Romney, I forgot to mention, is also upon the line of a capital road, connecting the Ohio and Potomac rivers, over which there are constantly passing extensive herds of beef-cattle bound to the Baltimore market. At least five hundred head, have passed through the village since yesterday morning, and I am informed that this business continues through every month

in the year. Some of the drovers are men who have raised and fattened their cattle upon their own farms, while others are speculating drovers, who buy up their cattle, and take them to market. The business of feeding these cattle on the road, is quite lucrative to the feeder, but expensive to the drover, since they travel only about a dozen miles per day, while pasturage for a single night costs ten cents per head, and fodder about fifteen. Some fine cattle are said to be sent to market from Western Virginia, but it seems to be generally acknowledged that the finest cattle come from beyond the Ohio.

The bluffs alluded to above are known as *the Hanging* rocks, and, though rather tame to one familiar with the scenery of the Saguenay and Tallulah, they are decidedly worth seeing. The nearest bluff is the most interesting, and rises from the eastern margin of the Potomac to a height varying from two to three hundred feet, and extending along the river for six hundred yards. The lower strata of rock is limestone, and the upper strata sandstone. When seen from a distance, and the opposite bank of the river, (the waters of which are very clear, and literally as green as emerald,) the rocks bear a striking resemblance to a block of very ancient six story stone houses, such as we see pictured by the artists of the old world. Stained as they are with almost every color, from yellow and red to black and brown, to really requires but little fancy for one to discover therein, doors and curtained windows, alcoves with pieces of statuary, richly carved wainscotings and cornices, bird-cages and flags, hanging porticoes, and fantastic sign-boards. The whole bluff, indeed, looks like a specimen of magnificent but rude masonry; and at one point the rocks have formed themselves into a cluster of towers, which appear as we may imagine the edifice of the Smithsonian Institution will appear a thousand years hence, when overgrown with rank mosses and vines. When you come to stand at the base of the bluff, however, its aspect is greatly changed; it topples over your head in a fearful manner, and is as scragged and jagged, and rugged, as uncouth and wild as any thing of the kind, I have ever seen, (and I have travelled much among the mountains of our land.) Tra-

dition says that there was once a famous battle fought upon the brow of the Hanging Rocks between two hostile tribes of Indians, and this story may well be believed, for upon a field in full view of the bluff are to be seen two hillocks marking the graves of the slain; and it is a singular circumstance that, though well nigh a century has passed away since the red man were masters of this soil, hatchets of steel, such as were then in use, have frequently been brought to light from these very graves.

MOORFIELD.

I AM now writing some twenty-seven miles further up the South Branch of the Potomac than where my last letter was dated. The intervening country, bordering upon the river, is mostly mountainous, but not remarkably picturesque, excepting at one point, about six miles from this place, where there appears to be a second, but inferior, edition of the "Hanging Rocks." With the hamlet of *Moorfield*, however, and especially the surrounding country, I have been much pleased. It lies near the centre of a valley, which has appropriately been termed the Garden of Virginia. It contains about five hundred inhabitants, is ornamented with two handsome little churches, (Methodist and Presbyterian,) and about the village, the people, and the country, there is a kind of Arcadian simplicity, which is truly refreshing to one accustomed to city life. As to the landlord and table of the Virginia House, where I am staying, it affords me pleasure to say they would be an acquisition in any of the eastern cities. The valley in question is about twelve miles long, and from one to two miles wide, level, and very fertile, and completely hemmed in by wood-covered mountains of moderate elevation, from the summit of which the beautiful Potomac may be seen, pursuing its serpentine course. Many of the farmers in the valley are wealthy, and none of them poor—the marketable price of the land averaging about one hundred dollars per acre. Corn is the principal product; and it is said that some of the fields have yielded a good crop annually for upwards of thirty years. Hence the reputation of the valley for its cattle, which are raised in great

numbers and of the finest quality; and at this very moment there is passing my window, bound to Washington, a drove of one hundred. Indeed, the people here are pre-eminently independent in outward circumstances as well as in their feelings.

On Sunday last I attended morning service in the Presbyterian Church, and was particularly pleased with what I there saw and heard. The audience was large, and consisted of a goodly number of the sturdy and more aged of the yeomanry of the valley, with their wives and children, and children's children, who conducted themselves with a degree of propriety that I have seldom seen excelled in communities boasting of all the refinements of the age. In every particular the church was plain, but perfectly neat and comfortable; and instead of an organ, with its attending flourishes and overtures, psalms and hymns were sung by the congregation, to the good old tunes of a century ago. The preacher was the Rev. William N. Scott, a man venerable in years, and the father of two sons, who are, as I am informed, eminent in the sacred profession of their father. The text on the occasion was as follows, (Prov. iv. 18): "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day;" and the sermon was a tribute of respect to the memory of a young lady, who had recently died of consumption. The preacher spoke extemporaneously, with a soft and plaintive voice, using concise and elegant language; and, as he briefly commented upon the beautiful and Christian character of the deceased, I was forcibly reminded of Irving's touching essay entitled "The Pride of the Village." The range of thought throughout the discourse was elevated, and yet there was something about it in strict keeping with the rural district in which it was delivered—the imagery being drawn from the works of nature, as actually seen in part from the pulpit which the preacher occupied. For example, in speaking of the law of progression, (which was the leading idea of the sermon,) he remarked to his hearers that it was seen in the flowing streams of their valleys, and the giant oaks upon their mountains, as well as in the planetary worlds, the human intellect, and the light of revelation as de-

veloped in the human heart. Upon the whole, the sermon was really an impressive one.

With regard to natural curiosities, the region of Moorfield is rather meagre; and it may afford to be without them, since it can boast of the rarest scenery and superior agricultural resources. In the way of interesting characters, however, it is well supplied.

One story that I have picked up here, illustrates the character of an old hunter, who lives upon one of the neighboring mountains. For many years past he has imposed upon the credulity of his more ignorant brethren of the bush, by passing himself off as a wizard, by which profession he managed to accumulate a good deal of money. And the manner in which he originally established his reputation, and made himself the terror of the country, was as follows:

A brother hunter came to him with his rifle, declaring that he had made many shots at deer and other wild animals, but that he could never hit any of them, and he therefore supposed it must be out of order. The wizard examined the gun, and perceiving at a glance that the sight was only out of its proper place, he mysteriously shook his head, and said that the gun had a spell upon it, which could not be removed without the payment of three dollars. The man paid the money, and was told to call on the morrow. The sight was then fixed in its proper place, and when the man came after his gun, he gave it a fair trial, and expressed himself as perfectly satisfied. The wizard then told the man that he must perform another secret incantation over the gun, and that it would be ready to take away in one hour; whereupon he retired into a room alone, when he proceeded to load the gun with a small charge of powder, using for a wad a quantity of soft *spunk;* and this charge he continued to repeat till the barrel was filled within a foot of the muzzle. He now came forth to deliver the gun into the hands of its owner, and while giving him some particular directions as to how he must hold the gun, and prohibiting him from looking behind, while he was to hasten home with all possible despatch, the wizard slyly dropped a coal of fire into the rifle,

and the man disappeared. Hardly had he gone a hundred yards before bang! went the old gun, and the hunter was alarmed; a few moments more, and a second charge followed, and he was astounded; another brief period elapsed, and still another report followed; another, and still another, when the poor hunter became almost frantic with fear, and throwing the gun away, he ran for his home with all speed, while nearly every dozen paces that he accomplished was measured by the explosions of the spell-bound gun. Of course the narrow escape which he had made was soon spread far and wide, and the power as well as wickedness of the wizard were universally acknowledged.

Of another eccentric character, a wealthy but improvident farmer, long since deceased, I have heard the following particulars: He was famous for always being in a hurry, and on one occasion he set out from home early in the morning, informing his family that he was in a hurry, and would be back in a couple of days. He departed, and was gone *two years*. On his return, he stopped within a mile of his own habitation, where he met an old acquaintance, who invited him to supper. "Oh, I am in a hurry," he replied, "and cannot." But he did dismount, and spent *two weeks* with his friend. He once went to Washington with a drove of cattle, and, just as he was about ready to return, he thought he would call and pay his respects to the (then) President, Mr. Adams. He did so, riding directly up to the front door of the White House. He happened to meet the President at the threshold, who invited him to come in and spend a little time. He was again "in a hurry, and had not the liesure to spare," but finally had his horse sent to the stable, and spent only ten days as the guest of the President. Towards the latter part of his life, he was a good deal troubled by the sheriff of the county, who was constantly trying, but in vain, to execute a *ca. sa.* upon him. During this period he was particularly a "*home*-body," and of course was constantly on the watch for the officer of justice; and, whenever he saw that officer approaching his dwelling, he would lock his doors, and ascending to an upper window, would there safely hold a con-

versation with the sheriff, and also lower into his hands, by a small cord, a glass of old rye whiskey, with cake and apples. Four years before his death he was prosecuted for the non-payment of a large debt, which he declined settling upon any conditions. The lawyers, after taking his personal property, told him that unless he consented to give up his real estate, he would have to be imprisoned. He was perverse in his opposition, and had to take up his abode in the county jail. He had a room handsomely fitted up for his accommodation, where, in the enjoyment of good liquor and all the luxuries of the country, he spent the remainder of his days. He was a great favorite in this section of country, and his funeral was one of the largest that ever took place in Moorfield.

As I looked out of my window yesterday morning, I chanced to notice a young man mounted upon a horse, riding along the street at a furious rate. He had a remarkably fine countenance, with a head of hair of uncommon length, and was dressed in a suit of Lincoln-green, with such a hat as artists love to portray in their pictures, and he was followed by three dogs. I inquired his name, and found it to be *Charles W. Alexander*, and further ascertained that he had recently become a painter by profession, and was now upon a hunt after a fox or a deer. I have this morning had the pleasure of being introduced to this gallant hunter-artist, and examined some of his pictures. They consist of family portraits, and copies from such artists as Stuart, Sully, and Nagle, and considering them as the productions of a young and entirely self-taught artist, are full of merit and truly astonishing. I have chronicled his name, simply because I would prophecy for him, as a painter, (if he will only *apply himself*, and spend his winters in New York or Philadelphia,) a prominent career. But he must expect to labor without ceasing.

But I must bring even this brief letter to a close, for my horse, purchased in this place, is at the door, waiting to carry me into what I have been led to imagine a peculiarly savage mountain wilderness; and as fortune will have it, I am to be accompanied by a couple of venturesome friends.

THE HERMIT WOMAN OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

My ride from Moorfield to Seneca Creek, a distance of thirty miles, has been quite interesting. The ten miles of road lying between that town and Petersburg runs nearly all the way through a rich bottom land, with nothing in particular, however, to rivet the attention but a picturesque bluff, on the summit of which the rocks have been so curiously piled up, as to resemble two pieces of statuary, representing a crouching panther and a running deer. At the base of this bluff is a fording place, in crossing which, a man was once thrown from his horse, and having been drowned, his body was subsequently found in a neighboring pool of the South Potomac, standing erect, with both arms extended as if in supplication.

I spent a night with my companions in the dingy-looking hamlet of Petersburg, where I picked up the following particulars respecting an almost obsolete custom, peculiar to this section of the country. It is termed *running for the bottle*, and is a kind of interlude or episode in a marriage celebration. When a buxom lady is about to be married, every body is invited to the wedding, and two entire days are devoted to feasting and dancing, when the time arrives that she is to be taken to the residence of her lord and master. This change of location is accomplished on horseback, and the groom and bride are invariably accompanied by their guests, who combine to form, as they journey in pairs, a truly imposing cavalcade, varying, according to circumstances, from one to two hundred persons. The day of the march is of course a pleasant one, and the journey to be accomplished is perhaps, five miles. At

the residence of the groom every thing is in a state of preparation for the reception of the party, and with especial care, a bottle of choice liquor, richly decked out with ribands, has been placed upon a high post at the front gate of the dwelling. While the cavalcade are on the move, and have arrived within one mile of the place, the master of ceremonies steps aside upon his horse, and extends an invitation to all the gentlemen present, to join in a race for the bottle, which is known to be in waiting for the winner of the race, whose privilege it will be to drink the health of the bride on her arrival. Fifty of the younger men in the party have perphaps accepted the invitation extended to them, and, leaving the procession, they start off at full speed for the much-desired bottle. The road is winding, and perhaps stony, and stumpy, and muddy; but what matter? Away they fly, like a party of Indians after buffalos; while along the road, it may be, cattle are bellowing, sheep bleating, dogs barking, hens cackling, and crows cawing. The goal is now in sight; one effort more, and the foremost horseman is at the gate, and has received from the hands of the groom's sister, the much desired bottle; then ascend the huzzas and shoutings of that portion of the people assembled to welcome the bride.

Meanwhile, the cavalcade comes in sight, headed, as before, by the groom and bride, and, as they approach the gate, the winner of the bottle comes forth upon his horse, and pouring a portion of liquor into a goblet, presents it to the bride, and has the satisfaction of being the first to drink the good health of her newly-married ladyship. The huzzas and shoutings continue, when, in the midst of the direst confusion, the ladies are assisted into the house, the horses are stabled, and a regular siege of two or three days dancing and feasting and carousing succeeds, with which the wedding is terminated. But to continue my journey.

The road from Petersburg to this place runs along the north fork of the South Potomac, a wild and roaring, but very beautiful mountain stream. The river itself is exceedingly serpentine, but the road is vastly more so, and we had to ford the former at least thirty times, often too, exposed to considerable

danger. The scenery throughout the entire route is truly superb, fully equal, in many particulars, to that of the White and Adirondac mountains. The hills are covered with forests of luxuriant growth, rising in many places to the height of at least three thousand feet, and for many miles presenting perpendicular walls from five hundred to fifteen hundred feet high. The three most imposing of the natural structures here seen are known as the Golding Gorge, the Fire Cliff, and the Seneca Chasm. They are all of such a character as to be undescribable by words; they are indeed wonderful to a remarkable degree. The first, for example, located some ten miles from the mouth of the north fork, is a massive and narrow opening, through which the stream forces itself, with a stupendous bluff on the left hand, hanging or toppling over the stream. The second, four miles further off on the left, is a perpendicular but narrow, and perfectly bare ridge of slate and sandstone towers and turrets, looming against the sky to the height of more than a thousand feet; and, at the time I beheld it, the mountain, of which it forms a part, was on fire, so that the picture which the whole presented was magnificent. The third, which is directly at the mouth of Seneca creek, resembles the second in its general formation, but is more lofty and fairy-like; gorgeous in the blended colors of the rainbow, and more frowning and overhanging in some of its phases.

Delighted, however, and deeply impressed, as I have been by the scenery of this Alpine land, I have been far more interested in an old woman, whom I have had the pleasure of seeing. Her name is Elizabeth Golding, or Goldizon, and she resides in a log cabin, entirely alone, directly at the foot of the gorge which has taken her name. She is of German origin, and represents herself as *one hundred and twelve years of age.* She was born, according to her own words, "within a two days' ride of Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania," and her father was a soldier in the Revolution under Washington, and she herself was in the immediate vicinity of the American camp at the defeat of General Braddock, of which event she habitually recounts a great number of interesting and thrilling incidents,

closing each paragraph with the remark that the battle field was wet, very wet, with blood. She has been husbandless and childless for nearly half a century, and for many years has lived, as now, in the solitude of the mountains, utterly alone. Indeed, everything about the old woman is peculiar and strange. In stature she is quite small, and her hair (which is white as snow) is very long; when engaged in conversation, her countenance fires up exceedingly, and she accompanies each sentence with the most animated of gestures; her voice, though still strong, is altogether beyond her control, having an unnatural tone; and the wrinkles running entirely over her face and neck are as deep as we might imagine them to be after having been furrowed by the tears of even one heart for so long a time as a century. She was clothed in the simplest manner, having upon her head a cap made of common brown cotton, a frock of blue homespun cloth, and upon her feet nothing but woollen socks. During the whole time that we were in her cabin she was smoking some bitter weed in a corn-cob pipe, and, though haggard and worn, she had a pleasant smile, and when either of her guests happened to utter something that was novel to her ear, she would exclaim, "Oh yes, that is wonderful!" Her only means of subsistence for years past had been obtained by making hickory brooms, but even this business she had been compelled to give up, for she could no more climb the mountains to obtain the proper material; and though she seemed to be perfectly certain that she would be provided for, she expressed the greatest dread of the county almshouse. We inquired as to her appetite, and she replied, "Oh, I eats very little; I never eat much, sometimes nothing in a whole day, and never more than once a day, and I am well acquainted with hunger." As to her sleep we also questioned her, and she said, "That's what troubles me most; I cannot sleep now, I am so old, and so I lay on my bed all night thinking of my *great, good, and sweet Father in the Heavens.*" We asked her how she managed to obtain the necessaries of life, and she said she did not know, only that people who travelled on the road sometimes stopped in to give her a little coffee or flour;

her main stay being a small garden of vegetables, the brush fence around which had been built by her own hands; and this garden was remarkably neat. As to her sight, it was as good as ever, and she was unacquainted with the use of spectacles. We asked her how much money she would want to support her a year, and she replied that *ten dollars* would take care of her a long time more than a year. As a matter of course, my companions and I made up a little purse for her benefit, and when we gave it to her it seemed as if she would embrace us in spite of ourselves. Indeed, we made her a number of trifling presents, and she expressed her gratitude by weeping, and assuring us that her "Father in the Heavens," would bless us and make us happy, wherever we might go. And I can assure the reader that the tears shed by that old woman of *five score years and ten* were not the only ones that sprung into the eyes on that occasion, albeit we were unused to weeping.

But I have not yet given the reader an idea of the home of this lonely being; in truth, it baffles description. Her nearest neighbor is some four miles off, and her only companions in her solitude, are a little dog and a cat. Her cabin stands near the water's edge, and directly on the hill-side; it is without a window, but light in abundance comes in from the gaping roof and sides of the black and mouldering log habitation; the chimney, too, which is of mud and sticks, is in a dilapidated condition. Her bedstead is made of small pine sticks, with the bark still on, her couch consisting of hemlock boughs covered with straw, upon which are two or three wretchedly worn bedquilts. In one corner of the room are two or three shelves, where are displayed her cooking and eating utensils, the original cost of which (and they were very old and worn) could not have been more than one dollar. An old stool answers the purpose of a chair, and a board nailed to the side of the cabin is her only table; hanging from the logs at the side of her bed are two or three old gowns, which help to keep out the air and the rain; she is also the owner of a spinning-wheel; and from the crevices of the logs around, above, and everywhere, depend bunches of herbs and faded flowers which she has gathered in her rambles:

but there was a taste and neatness displayed in the arrangement of the miserable furniture of the room which gave it a really cheerful aspect. We asked the old woman if she never apprehended any danger while thus living so utterly alone, and she replied, "Of course not; who would harm a poor forsaken being like me? I ain't afraid even of the bears, for its only last fall that one came down here, and scratched up my garden, but I drove him off with a big stick." Up to this point, everything we saw and heard concerning this aged woman was strange; but, when we rose to depart, we were still more astonished by her wild movements, as she addressed us to the following effect: "Men, I thank you for your goodness; I cannot read, but my Great Father has told me, in my heart, all about it. There is a heaven, men, and its a very happy place; and there is a hell, men, and its a very dreadful place; they both will never have an end. Now, men, good bye; you have been good to the old woman, but we must part; good bye; we shall meet once more at the judgment, but for only a short time. Live, men, so that you may get to Heaven!" And so we left this strange, strange being; and I am confident, that long after her bones shall have mingled with the dust, one trio of travellers, if still living, will remember with wonder and pleasure their interview with the *Hermit Woman of the Alleghanies*.

ACROSS THE ALLEGHANIES.

SINCE my last letter was written, my companions and I have compassed a section of country measuring in width, in a direct line, only some thirty miles, but comprehending one of the most truly savage portions of the Alleghany mountains. We ascended Seneca creek a distance of ten miles, spending two nights there, and enjoying one day of the rarest trout-fishing. The first night we harbored with one *William Adamson*, a worthy and intelligent Irishman, who "keeps a store" for a living, and trafficks to a considerable extent in the fur-trade. He and his family treated us with the utmost kindness, and when we came to depart, he positively refused to receive a single penny for his hospitality. His cabin stands directly on the margin of Seneca creek; and within a few paces of his door is a beautiful pool, where, just as the day was breaking, I threw a fly for about ten minutes, and caught three fine trout, measuring, nine, ten, and thirteen inches; and while in the act of landing the last of them, I unfortunately disturbed another as he was endervoring to secure a trout for his own breakfast. This bit of sport, with what I have heard respecting the trout of Seneca creek, excited our party not a little, and we devoted the whole day to the sport. The stream, which might be termed a large brook, runs, in its whole course, through a ravine of the mountains, is full of pools, and, but for the undergrowth of bushes, would be a perfect angling stream. The number captured by the party during the day was much greater than one hundred, and very few of the fish measured less than nine inches, while some of them reached the length of sixteen inches. My com-

panions used the worm and I the fly, and though they beat me in numbers, I beat them in weight. The only alloy to my enjoyment of this sport was the utter destitution which I met with in a cabin midway up the side of one of the mountains. There was but one room in the hovel, and the family, all of whom were cadaverous in appearance, and wretchedly clothed, consisted of a man and woman, one overgrown son, and seven daughters, two of whom were lying upon a bed of straw, upon the floor, dangerously ill. They were too poor to employ a doctor, even if one could have been obtained, and the only food which they had in store was a peck of meal, and the remains of a ground-hog (very good eating, by the way) which the son had recently killed with a stone. The little patch of clean land near the cabin was covered with a scanty growth of wheat, which had been put into the ground by means of a common hoe, that being the only farming implement which the family possessed. We endeavored to ascertain which of the two poverty-makers, intemperance or idleness, had brought this family to such a miserable condition, and were surprised to learn that, instead of either, it was consumption. We inquired if any of the family had died, and received no reply, "Only three of us are yet dead, and there they are under that rail-pen on yon hill side; Betsey, Jane, and Samuel;" I doubt not that all the travellers left that cabin "wiser and better men."

The next night we spent under the roof an old man named *John Keller*, whose family consisted of his aged help-mate and one daughter. They are illiterate people, but industrious and frugal. As we approached the cabin we saw the old man and the daughter hard at work rolling and burning logs upon a narrow deal-clearing, and, on entering the cabin, (after having obtained permission to remain there,) we found the old woman cooking trout, bacon, and buckwheat cakes for supper. The situation of the cabin struck me as particularly romantic, for on either side, within a stone's throw, arose two nearly perpendicular walls of mountain, covered with mammoth vegetation; the base of one of them being washed by the ever-roaring and impatient waters of the Seneca. Within the dwelling there

were no evidences whatever of elegance or luxury, but every thing was neat. During the period intervening between supper and bedtime, our host entertained us with his conversation, from which we learned that he had been a famous hunter in his time, but was now chiefly a tiller of the soil and an angler. He told us, among other things, that rattlesnakes were very abundant in the surrounding country, and that he was once bitten by one of these reptiles while out fishing. While passing over a log he stepped upon one of them, which immediately gave its death-rattle and struck him upon the shin-bone. The fangs penetrated to the bone, and the bite was painful. He was greatly alarmed, and, instead of stopping to kill the snake, he ran into the water and bathed the wound. Inflammation took place immediately, however, and he hastened home with the utmost speed, and on arriving there his sensations were those of a man grossly intoxicated. All sorts of applications were made to the wound; his leg was swollen to an unnatural size, and became black; his eyes were inflamed and he remained in a dangerous state for about fourteen days, when, to the astonishment of all, he began to feel better, and subsequently recovered. And this incident took place as late in the year as the first of October. Our host also informed us that he was once pursuing a deer over the mountains, with his dog, when the deer made a desperate leap from the brow of a hill, and on coming up to it he found that it had jumped and killed itself within a few yards of his own cabin door.

On leaving Seneca Creek we crossed a lofty range of mountains by a narrow bridle-path, near the summit of which we found one solitary log-house, inhabited by a hunter, before which were planted two immense posts, surmounted with deer and elk horns to the number of some thirty pairs. These, with the appearance of the man and his hounds, strongly tempted us to tarry and have a hunt, but we were thinking of the Dry Fork of the Cheat river, famous for its trout. We found this to be the richest trout stream we had yet seen, as we caught them by the hundred, and of a size truly astonishing; some of them measuring not less than twenty inches. As before, I

fished with the fly, and upon an average, took the heaviest fish; out of one small pool alone I took four trout nearly a foot long. But this stream is not only remarkable for the rare trout-fishing which it affords, and its surpassing wild and beautiful scenery, but also for the fact that at one point near its source, called *The Sinks*, it rushes into a cave in the side of a mountain, and, disappearing for a time, again appears to view, and continues on its course in the sunlight. The country lying between the Dry Fork and this place is simply a waste of desolate and elevated mountains, watered at equal distances by the Laurel, the Gode Fork, and the Shaver's Fork, or Big Cheat, which are all tributaries of the Cheat river, itself a tributary of the Monongahela. The Cheat derives its name from the fact that its waters are so clear, and at the same time so dark, as to deceive the stranger in regard to its depths when crossing its fording places. The country throughout its whole course is mountainous, (this I have been told, and have seen it too from a dozen mountain peaks,) the interval land along its borders being narrow but well cultivated.

On my arrival at Beverly, the friends who accompanied me over the mountains left me for a different direction from the one I am to pursue, and, by way of consoling myself at their departure, I joined an old hunter at the foot of the neighboring Cheat mountains, and went with him upon a deer hunt. We encamped at a waterfall on the Big Cheat, and in the vicinity of a salt lick. Out of the pool below the fall I caught more than trout enough for our supper, which we cooked by roasting before the fire, and salted with the drippings of fat bacon. It was a beautiful night, and the moon lighted us to the lick, where in ambush we awaited the expected game. One, two, and three hours elapsed, and nothing was heard in that lonely ravine of the mountains but the loud song of the whippoorwill. We talked to each other in whispers, and the whisperings of my companion made me very sleepy, although his stories were of the wilderness, of bears, and panthers, and other wild animals, and the upshot of the whole matter was that I fell asleep. Crack went his rifle, smack went my head

against a tree, and I was awakened from a dream of home, when I heard a terrible scampering of something through the woods, and saw, only a short distance off, a buck writhing in the agonies of death. A knife was soon passed across his throat by the hunter, and having dragged him as best we could, to our encampment, we hung him up, and went to rest upon our bed of hemlock boughs, with a huge fire sending its sheets of flame and smoke high among the branches of the overhanging trees. We slept until daybreak, made a breakfast upon trout and venison, threw the mutilated deer upon the back of a horse we had brought for the purpose, and were at home again, or rather in the hunter's cabin, long before the hour of noon.

With the village of Beverly I am really more than well pleased. It is a pleasant place, and situated upon a pleasant river, that of Tygart Valley. This valley is comparatively narrow, and inhabited by a worthy and hard-working yeomanry; the soil is similar to that of the South Branch of the Potomac, yielding the best of corn, while that of the entire mountain or upland region is better adapted to wheat, oats and potatoes. Beverly is the county seat of one of the largest and wildest counties in the State of Virginia; with few and literally narrow exceptions, it is a country of rugged, uncultivated mountains, portions of the arable lands having been estimated to be at least two thousand feet above the level of the ocean, while the higher mountains are from three to four thousand feet higher than the same level. A rifle is almost an indispensable article in every dwelling; and an idea of the value of the wild land, upon an average, may be obtained by learning that the tax which I had to pay for a friend, upon one tract of a thousand acres amounted to *twelve and a half cents*. Living is cheap, and quite as good as it is cheap—the best of board being obtained at $1,50 per week. In fine, for the angler and hunter Randolph county is, in my opinion, the most interesting single county in the United States.

THE CHEAT RIVER COUNTRY.

I AM writing this letter from a capital tavern, known far and wide over this country as the "Mountain Retreat," kept by Mr. Edward Towers, and situated on a beautiful slope of cultivated land, near the summit of the Alleghany Mountains. But before proceeding to speak of this place and vicinity as I intend, I must briefly record the substance of my observations since I left Beverly. The ride thither is some sixty miles in length, and for the most part through a cheerless and uninteresting country, both as regards the scenery and the fertility of the soil. Farms are indeed scattered here and there along the road, but they have, as it were, been whittled out of the solid forest, and are what the people of the West term dead clearings. The common log-house is almost the only kind of habitation here met with, and the majority of these are poorly and carelessly built. They usually contain but two rooms, one comprising the whole of the first floor, and a garret to which you ascend by a common ladder. With regard to location, however, these cabins are almost invariably upon agreeable and appropriate spots: sometimes by a spring in a lonely ravine of the mountains, sometimes by a rivulet on an elevated hill-side, and sometimes upon the extreme summit of a mountain, with a grassy lawn around, whence may be seen a world of rank and rolling luxuriance, receding to the sky. The people are ignorant, so far as book-learning is concerned, but they are well supplied with common sense, and are industrious enough to deserve better success than the most of them enjoy. In religion they are usually Methodists and Baptists, and quite as consistent in

their manner of life as the better informed in other sections of the country; and I deem it a singular fact that an execution for murder is said never to have occurred in the county of Randolph. The exports of this region in any branch of husbandry, I should imagine to be extremely limited; the inhabitants seem to make it a point to live upon their own resources as much as possible. To hoard up money is by no means a ruling passion with the majority; if they can secure enough of the solids and really good things of life, they are contented and happy. To the extent of their means they are hospitable; and I have really imagined, from what I have seen of Virginia, that for a true Virginian to be compelled to be otherwise than hospitable would render him truly wretched.

About midway between Beverly and this place, the winding road by which I came, crosses the Cheat river, and at this point I spent a very agreeable night as the guest of Mr. William Ewins. The contrast which his comfortable frame house, well cultivated farm, good collection of books, and pretty children, sporting upon a velvety lawn, presented, to what I had recently witnessed among the mountains, was quite refreshing. I found him a man of superior intelligence, and devoting himself to the making of surveying instruments, in which department of mechanical labor he is so much of an adept as to receive, in spite of his out-of-the-way residence, a good deal of patronage from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. The Cheat river, opposite his residence, is rather a large stream, and might, as he informed me, with little expense be made navigable to this point for keel boats. On my way from Mr. Ewins' residence to this place, I met with only one incident worth recording; my bridle path led me for a considerable distance up a little stream of pure water, in one of the pools of which while seated upon my horse, I caught no less than twenty-six trout.

And now for a paragraph or so about the *Retreat* where I am spending a little leisure time most pleasantly. It is, in the first place, situated on the Northwestern Turnpike, and commands a most interesting view of a wild mountain land, broken so far as the eye can discern, by only two cultivated farms

which resemble garden flats, far more than they do extensive fields where cattle might graze by the thousand. The air is salubrious to an uncommon degree, and the sunrise as well as the sunset scenes which may frequently be witnessed are imposing and beautiful. Among the many attractions of the place, or accessible therefrom, in the way of natural scenery, are the *Back Bone Mountain*, the *North Potomac* and *the Falls of the Black Water*. The first is the highest pinnacle of this portion of the Alleghanies, and commands a view not only of a great world of mountains, fading, ridge beyond ridge, to the western sky, but also of that extensive and unique glade country, watered by the *Youghiogany*. This mountain, distant some two miles, is covered with a luxuriant growth of oak and other hard woods, and affords as fine red deer and in as great abundance as any other part of Maryland; in testimony of which assertion, I may mention that in passing down one of its ravines yesterday I saw a herd of some twenty of these lovely creatures and it was not long thereafter before my ears were saluted by a strain of rich and deep music from a pack of hounds, the baying melody echoing into the deepest solitudes of the old hills. And to those who can appreciate the ten thousand charms of a wild and clear, and cold, and rapid stream, winding and singing among the mountains, here is the Potomac, only half a mile away. The splendid career of this stream, through one of the richest coal mines of the world, through the gorge of Harper's Ferry, past the metropolis of our land, and by the sacred soil of Mount Vernon, had led me to imagine its fountain head to be something particularly interesting, and I have not been disappointed. Lovely indeed are the pools that here invite the bather into their amber bosoms, and, as to the trout which they harbor, these are almost as abundant as the pebbles of the stream. With regard to the Falls of the Black Water, a tributary of Cheat river, I have to state that they are distant some fifteen miles, and at the end of a particularly rough tramp, but will well repay the visitor for any fatigue he may experience. The stream is quite large, and within the space of one mile, and in the deep gloom of spruce and hemlock forests sweeping

steeply down to either bank, and dashing its foam against stupendous rocks, all green with mosses, it has a series of falls and rapids whose aggregate descent has been estimated at five hundred feet, while there are a number of perpendicular pitches that would measure from thirty to fifty feet. The waters of the stream are of a very dark hue, but translucent, extremely cold, and superabound in the finest of trout.

Another attraction of the *Mountain Retreat* to the scenery-loving tourist, or those who may visit it for the purposes of hunting and fishing, or to invigorate their health by its pure air, is the character of the landlord's table. This is indeed all that could be desired by the lover of variety or the most fastidious; the viands are not only first rate, but are placed upon the table in a manner which I by no means expected in so isolated a spot; and, what is more, the best of wines are always obtainable.

But this place is also an attractive one to those who have a taste for business, especially that kind resulting from the driving of cattle from Ohio to the Eastern cities. The farm attached to the Retreat contains some sixteen hundred acres, and, (though rich in the two minerals of iron and coal) affords every facility for the feeding of cattle, and is, consequently, a resting-place for the western drovers. At this very moment, as I look out upon the surrounding fields, I can discern, here a herd of two hundred fat cattle, there a flock of five hundred sheep, and yonder a drove of four hundred hogs, all from the Ohio river, and bound to the Washington and Baltimore markets. The drovers are a unique class of men, dressing in home-spun clothes, riding the best of horses, and remarkably sagacious in making bargains. Some of them are the owners of fine grazing farms on the Ohio river, raise their own cattle, and drive them to market; while others are merely speculators in live stock, buying and selling as best they may, and therefore spending the most of their time upon the road. The distances which they accomplish in a day with fat cattle vary from ten to fifteen miles; and I am informed that it is quite common for the drovers upon this turnpike to take their living merchandise even

as far as the cities of Philadelphia and New York. Indeed, taking all things into consideration, I deem my present stopping-place one of the most desirable in the whole State of Virginia, for those who would escape from the pent-up city during the summer months, with a view of enjoying the country and giving new life to their physical energies.

BUFFALO GLADE.

I AM now writing from the Glade country of Maryland, which I have explored pretty thoroughly, and with which I have been much pleased. Its extent is some twenty miles from north to south, and about five miles from east to west, and is watered exclusively by the Upper Youghiogheny and its tributaries. The glades are of various sizes, and have impressed me with the idea that they were once a succession of lakes, the waters of which, by some caprice of nature, having been drawn off into the great valley of the Mississippi, have left their basins covered with a carpet of luxuriant grass, here and there relieved by islands of white oak trees and of alder and cranberry bushes. The hills and mountains which surround them are covered with forests of oak, sloping gently and gracefully to the margins of the glades, seeming never to trespass a single rood beyond the limits allotted to them by taste; but I have observed that, when descending the ravines which sometimes lead into the glades, the pathway lies through a forest of exceedingly dense and lofty pines, where perpetual gloom reigns supreme, and the air is heavy with sweet odors peculiar to these woods. Not a single glade have I yet seen which is not watered by a lovely stream, and, as these abound in trout, they may well be deemed almost the paradise of fly-fishing anglers. All the glades are "beautiful exceedingly," and present the appearance of a highly cultivated country; but while some of them are the home of solitude, and only inhabited by the feathered tribes, the hawk, the meadow lark, and the glorious mocking-bird being the rulers. Others are enlivened by the habitations of man and

often there comes to the ear, borne sweetly along the peaceful air, the tinkling of sheep-bells and the lowing of distant herds. During all the vernal months these pastoral or arcadian vales are uncommonly green, and, when the surrounding hills are glowing with the crimson and golden hues of autumn, their emerald beauty is said to be like the work of enchantment. The grasses which they yield grow to the height of four and five feet, and, when salted, yield a most valuable hay. As a matter of course, therefore, the glade country is emphatically a grazing country, and, judging from the few experiments which have been made, it is certain that the raising of cattle might here be pursued to immense advantage; indeed, as a source of wealth, the glades are rapidly rising into the first importance, and upon some of them, I am informed, two thousand cattle have recently been herded, previous to being taken to market. And it has occurred to me that when the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad shall have been completed across this glade country, as it will be during the present year, its agricultural resources will not only be more fully appreciated and employed, but it will become a popular summer resort for the inhabitants of Baltimore, a number of whose wealthy citizens are already beginning to erect in this region, villas and other country residences. As to the climate, it is said to be unsurpassed for its salubrity and life-strengthening qualities.

As inseparably identified with the Glades of Maryland, I must not forget to pay a passing tribute to the river Youghiogheny. It is quite as picturesque and charming a stream as I have yet explored, and waters almost an unbroken wilderness. It is clear and rapid, has a number of interesting falls, and contains trout in the greatest abundance. It derives its singular name from the exclamation of *Yough*, which is said to have been made by an Indian, who, during the earlier war, was shot by a white man while swimming the river after committing a murderous assault upon his family.

My ride through the glades has been attended with no personal adventures, excepting in the way of rare trout fishing, and these I must reserve for the benefit especially of my

memory, when I shall have returned to my city life. I have, however, stumbled upon one or two bits of personal history which are worth recording.

The first has reference to an elderly lady and a widow, residing on Deep Creek glade, in whose house I was for a short time hospitably entertained. In the course of an hour's conversation with her, I ascertained that she was born and married in the town of Amherst, Massachusetts. Her husband was in comfortable circumstances, but having, about thirty years ago, entered into a land speculation, whereby he became the proprietor of seven thousand acres on the Kanawha river, in Virginia, he emigrated to that country. After once paying for this land, the titles were disputed, and he paid for it a second time; he then resided upon a portion of it for ten years, when its title was again disputed and it was wrested from him. He and his helpmate longed for their home in New England, but had too much pride to return; and so they settled in this wild section of the Alleghany mountains, where, after the genuine New England fashion, they surmounted every obstacle to success, and raised a family of a dozen sons and daughters, who are now the comforts of the widow in her old age. She spoke to me in the most affectionate terms of her children, and seemed deeply thankful for the many blessings she had enjoyed; but when she spoke of her departed husband, and the home of her childhood, there was a pathos in her words which did not require the tears she shed to make them affecting in the extreme.

The other item of personal history which I would mention is connected with a venerable gentleman, who might with propriety be termed *The Hermit Philosopher of the Alleghanies.* His name is John McHenry, the family to which he belongs being one of the most ancient and respectable of Maryland. He commenced life under the guidance of his uncle James McHenry, (who was secretary of war under Washington,) and he entered upon the profession of the law, wherein he acquitted himself with great credit. Becoming tired of practice, he turned his attention to reporting, and under his

hand, assisted by Thomas Harris, came into existence that celebrated series of Maryland Law Reports, embracing the most important land and other cases that had been decided in the Provincial Court and Court of Appeals, from the year 1700 down to the American Revolution and subsequently to the year 1800. He is also the author of a valuable work on the Ejectment Law of Maryland. In 1820, or about that time, he became tired of the world, as that expression is commonly understood, or rather perhaps, fell in love with the wilderness, and retired to the solitude of the Alleghany mountains, where he has since resided. He is the owner of an extensive domain, comprehending a number of beautiful glades, the whole of which he seems anxious to preserve as he received it from the hand of Nature, instead of mutilating it to an undue extent with the plough. Being independent in circumstances and having a wife who sympathizes with him in his refined tastes, he has surrounded himself with all that can render the life of an educated recluse pleasant and profitable; a comfortable dwelling, with convenient out-houses, a perpetually replenished larder, with good cooks and faithful servants, and a well-selected library.

In every particular, Mr. McHenry is a first-rate specimen of that rapidly-diminishing class of Americans, denominated "gentlemen of the old school;" and, on presenting to him my letter of introduction, I was quite fascinated with his elegant bearing, while my love for the picturesque in costume was gratified by his morning-gown and the William Penn hat which surmounted his snowy head of hair. I was welcomed with the heartiest cordiality, and am still a guest under his roof, and I regret that the customs of polite society will not permit me to speak of him as I could desire. He has been an extensive traveller in Europe and the United States, and alleges that he has never breathed an atmosphere equal in healthfulness to that of the Alleghany glade country. In politics he is a genuine Federalist, and an enthusiastic admirer of Washington and his noble contemporaries. Though a devoted lover of the wilderness, he was never a follower of the chase, and but little

of an angler; his manner of life has been strictly sedentary, and, having ever been animated by a never-satisfied thirst for knowledge, he has been and is an extensive devourer of books, which he has the ability to master in some half dozen languages. Though partial to solitude, he is fond of company; and nothing seems to afford him more pleasure than the tendering of his hospitality to those who journey in his vicinity. He is quite satisfied with his lot, as well he may be, and has playfully expressed the idea that he would be perfectly happy, had he but one neighbor as lazy as himself, and could he but afford to subscribe for all the more prominent periodicals of the world.

THE CUMBERLAND REGION.

A RIDE of some twenty miles from the Buffalo Glade, down the Youghiogheny, brought me to the National road, connecting the Ohio river with the Potomac, over which, in a coach and four, I was brought to the town of Cumberland, or city as it should be called. With the celebrated national road alluded to, I was disappointed; for when I remembered the immense sums of money expended upon it since the year 1806, amounting to more than a million and a half of dollars, I expected to ride over something particularly fine; but I found it, for the most part, rougher than a common road, and in a dilapidated condition. The public means of conveyance upon it, however, are numerous and comfortable, and the scenery through which it runs is quite interesting. With that portion of the scenery, and the road lying between Frostburg and this town, I was really delighted. The distance is only eleven miles, and yet the descent to Cumberland is some sixteen hundred feet, and this stage, when coming down, is generally accomplished in one hour.

Cumberland, in many particulars, is an attractive place. It stands on the southern bank of the Potomac, and is partly hemmed in with mountains, while the scenery lying to the westward is bold and imposing; that to the eastward is simply beautiful. Its two principal hotels are spacious and comfortable, and its churches commodious and ornamental; the most picturesque being a gothic Episcopal church, occupying the site of Fort Cumberland, of ante-revolutionary fame. The inhabitants of the town, who now number upwards of six thousand,

seem to be a remarkably industrious and enterprising class of people, and I can see no reason why they should not, in time, build up a splendid city, as a mart for the mountain country of Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia. Its means of communication with the world are already manifold, for it has a canal binding it to the metropolis of the Union, as well as to tide-water navigation; a railroad connecting it with Baltimore, the third city in the Union; and a turnpike leading to the waters flowing into the Mississippi; besides a number of plank and other roads, making it accessible to the rich agricultural regions of Pennsylvania, as well as to the celebrated Springs of Bedford, in the same state; besides which, the great railroad which is to connect it with the Ohio is rapidly advancing.

But that which makes Cumberland a busy place at the present time, and will undoubtedly build it up to considerable opulence, is the wealth of the neighboring country in coal. This coal region has been estimated to contain an area of one hundred and fifty square miles, immediately in the heart of the Alleghany mountains, and the quality of the mineral has been pronounced superior in many respects to that found in any other mines east of the Alleghany mountains. The term "first rate" has been applied to the Cumberland coal by all who have used it, especially in regard to its evaporative powers; and though called a bituminous coal, it is in reality a dry and close-burning coal, intermediate between the fat bituminous of Pittsburg, and the anthracite coals of Eastern Pennsylvania. The vertical depth of the Cumberland coal basin, including the strata peculiar to the coal formation, is about fifteen hundred feet, resting upon the mill stone grit. The number of distinct veins in the basin, is fifteen, and the seams vary in thickness from five to fifty feet; many of them are exposed to view on the hill-sides, but more particularly in the deep ravines through which flow the various streams, and are, therefore, easy of access to the miners, who pursue their operations at comparatively little expense. The coal is brought to the shipping depots in Cumberland from the principal mines, over two lines of railroads, at an expense of about fifty cents per ton, and it

is estimated that these roads are capable of transporting one and a half millions of tons per annum. With regard to the richness of the Cumberland coal region, it may be mentioned that statistical gentlemen have estimated that it will more than supply the entire world for about *forty thousand years*, which I should imagine quite long enough for the present, and one or two more generations, however "fast" the times may be. As to the capital now employed in mining for coal, the most of it comes from the capitalists of New York, Boston and Baltimore; and the principal companies now doing business are the "New York Mining Company," "Maryland Mining Company," "Alleghany Mining Company," "Washington Coal Company," "Frostburg Coal Company," "Mount Savage Iron Company," "George's Creek Coal and Iron Company," "Borden Mining Company," "Parker Mining Company," "Cumberland Coal and Iron Company, "Wither's Mining Company," and "Astor Mining Company." Speculation in coal lands has ever kept pace with the legitimate business of mining, and, in spite of the impositions which have heretofore been practised by speculators, the rage for this species of business still continues, and many, by imprudent hazards, often become victims to its folly.

Heretofore the mineral treasures of Cumberland have had but one outlet to market—that furnished by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; but since the completion of the great Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, extending from Washington to Cumberland, with the Branch Canal to Alexandria, a far more extensive means of transportation has gone into operation. The entire length of this canal is one hundred and eighty-six miles, and running as it does, for the most part, directly along the northern bank of the beautiful Potomac, it winds its way through a great variety of interesting scenery. The locks of the canal number no less than seventy-five, and the culverts over which it passes one hundred and seventy, and through one tunnel a third of a mile long. Boats carrying one hundred tons, navigate it with great ease, and it is supposed that boats of one hundred and thirty tons will find no difficulty in passing freely through all the locks. The first series of resolutions

adopted in favor of building this canal, were passed by a convention of delegates, held in Washington in 1823—the members of which, numbering some two hundred, were from Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the District of Columbia. The entire estimated cost to the Ohio river, was $32,000,000, and the real cost to Cumberland, its present terminus, has been about $16,000,000. The ground was broken on the 4th of July, 1828, and the first spade-full of earth was taken up by the President of the United States, John Quincy Adams, in the presence of his cabinet, and a large concourse of spectators from the cities of the District and surrounding country. The speech made by the President on the occasion, was one of his happiest efforts, most appropriate and eloquent, and is only to be found reported, I believe, in the columns of the National Intelligencer. That portion of the canal extending to Alexandria was completed during the year 1844, and its most important feature, the lofty aqueduct, spanning the Potomac at Georgetown, is a masterly specimen of engineering ability, and a model piece of workmanship. Its piers, I am informed, are thirty-two feet under water, and in this respect it surpasses any other work of the kind in the world. Col. Turnbull, of the Topographical corps, was the engineer, who, under immense difficulties, constructed this remarkable aqueduct.

As to the scenery of that portion of the Potomac running parallel with the great canal, I can only say, in a general way, that it compares favorably with that of any other river in our land of beautiful rivers. The fertile country which it waters, is thickly inhabited by a worthy yeomanry, but the immediate banks of the river are everywhere as wild and picturesque as in the olden times. Broad reaches of still water now remind you of a newly-discovered lake, and then again you hear the dashing of the waters, as they flow beneath impending rocky barriers, where vines, and mosses, and mineral drippings have produced pictures of surpassing beauty; at one place the stream, more deep than usual, murmurs sullenly, as if displeased to find a dozen charming islands attempting to block its passage to the sea, while at another point, it fidgets itself into a broad sheet of

foam, as it passes over a shallow covered with boulders and pebbles innumerable. Jefferson and Volney have written in praise of that Spot where the Shenandoah comes to the help of the Potomac, in forcing a channel through the Blue Ridge Mountains, and I need not add my mite of applause; but the softer scenery, associated with the mouths of the Monocacy and Seneca tributaries, are to me more loveable. For effects "grand, gloomy and peculiar," the Grand Falls of the Potomac ought not to remain unvisited by any true lover of nature; nor the Little Falls, which are more humble in their pretensions, but not to be despised.

And now, with this paragraph, I bring the running account of my mountain tour from Winchester to Cumberland to a close. Unforseen circumstances have compelled me to travel more rapidly than I could have desired, and I have really not had the time to indite such letters as I might have done. I have recorded enough, however, to convince my readers that the upper Potomac or River of Swans, as the aborigines called it, is a stream to be loved and remembered with pleasure and pride.

END OF VOL. I.

7624

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ADVENTURES

IN THE

WILDS OF THE UNITED STATES

AND

British American Provinces.

BY

CHARLES LANMAN,

AUTHOR OF "ESSAYS FOR SUMMER HOURS," "PRIVATE LIFE OF DANIEL WEBSTER," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR AND OSCAR BESSAU.

Without registering these things by the pen they will slide away unpreciably —OWEN FELLTHAM.

WITH AN APPENDIX BY LIEUT. CAMPBELL HARDY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:
JOHN W. MOORE, No. 195 CHESTNUT STREET.
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A TOUR

TO THE

RIVER RESTIGOUCHE.

ADVENTURES IN THE WILDS

OF THE

United States and British American Provinces.

THE BAY OF FUNDY.

On the tenth day of June I left the city of Washington, accompanied by my wife, bound upon a summer tour to the River Restigouche, watering the provinces of New Brunswick and Lower Canada. I tarried in New York just long enough to run through the picture galleries, and replenish my stock of sketching materials and fishing tackle. On my way to Boston I was joined by a sister, whereby a party of three was formed, which being composed of an angler and two ladies was a capital arrangement; for while the former would have none to interfere with his sport, the two latter could so amuse themselves as to be quite independent of extra gentlemanly attentions.

To Portland we went by the Eastern railroad, the conductor of which, Mr. William Ackerman, an exceedingly polite and pleasant person, informed us that he had been stationed on this route, as stage-driver and conductor, for upwards of twenty-eight years. He also stated that the railroad had been in operation for thirteen years, and during this period not a single regular passenger had been killed by any accident to the cars. Mr. Ackerman spoke in a very pleasant manner of the

many great men with whom he had become acquainted during his long-continued road business. He mentioned the names of Cass, Clay, and Calhoun; but of Webster, whom he knew better than all, he spoke in affectionate terms, and seemed to think it the prominent, and most mournful event of his life that he had been permitted to see his remains deposited in the tomb.

At Portland we took the steamer Admiral, for St. John. Passage made in twenty-four hours, and everything connected with our steamer was truly admirable, and with the Bay of Fundy exceedingly interesting. Shores and Islands bold and fantastic; rocks dark, gray and brown; waters deep blue; and the prospect seaward occasionally enlivened by the spouting of a whale, and always covered with a fleet of ships or fishing vessels. We had a favorable view of the island of Grand Manan, at the entrance to the Bay of Fundy, which is twenty miles long, five wide, well cultivated, and whose rock-bound shores are in some places six hundred feet high. To the Geologist, this island, and its more unpretending neighbors, present a most interesting field of observation; and, in some instances, for example, he will discover no less than a dozen distinct layers of different kinds of rock, each presenting the appearance of having been cut off by a sharp instrument, and these eccentric developments will astonish him, and puzzle his philosophy. The ornithologist also, as did our great Audubon, will find much here to delight him in his studies; for here the herring gull is found building its nests in the top of trees, and not upon the ground, whereby it abandons its ancient habit and resorts to an unusual instinct to preserve its eggs from the grasp of the greedy hunters; and, here too, will be found the breeding places of those famous little birds, the stormy petrels, which, during the breeding season, burrow into the soft ground or hide themselves in hollow rotten logs.

The lofty trap cliffs of Nova Scotia which loomed above the southern horizon were too remote to be appreciated, but we felt a little covetous as we thought of the splendid agates, cornelians, and amethysts which abound among them, some of

which were picked up by the early French voyagers, and are at this day among the crown jewels of France.

I spent an hour or so on the forward deck of our goodly steamer, and had a pleasant chat with a party of Bay of Fundy skippers or fishermen, who had been to Boston upon a visit and were then returning to St. John to prepare for a new cruize. One of them, was, beyond all question, the very man Mr. Lorenzo Sabine honored with an introduction, some weeks ago, to the Secretary of the Treasury as a specimen of the race. Bred to the use of boats from his earliest youth, as Mr. Sabine has pleasantly written, he displays astonishing skill in their management, and great boldness in his adventures. He will cross, the stormiest weather, from island to island, and go from passage to passage through frightful whirls of tides which meet and part with a loud roar; and he will dive headlong, as it were, upon rocks and bars, merely to show how easily he can shun them, or how readily and certainly he can "go about" and stand off on the "other tack." He is neither landsmen nor seaman, a soldier nor a marine; but you would think by his talk that he could appear to advantage in either of these characters. He is neither a merchant nor a mechanic, and yet he can buy and sell, mend and make, as expertly as either. In the healing art he is wise above all others, and fancies that he possesses a sovereign specific for every ailment which all the world beside considers as incurable. He holds nautical instruments in high derision; for the state of the moon and the weather, predictions of the almanac, the peculiar sound of the sea when it "moans," and the particular size or shape of a "cat's paw" or "glin" in the sky, lead him to far surer results. He will undertake nothing of consequence upon a Friday, and can prove by a hundred incidents how infallible are the signs and omens which he believes in. He thinks to die in his bed. True it is that he has been overset; that his boat, loaded with fish to the "gunnel," has sunk under him, and that a vessel has run over him; but he is still alive and "was not born to be drowned." His "fish stories" are without end. In politics, he goes for the largest liberty. He has never heard of easements and prescriptive

rights; but he occupies at will both beach and upland, without any claim to either, and will browbeat the actual proprietor who has the temerity to remind him of their relative positions. Against speculators he wages perpetual war; why should he not? since it is they who put up the price of his favorite "flat-hooped, fine middlings flour," and put down the price of fish and "ile!" And who shall do justice to his dress and to his professional gear? The garments which cover his upper and nether man he calls *ile sute*. The queer-shaped thing worn upon his crown is a *sou'-wester;* or, if the humor takes him, *north-easter*. He wears neither mittens nor gloves, but has a substitute which he has named *nippers*. When he talks about *brush*, he means to speak of the matted and tangled mass which grows upon his head; or the long, red hair under his chin, which serves the purpose of a neck-cloth; or of that in front of his ears, which renders him impervious to the dun of his merchant. His boots are *stampers*. Lest he should lose the moveables about his person, he has them fastened to his pockets by *lanyards*. One of his knives is a *cut-throat*, and another is a *splitter*. His apron, of leather or canvas, is a *barvel*. The compartment of his boat into which he throws his fish as he catches them is a *kid*. The state of the moon favorable for "driving herring," he calls *darks*. The bent-up iron hook which he uses to carry his burning torch on the herring ground, is a *dragon*. The small net with an iron bow and wooden handle, is a *dip-net*, because it is with that that he dips out of the water the fish which his light attracts to the surface. His *set-net* is differently hung, and much larger; it has leads on its lower edge to sink it in the water, and corks upon its upper edge, at regular intervals, to buoy it up and preserve it nearly in a perpendicular direction, so that the herrings may strike it and become entangled in its meshes. Nor ends his dialect here. Chebacco-boats and small schooners are known to him as *pinkies*, *pogies*, *jiggers*. He knows but little about the hours of the day and night; everything with him is reckoned by the tide. Thus, if you ask him what time he was married, he will answer, "On the young flood last night,"

and he will tell you that he saw a man this morning about "low-water slack;" or, as the case may be, "just at half-flood," "as the tide turned," or "two hours to low water." If he speaks of the length of line required on the different fishing-ground, he will compute by "shots;" he means thirty fathoms. If he have fish to sell and is questioned as to their size, he will reply that they are "*two quintal*" fish, by which he means that fifty will weigh one hundred and twelve pounds. He is kind and hospitable in his way; and the visitor who is treated to fresh smother, duff, and *jo-floggers*, may regard himself as a decided favorite. He believes in witches and in dreams. The famous pirate Kyd buried gold and treasure in Money Cove and Grand Manan, he is sure; and he has dug for it many a time. *His* "woman" is the "best;" the harbor *he* lives in is "the safest;" and *his* boat is "the fastest, and will carry sail the longest." When determined upon going home, whether he is upon the land or the sea, he says, "Well, I'll up killock and be off."

Among our fellow passengers were a husband and wife, who very deservedly excited general interest. The former had both eyes shot out of his head while on a hunting expedition, and subsequently, by another accident, had lost one of his legs. While in this condition, a beautiful and accomplished woman fell in love with him, and the twain, in the happiest mood, were now upon a pleasant tour.

We found St. John an uncommonly picturesque and romantic city, and its business greatly on the increase. At high water its harbor is one of the handsomest, and at low water, one of the most uninteresting on the Atlantic coast, and what is more, it is never frozen. St. John is built upon a rock and has some handsome buildings both public and private. Fifty years ago its site was covered with trees, and only a few straggling huts existed within its harbor, and it was first settled principally by American loyalists who came thither from Nantucket, after our Independence had been established. As is naturally the case in all the Colonial cities of England, European goods are much cheaper here than in the United States, and the supply of rich

and beautiful fabrics is most abundant. The chief articles of exportation are lumber and fish, and the present population is nearly thirty-five thousand. The spacious harbor is filled with shipping, and, like all respectable cities each man seems to mind none other than his own business, while the society is excellent, polite and highly intelligent.

Since my arrival here I have learned with pleasure that the government of New Brunswick have concluded to make extensive scientific investigations, having for their object the elucidation of the remarkable tides of the Bay of Fundy. Able reports on this subject, on account of the fogs and winds which prevail here, are very much needed. On coming up the Bay, I noticed that at Eastport the tide rose some twenty-five feet, while at St. John it rises thirty; and I am informed that at the eastern extremities of the bay it rises some sixty-five feet. To the foregoing, during the spring tides, may be added the numbers five, ten and fifteen feet. By intelligent men who have witnessed its feats, I am told the coming of the tidal wave in some of the eastern estuaries is truly astonishing. It forms a perfect wall of blue waves, skirted with snowy foam, and travels with a rapidity far outstripping the fleetest horse. The beaches or shingles of sand which the receding water have exposed, extend at times a distance of several miles from the main land, and as these abound in various kinds of shell fish, it is customary for the swine of the neighboring farms to resort thither for the purpose of feasting upon the treasures of the deep, and it is a singular fact that long before the human eye and ear can detect the coming of the tidal wave, the acute senses of these brutes warn them of danger, and they flee to the shore for safety, and in spite of their fleetness it is frequently the case that they are overtaken and drowned. To the people of St. John the peerless salmon is a source of considerable profit. The fisheries of the harbor belong to the citizens of the city, and the fishing grounds or stations, are lotted out, or sold at auction, every year, for their benefit. The practical fishermen are the purchasers. The number of salmon taken in the last few years, has averaged about thirty-five thousand, which

sold for as many dollars, to be packed in ice and sent to Boston. The fish are chiefly taken with drift nets and weirs.

A noble salmon, now being carried on the back of a boy under the window where I am writing, (one, by the way, of twenty caught by a single fisherman in the harbor of St. John this morning where the nets are staked out to within a few feet of the anchored ships,) reminds me of that great oceanic "kettle of fish" over which the two leading nations of the earth are at present holding a pow-wow. I am convinced that the tone of public opinion in this region on the political question at issue, is rapidly changing. The British provinces having recently become animated with a genuine spirit of enterprise; they are resolved to work out their own fortune, and the concessions they were willing to make to Brother Jonathan a year ago will never, I fear, be heard of more. We of the States have in this matter been too thoughtless and slow for our own good.

But if I cannot communicate to my reader any interesting information on the subject of the fisheries at large, I can give him a little gossip respecting the most distinguished angler and naturalist of this region. I allude to Moses H. Perley, Esq., Her Majesty's emigration officer at this port, whose pardon I hereby crave for mentioning his name. His family is one of the oldest in the province and although his grandfather and father were both honorably identified with its early history, neither of them accomplished as much as he, in adding to its fame and developing its resources. His taste for angling early led him to acquaint himself with the entire region formerly known as Acadia, but more especially with its finny tribes, and his various reports made officially to the colonial government, are exceedingly complete and valuable. Mr. Perley tells me that he performs an annual pilgrimage to remote parts of the country, that he has caught fish in every stream of any note which empties either into the Gulf of St. Lawrence or the Bay of Fundy. Many valuable collections of the rarer fishes and reptiles, as well as other natural curiosities, has he thus been enabled to make, and these he has presented to public institu-

tions in which he felt an interest. The collection he is now forming is intended for the cabinet of his distinguished friend Professor Agassiz.

It may be well imagined that a person possessing the tastes of Mr. Perley would have an interesting depot for implements of sporting, and the spoils of forest and flood. His library is indeed just such a place. It is filled to overflowing with rare and curious books, rods of every style, (including one by Kelly, which has killed eight thousand trout,) guns of all kinds, busts, statuettes and pictures, unnumbered Indian curiosities, while moose and cariboo horns, ornament the walls, and stuffed animals every unoccupied shelf or bracket. In the centre of this charming room stands a large table, covered with the latest English periodicals and papers, upon which were written the several reports on the sea and river fisheries of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia already mentioned. On questioning Mr. Perley as to the number of fishes which he had catalogued and described in these reports, he informed me that they consisted of eighteen families, comprising forty genera and sixty-two species. With a very few exceptions all these fish are found in the waters of the United States. Mr. Perley has also done more than any other individual to perpetuate the history of the Indian tribes of New Brunswick, and in return for his kindness to one of the leading tribes, the Micmacs, he has been elected their Head Chief, and when decked out in his official dress his appearance is well nigh magnificent.

THE RIVERS ST. JOHN AND MIRAMICHI.

The distance from St. John to Bathurst is two hundred and forty miles, and I hardly know in what other direction one would travel to enjoy the same variety of charming scenery. I knew, from personal observation, that the upper portion of the river St. John, was remarkable for its beauty; but a summer-day's sail from its mouth to Fredericton, a distance of ninety miles, convinces me that it cannot be surpassed by any other stream in respect either to beauty or utility. This lower portion of the river which the Micmacs called *Looshtook* or Handsome River and which I have elsewhere touched upon, runs through a rich interval land, and is navigable for steamboats and small schooners, which do a thriving business. Just before entering the Bay of Fundy, however, the entire volume of its waters is forced through a limestone gorge, only one hundred and fifty yards wide, and running, as a matter of course, with great rapidity; and what is remarkable, when the tide of the Bay is high, a strong current sets inward from the sea. The result is, that a double fall of water is thus formed, the fresh water at one time descending twenty feet, and at another the salt water also descending, *up stream*, about fifteen feet. The time allotted to vessels for passing through this gorge is limited to perhaps one hour. For fifteen miles from its mouth the banks of the river are quite hilly, and as extensive bays or inlets come into it, both from the east and west, the expanse of water is occasionally very broad, and when dotted with sails and other evidences of civilized life, presents a most cheerful aspect. Extensive and picturesque meadows, with pleasant

farm houses and drooping elms without number, attract the attention of the observer; and when these are connected with the singing of the birds, the tinkling of bells, the low murmurs of the dark and rapid stream, the immense floating rafts of lumber and logs, with their boarded cabins and red-shirted lumbermen, and also with an occasional Indian in his canoe, the impression left upon the mind is delightful in the extreme. The interval lands, which are highly cultivated, are of course annually covered with water, and it is the novel boast of some of the inhabitants that they gather two crops from the same land in one year—in the spring an abundance of herring, and in the autumn a crop of potatoes or grain. The hills lying remote from the river are also cultivated, evidently by a tasteful and industrious population. The steamers running on the river are small but comfortable, and like the people of New Brunswick generally, their officers are communicative and polite to all strangers. The total length of the river St. John is four hundred and fifty miles, and it waters a country comprising seventeen million square acres, nine millions of which are in New Brunswick, two in Canada and six in the United States.

The city of Fredericton, above which the larger vessels of the river do not ascend, occupies a perfectly level piece of interval land, flanked with hills on the western bank, and is one of the sunniest and most agreeable inland towns imaginable. Since it derives its chief importance from being the seat of government, it is an appropriate place of residence for retired gentlemen, who have congregated there to a considerable extent. It contains a number of handsome buildings, among which are the residence of the governor of the province, Sir Edmund Head, a college, the legislative buildings, with a small but good library, and a most polite librarian, and the barracks, which however, are only distinguished for occupying the pleasantest part of the town. In two particulars the town is far ahead of many more ambitious places; for it has a first-rate hotel, and a very elegant and substantial cathedral, built at a cost of $80,000, belonging to the established church of England, and in which a Lord Bishop preaches regularly.

From Fredericton we travelled in an open wagon; and after crossing the St. John, our course lay to the northeast, directly along the banks of the Nashwaak river. This is a stream to fall in love with, for it is rapid, clear, and wayward in its windings: but as it is crossed by one or two dams, its glory as a salmon stream is forever departed. At the mouth of it, however, capital bass-fishing may be enjoyed nearly all the summer. On leaving the Nashwaak about twenty miles from its mouth, we entered upon what was formerly an Indian portage, the crown of which is a ridge separating the streams emptying into the Gulf of St. Lawrence from those emptying into the Bay of Fundy. We struck the southwest and principal branch of the Miramichi at Bolestown, founded by an American, formerly a thriving place, but now a miserable hamlet, made up of the tottering remains of wooden houses, barns, mills, and mill-dams. At this point may always be found rare trout-fishing, and a dozen miles or more further up the stream a goodly number of salmon are annually taken with the fly. When I reached there, a couple of anglers from the States were already on the ground and others were expected.

We travelled down the Miramichi to where it is navigable for ships of the largest class, and were delighted with everything we saw and heard. This river derives its most appropriate name from the Micmac Indians, the meaning of which is the *Happy Retreat*. That it was a lovely and happy region in days of yore is quite evident, even from its present attractions. It is one of the largest rivers in the Province; its total length being two hundred and twenty miles, and its mouth nine miles in width, the tide flowing forty miles from the gulf. The lands on either side are fertile, the scenery rather tame but charming, and the farm houses scattered along its entire length have a cheerful and comfortable appearance. The inhabitants of the valley are of Scotch, Irish and English descent, and as a class, are intelligent, obliging, and industrious. In former times the traffic of the valley was extensive, for the forest afforded almost every variety of animals, yielding valuable furs, and then followed an extensive lumbering business, which at the present time only

partially prospers, while ship-building and the exportation of fish are getting to be the chief sources of money-making. The attention devoted to agriculture thus far has been limited; but since all the crops growing in the Northern States, excepting corn, grow exceedingly well in this section of country, a decided change seems to be taking place, and the inhabitants are yearly tilling more soil. The four principal villages of the lower river are Nelson, Newcastle, Douglass and Chatham, the first occupying the junction of the northwest and southwest branches of the Miramichi, and the others, which are farther down, lying on both sides of the Bay of Miramichi. In the immediate vicinity of these busy little towns, which ought to have been concentrated into one, I counted at anchor no less than twenty large ships, and on the stocks some seven or eight, all bound to Great Britain, and thence to the remotest corners of the earth, as fortune might determine. The first ship that entered the mouth of the Miramichi was the frigate which took the remains of General Wolfe from Quebec to England in 1759, a storm having driven her in for safety.

Among the pleasant objects which attracted my attention while descending the Miramichi were the pretty churches, which occasionally loomed above the trees. Of these, five attracted my particular attention by their tasteful, gothic beauty; and on making inquiries about them, I learned the following facts: They are scattered over a space of fifty or sixty miles, and were built by *one* person, who, besides having accomplished this truly remarkable undertaking, is in the habit of supplying all his pulpits in person. Not only did he raise and expend the money for his churches, but they were built after his own designs, whereby he has proven himself quite an accomplished architect. He is an Episcopalian of the *higher order*, a native of Dublin, about forty years of age, and a bachelor. While superintending the erection of his churches, he usually occupied a room in the immediate vicinity of each, where he slept between his own sheets and on his own iron bedstead, to avoid the insect assassins of the country, and cooked his own victuals. All his thoughts have ever been, and still are, directed to the interests

of mother church, and the only money he has recently expended for an entirely selfish purpose was invested in five iron bedsteads, which are the sleeping attachments of his several churches. As a preacher, I am told that the gentleman in question is really eloquent. As his self-established circuit is extensive, he is constantly on the move, travelling in a small one-horse wagon, and preaching as often as he possibly can in each of the churches, and all this without receiving a single farthing in the way of salary. And so much concerning the Rev. James Hudson.

But the deepest impression, in spite of the beauty everywhere seen, which a journey down the Miramichi is calculated to make, arises from the contrast presented by the rich lands of the country and the dwarfish or rather youthful appearance of the forest trees. In accounting for this, the older inhabitants will enter upon the oft repeated story of the great fire which in the year 1825 reduced to ashes some six thousand square miles of the fairest portion of New Brunswick, and fell particularly heavy upon the valley of the Miramichi. An eye-witness who resided on the river at the time, has furnished me with the following particulars respecting the calamity. The summer of 1825 was unusually warm and dry, and between July and October the smoke of burning forests arose in many portions of the upper province. These fires were not unusual, and for a time excited no apprehensions. But on the first of October an unnatural heat began to be felt all along the valley of the river, and on the sixth of the same month, the inhabitants were alarmed by the fitful appearance of immense sheets of flame in their immediate vicinity, while to their ears came the sound of falling trees, and a hoarse, rumbling sound, resembling distant thunder. On the seventh day the prevailing heat was oppressive and suffocating; and while in the morning a pale, sickly mist seemed to canopy the land, in the afternoon it was succeeded by an immense pall of vapor. Immediately on the river a gloomy silence prevailed, while the surrounding woods were in the greatest commotion. As night came on, a fiery zone seemed to encircle the land, and the air became filled with

flaming brands and leaves, and as the roar of conflicting elements increased—for now a hurricane swept the hissing forests and lashed the river into fury—the horrors of the scene were increased by the crying and wailing of the inhabitants. The suffering and misery which followed can be better imagined than described. The fearful element accomplished its mission, and the entire country was one wide scene of blackened desolation. The number of persons who lost their lives by fire and water during the calamity was one hundred and sixty; buildings destroyed, about six hundred; cattle, nine hundred; and the total loss of personal property amounted to some two hundred and twenty-eight thousand pounds, including several entire villages. The destruction of timber was irreparable, and the effect upon the forest animals is felt at the present day in their great scarcity throughout the entire region. The sympathies of the humane, both in England and the United States, were excited in behalf of the sufferers in the Province, and a large amount of provisions and clothing was promptly forwarded to their relief. The cash subscriptions, as officially made known at the time, amounted to twenty-two thousand pounds, of which sum, about eighteen thousand pounds came from the United States.

The road from Miramichi to this place, (as it did all the way from Fredericton to Miramichi,) runs for the most part through what is known as the Burnt District, but is, nevertheless, quite agreeable. It is crossed by a number of beautiful streams, abounding in three to five-pound trout as well as salmon, where the angler can tire himself out with fly-fishing in a single day. The only one of these I had an opportunity of trying was the *Tabasintac*, and as I here threw my first fly for the season, the luck I enjoyed excited me beyond measure. I only fished for a single hour,—while our horses were being fed and watered,—and caught about a dozen *common* trout—not sea trout—the four largest weighing three and a half, three, two and a half, and two pounds each. I took them with the common red hackle, and in one pool, in the presence of my lady companions, and within twenty yards of the cabin where our horses where feed-

ing. The scenery of the road in question is monotonous, but interesting on account of its primitive character; but as we approached the great basin of the Bay of Chaleur the prospect suddenly expanded into a wilderness of mountains, flanked by a marine view, which, when it first burst upon us as the sun was setting, was truly magnificent.

Before closing this letter, I ought to mention the fact that those who fancy stage-coach travelling will find the land route from St. John to the Miramichi, by way of the Bend, full of interest and quite comfortable. The time required to perform it is three days, and the first day's drive reveals to view a country abounding in arcadian charms called Sussex Vale; while the second day will bring the traveller to the small town but fine harbor of Shediac, where oyster-beds are inexhaustible; and the third day will take him through the flourishing ship-building port of Richibucto, in the vicinity of which it is asserted, Sebastian Cabot landed, on the main shore of this continent, in 1495.

THE RIVER NIPISIGUIT.

A PLEASANT and novel town, indeed, is this out-of-the-way Bathurst, whereof I am now to give a brief description. It is built upon two points of land, at the mouth of four rivers, the Nipisiguit, the Middle, the Little, and the Tootoogoose rivers, and at the head of a handsome but shallow bay. This sheet of water, from many points of view, resembles an inland lake, and is spanned by a well-constructed bridge half a mile in length. The harbor of Bathurst is secure for the smaller vessels of the coast, while those drawing more than twelve feet of water find a safe anchorage outside a bar which lies at the mouth of the bay. The town contains some six hundred inhabitants, and four churches, whose spires help to give it an attractive appearance. It has three ship-yards, from which are annually launched from five to ten handsome square-rigged vessels; and a very extensive lumbering establishment, belonging to Messrs. John and Francis Ferguson. The neighboring lands are well cultivated, and the scenery, in every direction, is exceedingly interesting. Next to lumber, its chief exportations are fish and a species of valuable grind-stone, as well as a good quality of slate; and I should imagine that its resources, in all these particulars, would give profitable employment to a large amount of capital. Its more influential inhabitants are English and Scotch; and I can say of them, that they are polite, intelligent, and accomplished to an uncommon degree, and a warm-hearted hospitality seems to be a part of their religion. It is also well supplied (and what North American town is not) with the sons and daughters of Erin, while the choppers of wood

and the people of the water are Acadian French. The first white man who is said to have set his foot upon its soil was a French fisherman or walrus hunter, named Jean Jacques Enaud, and this he did as early as the year 1638. It is said he was married here to a Mohawk woman of distinction, and that, in consequence of some private pique, he was murdered by one of her brothers. At that period, the spot which it now occupies was the headquarters of the Micmac Indians, by whom their village was named Winkkapiguwick, which subsequently degenerated into Nipisiguit, or the place of troubled waters. During the dominion of the French it was known as St. Peter, and the name which it now glories in is that of one of the most honored of the Colonial Secretaries of Great Britain. Its hotel accommodations might be improved, and ought to be without any delay (for the home of the stranger in a foreign land ought always, for the sake of that land, to be comfortable and agreeable;) but, on account of its scenery, its healthfulness, excellent society, and especially its manifold piscatorial attractions, it is a place deserving a world-wide reputation.

As before intimated, the entire region of country lying on the Atlantic Coast of New Brunswick was originally inhabited by the Micmac Indians, and the people whose hunting-grounds joined theirs at the Bay of Chaleur were the Mohawks. These two nations were originally, and for many years, upon the most friendly terms with each other. On the very spot where I am now writing they often smoked the pipe of peace together; but in process of time, as the local tradition runs, a quarrel took place between them, which the shedding of much blood could not reconcile. It originated in the fact that two boys, a Micmac and a Mohawk, fell out with each other while shooting at a target with a bow and arrow, and had a severe fight. The fathers of the boys took up the quarrel, and as they could not settle it, the two nations took it up, when a severe conflict transpired. The Mohawks were beaten, and retreated to the Restigouche, some sixty miles further north. Another battle took place on that river, and the Mohawks were again vanquished. They retreated into the interior and again concen-

trated their forces, but at midnight the Micmacs fell unexpectedly upon them, and the small remnant left to relate the story of their extinction as a nation made their way to Canada, and the Micmacs were the sole masters of their immense hunting-grounds.

Of the four rivers which help to make Bathurst an attractive place, the Little and Middle rivers are chiefly interesting for their wildness and good trout-fishing, but the Tootoogoose—which in the Indian tongue, means the river of the fairies—is exceedingly beautiful. It is twenty-five miles long, winding in its course, and runs over a rocky bottom; it has also two or three picturesque rapids and falls, and affords first-rate trout and tolerably good salmon-fishing. And then again along its banks is to be found in abundance the curious plant called *Myrica Cerifera*, which yields a whitish wax, out of which the Acadians make a very good candle.

But the Nipisiguit is by far the most splendid river in this region, and for salmon-fishing, with the fly, I suppose it has not its superior in the world. It rises in the same Alpine wilderness which gives birth to the Tobique, (a tributary of the St. John, and most successful rival in point of beauty,) and its length is one hundred miles. It is marvelously clear, and runs with great rapidity—for the first half of its length over a granite bed, and thence to the sea, with two or three granite exceptions, over a calcareous formation. It may be well imagined, therefore, that it is by no means a monotonous stream. Aside from the gloom and grandeur of the mountain scenery at its source, and from its many lovely tributaries, it boasts of falls and rapids which are interesting in the extreme, and it is from these that it derives its name of *Nipisiguit* or Foamy River.

Twenty miles from Bathurst are the Great Falls, which it would seem Nature had deemed so beautiful that she encased them in flint and granite. For miles, above and below the "jumping-off place," the river is very much contracted, and the banks rocky and perpendicular. The total height of these falls is one hundred and forty feet, the leaps consisting of four,

THE PAPINEAU FALLS.

the last two only being visible from below; at the foot of each are deep basins, and below them for about a mile, a number of pools and rapids, whose gloomy but fascinating features are greatly enhanced by the prevailing roar, and by the blending together in some places of the black water with the white foam. The cliffs on either side are crowned with dense foliage, kept particularly green by the spray immediately at the falls, and affording a delightful retreat for the birds. But, while the Great Falls can never fail to delight the artist and poet, they are a great bug-bear to the lumbermen, whose logs and neatly-hewn timber they frequently curtail of their proportions, and not unfrequently wholly destroy, while passing through the chasm. After escaping from the gorge below the Grand Falls, the Nipisiguit pursues a quiet course between low banks for a little more than three miles, when it tumbles over a succession of ridges called the Chain of Rocks; and three or four miles still further down, is another charming spot known as the Middle Landing. Just below this spot there is a splendid pool with a charming rocky island in it, called *Betaboc* or Rock Island in the Long Pool, and a pleasanter camping-ground could hardly be imagined. The scenery at these several localities is by no means imposing, but it is full of interest to those who love the wayward and fantastic play of the purest waters, and all those indescribable charms peculiar to the lone wilderness.

And then again some seven miles from Bathurst we have what are called the Papineau, or Cranberry Falls, which consist of a series of schutes and small falls, declining perhaps within the space of half a mile, at an angle of thirty degrees. The rocks, which are a gray granite, frequently present the appearance of massive masonry, so square and regular are they in form, while some isolated blocks look as if they had just been prepared for the corner stones of a stupendous edifice. Although located in a dense forest, the rocks slope so gently and conveniently, and yet so boldly, to the very margin of the rapids and pools, that you can enjoy the various prospects, both up and down the river, with great ease and comfort.

Midway between the Papineau Falls and the mouth of the

Nipisiguit, there is a long reach of the river known as the Rough Waters, where a number of huge rocky barriers have been thrown across the stream by a convulsion of nature, whereby a gloomy and desolate impression would be produced upon the mind, were it not for the superb pools of deep and dark water which now and then take the fancy captive, and magnetize the nerves of the angler.

And now, after a long "beating of the bush," I come to speak of the Nipisiguit as a fly-fishing stream for salmon. In this particular it bears the bell beyond all question, so far as the easily accessible rivers of North America are concerned. In June the mouth of it abounds in the white or sea trout, and the whole river throughout all the year in the common trout, varying from eight ounces to three pounds in weight, which afford first-rate sport in their way; but when the angler is informed that the salmon are running, it is hard to think of anything but salmon fishing exclusively.

These fish are taken in the bay of Bathurst with nets as early as the month of May, but they do not ascend the Nipisiguit in any numbers until about the 20th of June; and from that time to the 20th of August the angler may, with an occasional rain enjoy uninterrupted sport; but his harvest time is from the 20th of July to the 10th of August. The first run of fish usually consists of females alone; after which they are accompanied by the males, and in August come the grilse or salmon weighing under five pounds. They are sometimes so abundant, I am informed, that in the resting pools just below the swift waters or falls, they have been hooked up with the common gaff—indeed, I have myself had opportunities of killing the salmon in this manner; and the older fishermen on the river concur in mentioning the fact that the salmon run up the river in schools; that the larger fish always swim together, and the smaller ones by themselves also. Although netted to a considerable extent along the bay of Bathurst and the lower part of the river, there is but little done in the way of exporting them, excepting by the house of Wm. Underwood & Co., of Boston, who have an establishment here for the purpose of her-

metically sealing them in tin cans, whereby they are exported to the four quarters of the globe. Thanks to the newly-awakened authorities of the Province, some little attention is beginning to be paid to the fishing laws, for on the rapid portions of the river the netting and spearing of salmon are well nigh prevented, though not quite, excepting by the few Indians located in the vicinity; and so much has been said and written about taking them out of season on their spawning beds, that this villainous practice is going out of repute. As an economist, and especially as an angler, I am bound to condemn the mode of taking salmon with the spear; but as an artist, or rather when in an artistic mood, I could forget to be rigid, and perhaps recommend the practice; for, indeed, there are few scenes more interesting to witness than the mouth of the Nipisiguit on a quiet night, when there are perhaps a dozen birch canoes floating over the quiet waters, manned by fantastically-dressed Indians, and each one led, it would appear, from place to place, by a brilliant birch-bark flambeau. The light canoes, the picturesque attitude of the spearmen, the gloom of the night and the silence of the surrounding wilderness, seem all to be in complete keeping, and inspire thoughts and feelings of a peculiar but agreeable nature.

The salmon of the Nipisiguit ascend no higher up the stream than the Grand Falls, where during the better part of the season, by those disposed to live in their own camp, and be ever prepared to fight the bears and wolves, the very best sport may be enjoyed. The uppermost pool which the salmon reach is quite large, but from the perpendicular nature of the rocky walls on either side, it is a most difficult place to throw the fly. Indeed it does not afford more than one good cast, but owing to the abundance of fish, three, or even four, *gentlemanly* anglers can occupy it within the same hour, by "taking turns," with decided satisfaction. The tail of this pool, just above where it tumbles over a rocky ledge, is supposed never to be without a salmon, and I know that from one point of view, I have seen more of the magnificent creatures than I could count, basking gloriously in their bed of amber. As the lands in this vicinity

all belong to government, the only acknowledged right to a fishing cast is that of occupation, and I am happy to say that among the few anglers who habitually visit the Nipisiguit, there is a spirit of honest civility prevailing quite novel and gratifying. Not more than half a dozen persons have yet done much in the way of angling at the Grand Falls, and the most successful and persevering one of all, by far, comes all the way from England to throw the fly at this very spot, and during the season of 1850 captured no less than three hundred and twenty salmon and grilse within the space of two months. The angler who would do a good business at the Grand Falls, must be well prepared. His first business, after reaching Bathurst, will be to secure a canoe, manned by two men, into which he must transfer his luggage, and ascend the river. On arriving at the Falls he will pitch a water-proof tent, or be content with a bark one, and have everything so snugly arranged that he may sleep in a hammock, eat on a rude table, and, with the assistance of a good cook and an abundance of liquid luxuries, he and his companion, if he takes one with him, cannot fail to have a decidedly comfortable time. When the men are not needed to help him in his fishing, they may go forth and trap a bear or shoot a stray cariboo for the purpose of adding to his larder. After this manner he may not only live for a few weeks in a novel and healthful manner, but be always ready to profit by the early morning, and the dusk of evening, in throwing the fly. Better sport, I am confident, than may be and has been enjoyed at the Grand Falls, is never experienced in any country—not even by the anglers in the Namsen in Norway, the Findhorn or Tweed in Scotland, or the Godabout on the coast of Labrador. Although the Grand Falls afford the best sport on this river, the man who could not enjoy himself for a week or fortnight at the pools below the Falls, at the Chain of Rocks, and the Middle Landing, must indeed be hard to please. In fishing at all these places, canoes and good men, and camping out are requisite.

But a more accessible spot to kill salmon than the above places is at the Papineau Falls. There is a passable road lead-

ing to them from Bathurst, and those who only propose to devote a few days to salmon fishing can easily sleep at Bathurst, and by rising quite early, can ride to the fishing-ground in good season. The best companion for the stranger to take with him on these expeditions is Richard Henderson, an intelligent and kind-hearted old Scotchman, who lives in a log-cabin directly on the road leading to the Falls. A camp built of logs, and having a bark roof, is the domicil in vogue at this point; and my preference for this mode of making one comfortable while in the woods has been manifested by my having one built for my especial use at the four fishing grounds already mentioned. My first camp at the Grand Falls was at the foot of a cliff and within a few feet of the water, but I had a second one erected on the summit of the same cliff, while that at the Papineau Falls occupies an elevated and romantic position, directly in the midst of a sweet smelling grove of pine and spruce trees and commands a view of the entire series of falls. Directly at the foot of it is a schute, across which a fly can be easily thrown which is to my mind the most captivating cast on the river, but second best in regard to the number of fish taken, and just above and below it, are a couple of the prettiest landings places imaginable. But there are at least a dozen good casts for salmon in the immediate vicinity of said camp, and there is an abundance of room for half a dozen anglers, which is about the number who habitually visit the Papineau Falls; and I can only say that when the season is at its height a good angler expects to take daily half a dozen salmon and a dozen grilse.

On my arrival at Bathurst I was informed that the two Acadians who had built my first and most spacious camp, according to a letter that preceded me, had been much annoyed by a person named William Gillmore, who pretended to possess the exclusive privilege of fishing at the Falls, where he had kept a camp for years. I learned further, that when he discovered my men building a new camp, he threatened to shoot them, whereupon they had him arrested and put in prison. I arrived in Bathurst the day after he had been liberated on bail. He was represented to me as a desperate man, and I was told to

look out for my life when I visited the Falls. I was of course, provoked and troubled at all this; but when further informed that Gillmore was the best angler who had ever fished in the Nipisiguit, that he made a capital fly, that he was a native of Dublin, came of a good family, had once been in affluence and an officer in the British army, that Gillmore was probably not his real name, that important points in his history were involved in mystery, that he had received a thorough education, and was now a schoolmaster, teaching only in the winter, however, and fishing at the Falls all summer, and that he had latterly been addicted to intemperance, my feelings were entirely changed, and I at once felt a peculiar interest in his welfare. I immediately visited his camp, and found him lying on a bed of spruce boughs and rags. I mentioned my name, and spoke kindly to him. He gave me the whole history of his troubles with the Frenchmen; and stated that he was intoxicated at the time, and that he only intended to frighten them, and thereby prevent them from illegally spearing salmon by torch-light.

He spoke of his imprisonment, for even two days, in the most humiliating manner, and added that if the court which was to try him should send him to jail again, he could never come out alive. I found him the mere wreck of a large and handsome man, and noticed with anxiety that he was constantly pressing his left side with his hands, and conversed with difficulty. In spite of this, he spoke to me in the kindest manner, using the very best of language; and when I told him I would intercede with the authorities in Bathurst to have him released from bail, and would assist him in other particulars, his eyes brightened to an unnatural brilliancy, and he said he had six dozen flies, and though they were all the property he possessed in the world, I should have them all; and that in a day or two he expected to be quite well, and would introduce me to the best pools in the river, and devote himself exclusively to my interests. I complied with my promise to interfere in his behalf; and having succeeded, went up to his cabin to give him the good news; but on opening the door I found him dead. He lay upon the

ground, on a bed of rags, and a half-famished, sickly little girl, with an angelic countenance, was the sole watcher beside his corse. She was the daughter of a poor but kind-hearted neighbor, who had gone to Bathurst to obtain a coffin for the dead angler and schoolmaster: and this worthy man* informed me that among the very last words which the departed man had uttered in his ear were these: "Don't forget to give my flies to the stranger, for he is my friend; and tell him to remember the flat rock." The spot alluded to was the schute already mentioned, and it ought hereafter to be known as Gillmore's Cast. At the expense and by the hands of strangers was the dead angler buried.

On visiting his camp, (which is built of logs and bark, and on the most picturesque spot at the falls,) the day after his burial, I found the rude fire-place black and comfortless, and on the ground, carelessly lying, a small bag of meal, a pair of wading boots, a rude fishing-rod, and a bag of tackle, two or three rags spread on spruce boughs for a bed, a tin cup and pan, and a common jug half filled with molasses. And this was the death-place of one who was born to a handsome inheritance, had a superior intellect, had been the favorite of more jolly messes than Charles Lever himself, and died in the most abject poverty. The last place where he taught school was on Heron Island, in the Bay of Chaleur, and his income therefrom had been twenty-five pounds currency per annum, which was paid him by the government of the Province. And now in his own forest sanctuary lies the unmarked grave of the poor angler, and the stream that he so fondly loved will murmur his requiem for evermore.

From the Papineau Falls to the head of the tide, a distance of four miles, the Nipisiguit is quite rapid, and affords a great number of good salmon casts. The chances for sport at the rough waters are quite as good at times as any on the river. But the best sport is only to be had by employing a birch canoe and two men, Frenchmen or Indians. Although these canoes

* This man has since been drowned while crossing the Nipisiguit on the ice, which broke from under him while leading a horse across the river.

are exceedingly light and frail, the men who manage them are expert, and with their poles will hold a canoe perfectly still, even at the head or middle of the swiftest schutes. Excellent opportunities are thus afforded for dropping the fly into exactly the proper places; and as you thus have the pleasure of seeing many fish that you do not capture, have an extensive range, take the largest fish, and generally in greater numbers, than those who fish from the shore, the interest and excitement of canoe fishing are peculiarly agreeable. Although generally resorted to by those who have been disappointed in finding the best pools at the upper and rapid Falls pre-occupied, the greatest number of salmon caught in the Nipisiguit in one day by one person were taken last summer between the Rough Waters and the Papineau Falls.

The men expect to receive one dollar per day each for their services, and when the labor they have to perform is remembered, and the additional fact that the most unlucky angler can count upon at least a brace of fish in a day, the terms cannot be deemed extravagant. The best sport I have enjoyed on this river was at the Grand Falls, where I killed three twelve-pounders within one hour, and that before breakfast, landing them all at the same spot, which I designated beforehand. The truth is, that he from the States who visits the Nipisiguit for fly-fishing, must supply himself with a pretty long purse, and an extra allowance of patience, on account of the black flies and musquitoes. The travelling expenses are not unreasonable; but then the distance from New York or Boston is considerable, and long before reaching his *ultima thule* the angler will in fancy have captured quite as many of the peerless beauties of the deep as will in reality be afforded to him by the Nipisiguit, with all its superior advantages. This remark, I freely confess, is the result of personal experience. I did not, for want of time, kill as many salmon as I expected to kill, and I can only say that a couple of barrels, containing about thirty specimens, will soon be on its way to the States, there to be enjoyed by those of my friends who habitually enjoy my fish, if they do not believe my stories.

Before closing this letter, it is proper that I should say a single word about the flies, which do the best execution on the Nipisiguit. They are quite small, with red or yellow bodies, and brown or gray wings, and, from the fact that they were originally introduced by William Gillmore, they are known in this region by his name. And how a single one of these, which had killed its dozen salmon, was lost and strangely found, remains to be told. The angler was his Excellency Sir Edmund Head (a gentleman who sketches and angles with the same ability that he governs the province of New Brunswick,) who, on one occasion, while at the Papineau Falls, struck a very large fish, which carried away, with a part of his rod, the entire length of a capital line, including leader and fly. About a week subsequent to this event, and after his Excellency had returned home, William Gillmore caught a salmon, in whose mouth was fastened the Governor's fly, and to which was still hanging a considerable portion of the lost line. The fish was, of course, packed in ice, with the fly in his mouth, and transmitted to Frederickton, to remind Sir Edmund of his misfortune, and to testify to the attractive qualities of the Gillmore fly.

THE BAY OF CHALEUR.

The road from Bathurst to the mouth of the Restigouche, where I am now writing, runs for fifty-two miles directly along the southern shore of La Baide Chaleurs, or, as the English maps have it, the Bay of Chaleur. Of all the good roads I have yet travelled in New Brunswick, this is by far the most excellent, and reflects great credit upon the government which first built it, and keeps it in complete repair; and I cannot help mentioning the fact here, that although a very large proportion of the province is still in a wild and uncultivated condition, the aggregate length of its highways, maintained out of the provincial chest, is about fifteen hundred miles. When we reflect that the lands are everywhere of the best quality, and the climate healthy, it is surprising that the immigration hither should not be ten-fold greater than it is.

In complimenting the road, however, over which I have just travelled with so much pleasure, I must not forget the people who have settled upon it. They are composed of French, Irish, and Scotch, and I have not talked with a single individual of the latter and most thriving class, whose eyes did not quickly brighten at the mere mention of the Highlands of his beloved Scotland. They are rough in their manners, but kind-hearted, honest, religious, and intelligent to an uncommon degree. They work hard, eat their favorite oat-cake, and delight in the music of the bagpipe, an instrument which may be found in almost every cabin. As we were storm-bound soon after leaving Bathurst, we had occasion to spend a night in a Scotchman's cabin, which happened to be located very

near the shore of the beautiful bay. A cold wind blew fresh from the north, and the trampling of the surf was truly grand and impressive. Our supper consisted of fresh salmon, brown bread, rich milk, and maple syrup—all of which sufficiently enjoyable; but then the hour that we subsequently spent, talking with the family in the kitchen, was something to be remembered with peculiar pleasure. The fire-place was at least eight feet broad and five high, and was filled with blazing and hissing wood, whereby the room was illumined with a glowing light that made the fireside group particularly interesting. Here in one corner sat the stalwart farming inn-keeper, with his coat off, quietly smoking his pipe and talking with three or four hired men, who were occupying a bench in the shadow of the chimney; and in the opposite corner his wife was holding in her lap a pair of bright-eyed children, while the tidy and happy looking grandmother was amusing some of the older children with a story of the Covenanters. Rude, as the world would say, was the cabin and its scanty furniture, but then the words of the Bible and the voice of sincere prayer nightly echoed among its brown rafters; and on the night in question, to my mind, those sounds rendered agreeable even the moaning of the wind and the washing of the waves upon the neighboring shore.

As a general thing, however, the habitations along the Bay of Chaleur are exceedingly rude and comfortless; and yet it was pleasant to observe the first advances of civilized man upon the borders of this great forest world. One after another did we pass solitary log cabins or shanties standing in the centre of a small *clearing*, so called, but covered with whole regiments of blackened stumps, between which you could almost count the scattered spires of the growing grain; and close beside each cabin was usually standing the shed of a poor, unhappy-looking horse and cow, a sty for a melancholy pig, and a pine box for the accommodation of a few harmonising chickens and ducks, while here and there might be seen the implements that were to make the wilderness blossom like the rose—the plough, the scythe, the shovel, and the hoe.

Few, and far between, were the travellers that we met on our way up the Bay of Chaleur. The only two that attracted our attention were a pedler of quack medicines, and a victim of New Brunswick leprosy. The first was from Maine, and possessed all the impudence and cunning of his tribe; and though decidedly a smart man, he was not sufficiently so to shield from even the casual observer the darker shades of his character. When informed (at the inn where we stopped) that I was from the States, he immediately introduced himself to me, became very officious, and talked very knowingly about a thousand things and men. He told me that he dealt in nothing but quack medicines, and professed to have made a fortune out of the isolated and illiterate people of this region, whom he mentioned with a sneer, because of their confidence in his promises and despicable merchandise. His equipage consisted of a very large and handsomely painted box-wagon, with a most luxurious seat, and drawn by a span of superior black horses. I felt provoked with the people for harboring in their midst such a miserable tradesman; but when I remember that some of the wealthiest men in our large cities were persons of the same kidney, I ceased to wonder that the poor Acadians, and Irish of this region should become the dupes of designing quackery.

The other traveller alluded to was a sick Acadian, who, in a one-horse cart, driven by his son, was on his way to Bathurst, and thence to a singular hospital for the cure of a species of leprosy, located on the Tracadie river, further to the eastward. My first thought on meeting him was, that he had fallen into the clutches of the Yankee already mentioned; but I soon discovered that he was the victim of a veritable disease, the exact character of which has never been decided upon, although the opinion prevails that it is closely allied to the leprosy of the ancients. The man in question was more frightened than hurt, although he pretended to have the usual symptoms of the disease, viz: a discolored skin, swollen features, with acute pain and stiffness in the extremities; but when informed that the effect of the disease was to cause the fingers and toes to drop off, and, before shattering the body to death, of making

it exceedingly loathsome to the eye, I could not wonder that the supposed victim was alarmed. The hospital in question was established by the provincial government, upon the strength of a report made by a board of commissioners, who declared the disease incurable and contagious, but which conclusion has recently been combated by a Canadian physician, who is reported, beyond all doubt, to have relieved the sufferers, and repeatedly effected cures. In his opinion, I am informed, the disease is only the natural result of licentiousness, and therefore confined to families, who have none to blame for their misfortune but themselves. Is not this the same disease that we read of as existing in Greenland and Norway, and supposed to originate from the excessive use of fish diet.

The general healthfulness of New Brunswick is proverbial. Prudent people attain to a good old age; and although the winters are long, the air is usually dry, and the cold bracing —while the summers, though short, are delightful. And here by way of illustrating the salutary influences of the Chaleur sea-breezes, and also the *go-ahead activeness* of the American character, I must mention the following circumstance. In every cabin where we stopped, I was attracted by the large number of children; for in one Scotchman's dwelling we found ten, in another eleven, in another thirteen, and in another fourteen children. But how was our surprise subsequently enhanced by learning, from the lips of a most charming French lady, that she had been married nine years and gloried in nine beautiful children; and from another person of the same blood, that she was the mother of nineteen children. Here was a startling development, indeed; but when we stumbled upon a log cabin where dwelt a native of the United States, whose wife was an Irish woman, and learned that the happy pair were the parents of twenty-five children, (fourteen of whom with the father, had recently been baptised at one time,) we became most deeply impressed with the healthfulness of New Brunswick, and convinced, that by all means, and at every hazard, the fisheries of the province, as well as all other varieties of food, ought to be protected with the most jealous care.

On my way up the Bay of Chaleur, I had an opportunity of purchasing of a French hunter the skins of a cariboo and a bear, and from the same hunter I also obtained the following particulars respecting the game of this portion of New Brunswick. The Moose is the largest and most valuable among the quadrupeds, attaining sometimes the weight of fifteen hundred pounds. He obtains his name from the Milicete word *Mooru*, although the Micmac's call him *teeam*. By the native hunters he is killed after the following fashions:—in the winter by means of "creeping" upon him when in deep snow,—in the autumn and at night, by "calling," and then again with the assistance of dogs. He attains his full vigor in the autumn, and it is then that his massive antlers sometimes weigh as much as sixty pounds. At the present time they are found in the greatest numbers on the head waters of the St. John and Restigouche, in heavily timbered land. The Cariboo or Reindeer of America are also found in considerable numbers, though not so abundant as formerly. Their favorite haunts during the winter are the plains or mossy bogs which here and there slope down to the sea, and where they form their "yards," and feed upon the bay berry, or laurel, and the tender twigs and bark of young trees. In summer they congregate along the water-courses and around the lakes of the interior, where they have an abundance of their favorite food, and during the hottest weather, when the flies are troublesome, and their horns are tender, they spend a large proportion of their time in the water, which is also true of the moose. The flesh of the cariboo is excellent, sweeter and more tender than that of the moose; but the lip of the moose is considered a great delicacy. Fallow deer have been known to the hunters of the province for only about thirty years, and it is thought that they were driven and followed to the eastward from Maine by the wolves, which have since at times been numerous and destructive to the husbandman's cattle. At the present time the black bear is the most annoying animal in the region, and from five to eight hundred are annually killed throughout the province, the principal motive for hunting them, next to their skins, being a bounty of three dollars for every "bear's

nose." In the more remote parts of the country beavers are still trapped to a limited extent, but all the rivers abound in the otter, whose depredations upon the salmon are occasionally extensive. The lynx, black cat, and all the smaller fur animals peculiar to the latitude, are still unlimited and trapped with profit; but the lumbering business is gradually diminishing their numbers. Of game land-birds, the partridge is the most abundant, while the quail is uncommon, and the woodcock and snipe are entirely new comers, and as yet found only in the cultivated districts of the lower province. In the way of valuable water-birds, such as the wild goose, the brant, the teal, the coot, and several varieties of the duck, the entire coast of New Brunswick is exceedingly fruitful. Their habits have been described to me as very much alike, and exceedingly interesting. In flying along the coast, whether going to the south in autumn or returning in the spring, they invariably fly from headland, and with such precision that to kill them from an ambush is a very easy matter. So abundant are some of these birds in the Bay of Chaleur, that an active man can at times fill his canoe in a few hours. And I may mention in this connection, that one of the famous hunters in this region, both for birds and quadrupeds, is a Micmac Indian, named *Poulois*, who is both deaf and dumb, but whose exploits are often narrated with wonder even in the cabins and the camps of his native wilderness.

But the great charm of the ride between Bathurst and this place is the superb Bay of Chaleur, whose waters and surrounding mountains are constantly in view. As we did not happen to see a single vessel on the wing during a leisurely journey of two days, the idea of loneliness which the broad expanse suggested was impressive, but on account of its novelty, really delightful. On the shore the quiet of the wilderness was only disturbed by the singing of the birds, and from the sea, when the wind was blowing, came no sound but the murmur of the waves, and, when a calm prevailed, the occasional shrieking of a gull. The aboriginal name of the Bay of Chaleur was *Ecketam Nemaachi*, or the Sea of Fish. Its entire length is

about ninety, and its width from twenty to thirty miles, and with the river Restigouche, which comes into it from the west, it forms the dividing line between Lower Canada and New Brunswick. A wild, rugged and picturesque mountain land, known only to hunters and lumbermen, bounds it on the north; while on the south side the interior of the country is rather low and almost as little known although the immediate shore is sparsely settled, somewhat elevated, and occasionally iron bound. The whole bay may be considered one immense harbor, without shoals or rocky reefs, secure from the more stormy winds, abounding in fish to a marvelous extent, and receiving into its bosom at least a dozen rivers, which run through extensive tracts of superior and well wooded lands, where limestone, granite, coal, gypsum, ochreous earths and many valuable metals may be found to an unlimited extent. To particularize the undeveloped wealth of this northern land would require volumes; and it does seem to me that the governments of Great Britain and the United States are in duty bound to work together like brothers, and by their peculiar instrumentalities make this wilderness the garden-spot which the God of Nature originally designed it to be.

The islands in the Bay of Chaleur, and at the mouth of it, number not more than half a dozen in all. Shippegan, the largest, is twelve miles long, and from three to seven wide. It is flat and boggy, and a famous resting place for wild geese, which are sometimes slaughtered to such an extent as to be salted down for winter use. On the western part there is a long sandy beach, in which are imbedded innumerable granite boulders, which are said to have been brought by the ice from the north shore of the bay, a distance of at least twenty miles. The island of Miscou is nine miles long and four miles wide, and is also of a swampy character. The above two, with a smaller island called Pocksoudie, form a cluster on the southern side of the bay, among which are several superb harbors, and in the immediate vicinity of which are the most productive fisheries of the bay. Near the north shore, but in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, there is an isolated island of solid rock, called the Percé

Rock, with perpendicular sides, two hundred feet high, narrow, zigzag in shape, and twelve hundred feet long, in which two regular archways have been formed, sufficiently high to admit the passage through of a good sized fishing-smack; and also in its immediate vicinity is the small and picturesque island of Bonaventure, with inaccessible cliffs on three of its four sides, which is a famous rendezvous for the fishermen of the region. The only remaining island worth mentioning is Heron Island, near the head of the bay, and is chiefly interesting for having been the winter home of William Gillmore, the angling schoolmaster.

With regard to the fishy treasures of the Bay of Chaleur, I can only say that they are astonishingly abundant. The houses designating the localities where they are chiefly taken are called "rooms," and the business done by a very few companies is very extensive. One of them, located on the south shore, has been engaged in the business for fifty years, and besides employing about a thousand men, has been in the habit of annually building a ship to send to Europe, during all this time, as a kind of memento of its success. As early as the year 1635, there was established at the mouth of the bay the "Royal Company of Miscou," at the head of which was the king of France. It was intended to carry on the fur trade and fisheries, but the principal animal it captured was the walrus—then very abundant, but now extinct—which was valuable on account of its oil, skin, and ivory tusks. And it is said that some of the finest palaces in France were built with funds realized from the capture of this animal by the early French fishermen; the remains of the buildings erected by this company may still be seen on the island of Miscou. The harvest time for the fishermen of the Bay of Chaleur is from March to September, and the great majority of those who fish in those waters are of course birds of passage, so that the fleets of ships and brigantines which come with the opening springs are certain to disappear before the blasts of autumn. To give an idea of the wealth of these northern waters, it may be mentioned that the black whale, white porpoise, black seal, the salmon, cod, sea-

trout, haddock, herring, halibut, shad, bass, mackerel, capelin, ling, and lobster are all found here in immense quantities. But while some of these treasures of the sea are seldom or never captured, others are only occasionally taken, and those which chiefly support the several fisheries are not rendered one-twentieth part as profitable as they might be. The varieties which monopolize the present business, are the herring, cod, mackerel, and salmon; and the three principal markets to which they are now sent are Ireland, the Italian States, and Brazil. The modes employed in catching all these are of course various, but all behind the present progressive age; and that will be a happy day for this region of the world when the capital and the smartness of the Yankee race shall be permitted to develop themselves here. The proverbial dryness of the air in this region, and the absence of fogs in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, are particularly favorable to the curing of fish, in the best manner for distant voyages.

The first European who visited the Bay of Chaleur was Jacques Cartier, who entered it in 1534, just before discovering the St. Lawrence; and on account of the oppressively hot weather which he experienced on the occasion, (for it was midsummer,) he gave it the name, which, when correctly written, it now bears. During the dominion of the French, which continued until 1692, the surrounding country remained a perfect wilderness; so that the limited cultivation which now adorns its shores is the result of British labor and enterprise. The first man who visited, in a regular systematic business capacity, was a lieutenant in the British navy, named Walker, a Scotchman by birth, and a man of great enterprise. He came over about ten years after the capture of Quebec by the British, and, after manifest misfortunes, died at Bathurst. Some further items with respect to the history of the Bay of Chaleur will be given when the writer comes to speak of the river Restigouche.

In closing this letter, I must pay a passing compliment to the rivers which empty into the Bay of Chaleur between the Nipisiguit and the Restigouche. They are quite numerous,

generally clear as crystal and cold as ice. They all abound in the common and white trout, and some of them afford very good salmon fishing. The two largest are the Jacquet and the Eel rivers. The first is fifty miles long, rich in lumber, and has a very good harbor at its mouth. The Eel is about the same length, runs through a heavily wooded country, is rather sluggish, abounds in the fish which has given it a name, and at the mouth of it, on a peculiar sand-bar, is located a small Indian village. Between this and the Restigouche are some picturesque cliffs of a red conglomerate, and a cluster of isolated rocks, which when seen from several points of view, and in connection with the expanse of three miles across the mouth of the Restigouche, the dreamy alpine land beyond, and the broad plain of the Bay of Chaleur, present one of the most splendid and fascinating panoramic prospects to be found on the continent of America, and has alone rewarded us for the pilgrimage we have made.

THE RIVER RESTIGOUCHE.

I HAVE at last reached the River Restigouche. I anticipated much, but so beautiful a river, and such a superb mountain land, I did not expect to behold in this out-of-the-way corner of the world. When I think of the confused and noisy hum of business from which I have so recently escaped, and fix my mind upon what I see and hear, in this region, I am almost inclined to believe myself in a land of dreams. Hardly could this be otherwise, since there is above me a rosy sky, around me, far as the eye can reach, blue mountains without number, and at my feet a flood of purest emerald; while the human voices which fall upon my ear in kindly and pleasant words, from stranger lips, as well as the caroling of multitudinous birds, seem attuned to the surrounding loveliness. I am indeed delighted; and so, too, are my companions, who have already quite forgotten, in their newly-awakened feelings, the fatigue of our long journey.

At its entrance into the Bay of Chaleur, between Point Magdahua on the north, and the Bon Amie Rocks on the south, the Restigouche, or river like a hand, (so called from having five leading tributaries,) is three miles wide, and from that point to the head of the tide, a distance of twenty miles, it maintains a breadth, in general terms, of two miles, thereby affording one immense haven where the frigates of the world might sail in perfect security. From the head of the tide to its extreme source, near Lake Timiscouta, the distance is two hundred miles, and the main river, with its tributaries, is said to drain about six thousand square miles of territory. The five leading

branches, which give it its name, vary from fifty to seventy miles in length, and are known by the novel names of Matapediac, or *Musical river;* Upsalquitch, or *Blanket river;* Wetomkegewick, or *Large river;* Mistouche, or *Little river;* and Waagan, or *Knife river;* and it is a remarkable circumstance that not one of these extensive water-courses, though all rocky and rapid, can boast of a single water-fall worth mentioning. The only thing approaching to a fall is an extensive Rapid on the Upsalquitch, where, by the way, rare salmon fishing may be enjoyed. The great valley thus formed, is hemmed in throughout its entire length and breadth with lofty mountains, which are covered to their summits with dense forests of pine, spruce, elm, birch, and maple, springing out of a rich soil, and for the most part still untouched by the grasping and mutilating hand of man, while here and there are extensive plains of table and interval land of rarest fertility. The scenery is everywhere both grand and beautiful, but a grandeur derived less from cliffs and chasms, than from long sweeps of outline and multitudinous domes mingling with the clouds. Sand-stone, conglomerate granite, or limestone formations occasionally spring up, however, to delight the eye, and their charms are usually enhanced by being surrounded with luxuriant foliage or mirrored in the purest water.

But as my design is to describe the local character of the Restigouche, it will be pleasanter, both for writer and reader, that I should turn from generalities to particulars; and I therefore begin with the charming little town of Dalhousie. It is on the south side of the river, two miles from its mouth, and though occupying a kind of inclined plane, moderately elevated above the water, commands to the eastward an extensive and unobstructive view of the Bay of Chaleur. The prospect westward and northward, is that of a large lake surrounded with mountains, while directly in front of it, and only a few hundred yards from the shore, are three rocky islands lying on a line, which resemble at first view a trio of huge whales on their way up the river. Immediately in the rear of the town is a high ridge of trap rock, called Challefour's Hill, from which the two

water views already mentioned are seen to the greatest possible advantage, blended together in one magnificent whole, above which, far away to the north, loom high into the sky, the airy-like cones of the Tracadegash and other mountains of the district of Gaspe. Twenty-five years ago, the spot where Dalhousie now stands was occupied by two solitary log cabins, while at the present moment it contains at least one hundred and fifty comfortable houses; and claims a population of one thousand souls, the more wealthy and enterprising of whom are from the island of Arran. The place derives its chief support from the exportation of timber and fish; and as its principal market is Great Britain, its intimacy with the continent to which it belongs is quite limited, and hence its isolated and romantic character. Indeed, this very state of things holds good in regard to the entire Restigouche valley; so that certain objects or facts, which in the United States would be hardly worth mentioning, are here invested with a peculiar interest. A ship, for example, is by no means a very extraordinary affair in any country; but when we came suddenly upon the little town of Dalhousie, located in alpine wilderness, and discovered in its harbor from forty to sixty square-rigged vessels, we were somewhat surprised. We soon learned, however, that the object of such a fleet was quite plausible, and that every vessel would recross the Atlantic laden to the brim with substantial wealth. But why this apparent rush of business at the present time? Stern winter is the great ruler of this land, and the winged messengers from over the sea know too well that their harvest time is of short duration, so they come in flocks, and in flocks depart. As a matter of course, therefore, the population of Dalhousie at midsummer resembles that of the hive of the honey bee, and both alike spend a quiet winter, and live comfortably upon the fruit of their labors. But the foreign ships which visit the harbor of Dalhousie are not all which plough the waters. Many splendid specimens are built and equipped, as well as freighted here; and I can only say that the men, whose enterprise is thus exemplified, are as intelligent, high-minded and kind-hearted to strangers as they are liberal and indus-

trious. And then again, the attractions of Dalhousie in a geological point of view are worth mentioning. Its original name was Sickadomeque, or *the place of bright stones and many shells*, and is itself a capital description of the place; for on the little islands already mentioned, agates and cornelians of great beauty abound, and everywhere along the neighboring shores, shells, various and rare, as well as many fossil remains, may be gathered by the student of Nature, who loves and can appreciate their mute but suggestive language.

On ascending the Restigouche from Dalhousie, whether by land or water, the traveller will be everywhere impressed with the manifold charms of its scenery; and among the more prominent objects of interest which will attract his attention, at the respective distances above the town, of eight, twelve, and fourteen miles, will be the several points named Aninnipk, Le Garde and Battery Point. Upon all these, as may be gathered from the older inhabitants of the region, there once stood warlike fortifications, but so long ago that their remains are almost obliterated by a dense growth of forest trees. The story which they recall is this:—When, in the autumn of 1760, the French were driven from Acadia, or Nova Scotia, the ships in which they sailed were hotly pursued by the British; and instead of making their "desired haven" which was the river St. Lawrence, they accidentally entered the Bay of Chaleur. The British pursued them as far as the mouth of the Restigouche; but as winter was nigh at hand, the pursuers abandoned the chase and went to England, while the pursued ascended the river, and built themselves cabins upon the shore, as well as the three fortifications already mentioned. Early in the following spring the British fleet, commanded by Capt. John Byron, of Louisbourg memory, returned from England, sailed up the Restigouche, and with one blow totally destroyed the habitations, batteries and vessels of the unfortunate French. Seven skeletons of the destroyed vessels—which numbered some twenty-two in all—may be seen in the bed of the Restigouche at the present day; and other memorials of this "great victory," in the shape of French cannon and swords, pistols, cutlasses,

military buttons, spurs, gun barrels, bayonets, iron pans and spoons, may be seen in the possession of the older inhabitants; but the most curious articles recently discovered are a bottle of molasses, a small cask of wine, and a number of iron balls, found incased in the trunks of certain trees growing on the banks of the river. As the tide of good fortune was decidedly against France at the time in question—for with her defeat on the Restigouche terminated her dominion in Acadia and Canada—and as England unquestionably had the advantage in the affair, the result was not to be wondered at; and yet the victory was rendered more complete by the heroism of a British sailor. His name has not come down to us, but the deed he performed was this:—He was a prisoner on board of a French ship, and while yet the British fleet were at the mouth of the Restigouche meditating a plan of attack, he made his escape at night, and, with the assistance of a plank, swam a distance of sixteen miles, and having boarded one of the ships of his country, marked out the exact position of the enemy, and the victory immediately followed.

The next spot of interest that I would mention is the little town of Campbellton. It is sixteen miles from Dalhousie, and, like that place, is on the New Brunswick side of the river. Indeed, the two places are astonishingly alike in many particulars; for they do the same business, and contain about the same number of inhabitants, of the same character. Campbellton has an extensive saw mill which its rival has not; and it also builds the greatest number of ships, and does more business with the lumbermen of the interior, while Dalhousie takes the lead in the exportation of fish and timber, and in being surrounded with more magnificent scenery. The scenery around Campbellton, however, is quite novel and beautiful. Immediately in its rear, for example, is a mountain glorying in the very original name of *Sugar Loaf*, which though only about a thousand feet high, yet from its isolated position is quite imposing. It is rocky and destitute of trees, and so steep as to be inaccessible excepting from one quarter, and dangerous in that; and the view which it commands is exceedingly fine, for it embraces the

very heart of the Restigouche valley. The summit of the mountain was formerly covered with huge boulders, weighing several tons each, some of which have been put in motion by mischievous hands, and committed sad havoc in the valley below, while a sufficient number remain to excite the imagination of the geologist, and the wonder of common travellers.

At the foot of this mountain, and claimed as the leading *curiosity* of Campbellton, is the residence of one Thomas Dodd, who, for his regal style of living, deserves to be treated with marked respect. The said residence, though only about *eight feet high* and *thirty long*, has the precise form of a Norman castle, with two wings and manifold turrets; the suite of halls or rooms, consist of three, in one of which is a stove, in another a bed, while the third is used as a reception room. Mr. Dodd is an Englishman, about fifty years of age, and a bachelor; he lives entirely alone, feasting perpetually upon the fat of the land cooked by his own hand, and having the most uncommon fondness for plum-puddings and superior wines, of which he keeps a bountiful supply. He is a thorough-going politician, feeding this delightful appetite with some half dozen partizan journals, and employing the lucid intervals of his intellectual life by reading the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews. His every day business, however, is that of *chair making* and *portrait painting* during the winter, and *painting the houses* of his fellow citizens during the summer. And then, as if to put the finishing touch upon this most harmonious character, he cherishes an insatiable hatred for the Micmac Indians; which, however, by those who have the honor of his acquaintance, is attributed to the following circumstance: On a certain Christmas night, a few years ago, while wending his solitary way over a deep snow to his turreted castle, from the village inn, where he had probably talked himself into a state of temporary forgetfulness, he unfortunately fell into a hole; and on coming to his senses, he found himself among the kettles of an Indian camp, having descended by the channel ordinarily used for the purpose of giving freedom to the smoke of the wigwam. Ever since that event Mr. Dodd has disliked the companionship of the Micmac Indians.

Just above Campbellton, but on the Canadian side of the river, is located the largest settlement of Micmac Indians now remaining in the province of New Brunswick. The reservation which they occupy is called Mission Point, and comprises about twelve hundred acres of the best land in the Restigouche valley, and the owners thereof number three hundred souls. Their houses are built of logs, covered with shingles or boards, and are usually provided with chimneys or stoves, and, to a limited extent with chairs, and bedsteads. Fishing and hunting are the chief employments of the men, although some of the more industrious among them pick up a little money by lumbering, while the women take pleasure in tilling a garden spot, and keeping a cow. Some few of the men, however, cultivate small farms, containing from ten to thirty acres, raising potatoes, green corn and a little wheat. They are expert managers of the birch canoe, and are almost invariably employed by those who visit the interior of the country for business or pleasure. They are a fine looking race and some of the women are beautiful, having remarkably small feet and hands. They are devoted followers of the Roman Catholic Church, having in the centre of their village quite a respectable chapel, with steeple and bell, whose patron is St. Anne. At the expense of the Canadian government they are supplied with a priest; but as he cannot speak their language, and they know nothing about French, the intercourse between them is chiefly carried on by means of an interpreter. The name of this person is Sam Sucke, and, aside from being a conspicuous member of the community on account of his learning, he is remarkable for being by birth a cross between the negro and the Indian, as well as the chief judge and lawyer in all legal proceedings occurring in the village, bell ringer to the chapel, a faithful temperance man, a strong wrestler, a good lumberman, a capital story teller, and a most expert salmon fisher with the spear. But Mr. Sucke is also acknowledged to be extensively informed on the subject of the present condition of the Indian race in New Brunswick and Lower Canada. He says that there are only two tribes now remaining in this region, the Micmacs and the Melicites, numbering in all about fifteen hundred souls.

The former speak a dialect of the ancient Iroquois, from whom they claim to be descended, and inhabit, as a general thing, the sea coast of the provinces; while the latter speak a dialect of the ancient Delawares, from whom they are descended, and occupy reservations on the interior rivers. The colonial governments have made many efforts to ameliorate the condition of these people, and, besides, appointing commissioners to guard their interest, have occasionally given them money, and granted the use of valuable lands. But upon them, as a matter of course, and as the titles are not in the Indians, the whites have trespassed, cutting down their valuable timber, and occupying their most fertile grounds. What wonder, then, that they should still retain their idle and wandering habits, and frequently become familiar with suffering and wretchedness. To this, however, there are exceptions; and some of them occasionally enjoy a little civilized comfort. Excepting when addicted to intemperance, they are inoffensive and kind, and on account of their expertness in the mysteries of woodcraft are really a very serviceable class of people. The original names of these tribes were *Mickmakis* and *Maricheets*, and though formerly dependent on the Government of Cape Breton, they were the aboriginal owners of the whole of Acadia or what is now known as New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Notwithstanding the fact that the two tribes of Indians above mentioned profess to be on the most friendly terms, and should be so in reality, it is quite evident to the careful observer that they are somewhat jealous of each other, and a curious incident apparently illustrating this has but recently occurred. Business or pleasure had brought a small party of Melicite Indians from the valley of St. John to the Restigouche, and the meeting which took place between the visitors and the Micmacs was managed as follows: The former pulled up their canoes just before reaching the outskirts of Mission Point, and, as it happened, while in full view of a small party of Micmac citizens, and as the latter walked slowly forth to extend a friendly hand, the visitors treated them with apparent indifference, and simply looked around upon the beautiful scenery, and upwards at the

sky. Both parties then performed a circle in single file and approached a few yards nearer each other, and all took another quiet look at the scenery and the sky. This movement was repeated three several times, until the parties had approached within speaking distance, when they mutually came to a halt, and looked earnestly into each other's countenances as if to read the intentions depicted there. Another circle was performed, but now only by the visitors, and a smile of recognition was exchanged; another circle, and kindly words were spoken; another still, when there followed a general and hearty shaking of hands, with much talking and laughing, and the climax was capped by a miscellaneous display in the way of embracing, and kissing, and so the ceremony ended.

To expatiate scientifically upon the native language of the New Brunswick Indians is neither to my taste nor in my power, but as they have a decidedly original method of speaking the English language, I will play the part of a reporter, and transcribe the narrative of a snuff-taking personage touching his encounter with a bear, which is as follows: "One time I go hunting moose, night come dark, rain and snow come fast; no axe for makum wigwam; gun yet, no get um fire; me tired, me crawl into hollow tree; me find plenty room, almost begin sleep. By and by me feelum hot wind blow on my face; me know hot bear's breath. He crawl into log too, me takum gun, she no go; me think me all same gone, all eat up. Then me takum snuff and throw um in bear's face, and he run out; not very much like um, me guess. Me lay still all night, he no come again. Every leetle while bear cough; every time bear he cough um sneezum, over and over a great many times. Morning come, me fix um gun, and shoot um dead; he no more cough um sneezum."

And now, having crossed the Restigouche from Mission Point, (at the very spot, by the way, where only a few weeks ago, five out of seven poor Indians, including two women, lost their lives while crossing in a rotten canoe,) the reader will allow me the pleasure of introducing him to Athol House, a place most worthy to be loved and long remembered. The spot

in question is three miles from Campbellton, and directly on the river, and consists of a large and commodious house, furnished with every possible comfort, flanked by at least two dozen outhouses, behind which is spread out a level tract of more than one thousand acres of rich and well cultivated land; while the surrounding panorama, with the several exceptions of the lake-like looking river, Mission Point, and the point occupied by Campbellton, is composed of one vast brotherhood of wild but very beautiful mountains. So far as remoteness is concerned, Athol House is to New Brunswick what the North Cape is to Norway. Here, however, there is an Arcadian atmosphere; instead of howling storm winds and the roar of waves, we have the tinkling of cow bells, and the quiet singing of lovely streams stealing along under a canopy of reeds and sedge to the peaceful bosom of their parent river. An estate like this would attract attention in any land; but strangely, and most agreeably, indeed, does it strike the tourist when he finds it in the very heart, as it were, of a wilderness, erroneously associated in most minds with nothing but savage animals and uncouth men.

As the Athol House estate was the very first one permanently established on the Restigouche, it may be well imagined that its founder must have been a remarkable man. He was a native of the district of Athol, in Scotland, and hence the name which he gave to his estate. His own name was Robert Ferguson, and he was one of the earliest explorers and pioneers of this region, having settled here in the year 1796. He died in 1851, at the good old age of eighty-three years, leaving behind him, beside some ten children, his wife, Mrs. Mary Adam Ferguson, who was the first white person born in the county of Restigouche, and whose strong mind—for she is still living—is fully stored with historical and legendary lore. Mr. Ferguson came to the Restigouche country in the capacity of a fisherman, and was soon sailing his own vessel across the ocean, through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and along the Bay of Chaleur; but having lost a couple of vessels with their cargoes, during the war of 1812, and been carried as a prisoner to Salem, Mass., by an American privateer, and fortunately released, he changed

the character of his business, and spent the remainder of his days building ships, exporting lumber, and cultivating his extensive property. The artificial materials for building his house were brought all the way from Halifax, and for many years after his first settlement here, his nearest post office was the one at Frederickton, to which place, as well as to St. John and Halifax, he was in the habit of making a winter pilgrimage on snow shoes. His last journey to Frederickton was performed in this manner, and in obedience to a call which the government had made upon him for military services; but as they did not happen to be required at the time, he was feasted by those who admired his exalted heroism, and again, through the pathless woods and over the snow, alone and fearless, he sought his distant wilderness home.

Athol House and its estate are still in the possession of the Ferguson family, and the master-spirit of the place at the present time is the eldest son, Adam Ferguson, Esq., who, in the companionship of a most intelligent, amiable, and hospitable family, consisting of his mother, a sister, and two brothers, leads here a life that even Rasselas, would have envied. His chief attention is devoted to farming, and I do not remember to have seen in any part of the United States, nor even at Marshfield, a greater variety of fine cattle than those which flourish under the fostering care of Mr. Ferguson.

But as the Restigouche is a famous river for salmon, and as many of the best fishing stations belong to the Athol House estate, a considerable revenue is derived from this business. The fish are taken in set nets, and at every ebb tide during the summer, are conveyed to the shore in canoes, and by experienced men, are salted and subsequently shipped to Great Britain, or, as has of late years been the case, sold on the spot t American vessels, which have visited Campbellton for the special purpose. Mr. Ferguson informs me that in the early part of this century, his father was in the habit of capturing and exporting nearly two thousand barrels of salmon annually; but that the character of the Restigouche, in this particular, is rapidly changing, since he is now quite contented if he can, with

ATHOL HOUSE.

the assistance of a dozen men, manage to export three hundred barrels per annum. He attributes the great falling off in their numbers, to the spearing and netting them by the Indians and other barbarians while on their spawning beds, far beyond the settlements. And then, again, the gradual extermination of the salmon is also attributed to another cause. At the close of autumn, as I am informed, large quantities of provisions and other supplies, intended for the various lumbering parties are sent up the Restigouche, a distance of eighty miles or more, in large tow-boats or scows, drawn by horses; and as the upper part of the river is much impeded by broad, sandy shallows, which are the favorite spawning places of the salmon, the dragging of the scows over these shallows, washes away in immense quantities the precious embryo deposites of the poor fish. As a general thing, the salmon of the Restigouche are much larger than those of the Nipisiguit and Miramichi; and the fish which frequent the various tributaries are as distinctly marked by some peculiarity of form or color as are the streams themselves. In former times it took about eleven salmon, upon an average, to make a barrel of two hundred pounds; but fifteen and seventeen are now required to reach the same bulk and weight. Odd specimens, weighing from forty to sixty pounds, are alluded to by all the fishermen, but I have it from the lips of Mrs. Ferguson herself, that she has seen a salmon caught within a stone's throw of Athol House, which weighed fifty-three pounds, and was actually blind, as she supposed, merely from old age. The first run of salmon in the Restigouche, as is also the case in the Nipisiguit, consists invariably of females, and fish of a large size; and it is said, that before entering the Restigouche, they go roving for a week or two along the Bay of Chaleur, and are taken in set-nets everywhere on its coasts. The facilities for taking salmon with the hook in the immediate vicinity of Athol House are not worth mentioning; but farther up the main river, and especially in the tributaries, by employing the canoe and expert Indians, the industrious and fearless angler may capture them by the hundred; and with regard to trout, both the white and the common trout, he can take them in all

weathers, at all times, and almost without any lures but the glistening hook. For salmon fishing, I found the small Gillmore fly of the Nipisiguit the most killing in the Restigouche.

But I must return to my excellent friend Mr. Ferguson. He tells me that he occasionally relieves the apparent monotony of his life by making a pleasure tour to England and Scotland, but that he always returns a more contented man, for he finds nothing, even in father-land, which fills his heart with such a peaceful joy as the lonely valley and the beautiful mountains of his native Restigouche. I doubt not, that, as a mere lover of nature, he would prefer to see no change in the present aspect of this region, but as a patriot, if not as a business man, I am confident that he feels a decided interest in prospect of the change about to be effected by the great Halifax and Quebec railway. This work has already been commenced, and I am told, will be prosecuted with zeal. The distance from Halifax to Quebec by the proposed line is six hundred and thirty-five miles; of these, one hundred and twenty-four are in Nova Scotia, two hundred and thirty-four in New Brunswick, and two hundred and seventy-seven in Canada. It avoids the broken and lofty chain of highlands in New Brunswick, by following the level shores of the Bay of Chaleur, crosses the Restigouche near Athol House, and ascends the range of highlands north of the Restigouche by the valley of the Matapediac river and the lakes at its head waters, by easy grades, attaining its summit level seven hundred and sixty feet above high water, at a point six miles north of the great Matapediac lake, from which it then descends along the valleys of different tributaries of the St. Lawrence to the Metis river, which it crosses above its mouth, and then it has a level course along the south shore of the St. Lawrence to Quebec. Of immense importance in a national point of view will be this railway to the mother country; and it cannot but do wonders in the way of developing the resources, and therefore increasing the wealth, of the several provinces through which it is to run. No lovelier or more substantial district will it pass through than that watered by the Restigouche, where fish and lumber abound to

an unlimited extent; where the more important grains yield from thirty to sixty, and the invaluable potatoe, from twenty to forty fold, and where the people are uncommonly moral, loyal, intelligent, high-minded, and industrious. And then if the said railway should be preceded by some amicable commercial arrangement between the North American Provinces of England and the United States, (for which Mr. Crampton, the British Minister at Washington, has so long and so ably been striving,) and such an one ought speedily to be made, for we are the children of one brood; then will the world, and especially the United States, enjoy the advantages to the fullest extent, of what is now a comparative wilderness. The great objection to this region, prevailing in most minds, is the climate, but facts without number prove this to be one of its many recommendations. According to one of the older inhabitants, Mr. Robert Cooney, the climate is healthy and temperate; local diseases are unknown, and instances of surprising longevity very common. The snow commences, generally, about the latter end of December, but rarely becomes permanent till early in January, from which time, until the end of March, intermittent frosts and snow storms prevail. These, however, though in an eminent degree essential to the manufacturing interest and trade of the country, are neither so frequent, nor so severe as formerly. It is a remarkable fact, that during the last thirty years, the climate of this portion of the provinces has wonderfully improved; a change, ascribable to the growing influence of agriculture, tempering the keen northerly winds. Indeed, although the winter is still cold, it is remarkably pleasant. The frost, by providing the people with excellent highways, only facilitates intercourse; the air is clear and bracing; the sky generally cloudless, and illuminated by a fervent sun. And although the spring comes round rather slowly, no inconvenience results from its tardiness, for nature kindly obviates the embarrassment, by favoring the country with a surprisingly rapid vegetation, ending in an early and an abundant harvest. To vindicate the fruitfulness of the soil, and to show the rapidity of vegetation, it need only be stated that seed-time com-

mences about the middle of May, that the harvest is generally collected in September, and that potatoes, planted early in July, often yield a luxuriant crop at the same time in October. The summer season, though for a while very warm, is neither dangerous nor distressing. May and June are invigorating and salubrious months; and the intense heat of July and August is fanned by refreshing sea breezes that ventilate the atmosphere and qualify its fervor, while the evening dews protect the earth from the parching influence of the sun; at the same time, the dews themselves are deprived of their sting, by light westerly winds that seem to kiss away their venom. September and October are delightful months; and November and December, though cold, are very pleasant, and regularly distinguished by a brief interval of the pleasant Indian Summer.

But the attractions and agreeable associations of Athol House are not yet half told. Located as it is, upon the outskirts of civilization, its doors are not often opened by the hands of travellers; but when such do happen to call, they are invariably welcomed in the most hospitable manner. Fortunately for myself and party, the letters of introduction which we brought were from Sir Edmund Head, and other valued friends, and the great kindness with which we have consequently been treated by Mr. Ferguson and the lady members of his household, can never be forgotten. Not only have we been feasted in a princely manner, but every thing has been done that could be done to have us see every object of interest peculiar to the place. As time and chance determined, we have glided to and fro, in a beautiful sail boat, over the bosom of the Restigouche—now visiting the Indians at Mission Point, and then the wrecks and other objects of historic interest, as well as the romantic and charming place called *Bordeaux* on the Canadian side, where reside some of Mr. Ferguson's kindred—a most hospitable and agreeable family—and which is a kind of duplicate of Athol House; we rambled along the gravelly shores of the river, gathering pebbles and shells, and curious plants, mounted good horses and threaded mountain paths to enjoy the most charming scenery; and attended woodland festivals, to which neighbors

and friends were invited to meet us, and among whom were some of the most agreeable ladies and gentlemen we have ever known. But with regard to my individual movements, however, they have had for their object the picking up of local information, and of course I have spent the greater part of my time with Mr. Ferguson.

In speaking of the Arran settlers on the Restigouche he told me that they were not only the most numerous, but also the most industrious, frugal, and religious portion of the community, and that the love of country, which had once bound their hearts to their island home, had been to some degree transferred to their adopted mountain land. Indeed a very large proportion of the present population have only a traditionary idea of fatherland; but though remarkable for high toned morality, they are not quite as scrupulous as was the first pair who settled here, and of whom the following circumstance is related. They crossed the ocean as lovers; and when the time appointed for their marriage arrived, they looked about for a clergyman of their own persuasion to perform the ceremony, but no such indispensible individual could be found. A justice of the peace and a Roman Catholic missionary were at hand, but neither of these would answer. The only alternative that suggested itself, was to cross the wilderness to the mouth of the Miramichi where the right kind of clergyman was known to be located. The distance was two hundred miles, and it was mid-winter. Their minds were made up, however, and they could brook no delay. Whereupon they secured the services of a friend who was to accompany them, and on snow-shoes, performed the necessary journey. It took them fourteen days, and their only food was that which they carried with them, and their only sleeping places hollows made in the deep snow. And the descendants of that courageous pair now number one hundred souls. But stumbling blocks to a matrimonial life are not peculiar to the times of old. I am informed that many months have not elapsed since another Arran couple, who wished to become united in the happy bands, but could not decide in which of the two provinces they ought to be married, New Brunswick

or Canada, entered a canoe, accompanied by a minister, and sailing to the centre of the Restigouche, which they considered a neutral ground, were there made husband and wife, according to law, and their ideas of propriety.

But I have been particularly interested in some incidents mentioned by Mr. Ferguson, touching the natural history of this locality, and which I believe are new. The fish, for example, which ascend the Restigouche during their proper seasons, are very numerous; and to illustrate this fact the oldest inhabitants will tell you that small black whales have been stranded in full view of Athol House; and that during the most severe winters, even the cod-fish will sometimes leave the deep waters of the Bay of Chaleur, and ascend the Restigouche to a point where it is so shallow that the Indians spear them through the ice; which by the way, until covered with snow, is usually so clear that the fish may be seen swimming about near the bottom. Now, when we remember the natural antipathy of the above-mentioned fish to fresh water, the why and wherefore of their journeying up the Restigouche are questions for the naturalist to settle. If we could imagine them lovers of fine scenery and of pleasant people, we should not then be surprised at their wayward wanderings. In the way of birds, especially the larger kinds, which are undoubtedly drawn hither by the numerous fish, there are to be found here a very great variety. Among them is that most mysterious and poetical creature, the Great Northern Diver, whose mournful and wolfish wailing is so closely identified with dark and tranquil waters, and grand old hills, with silence and solitude, whose supposed spirit is feared and venerated by the red men, and whose matted feathers accomplish so much good in keeping warm the hunters of the North. The eagle, too, and the fish-hawk, are also abundant; but more numerous than all are the crows, which build their nests on almost every rocky watch-tower on the river. But Mr. Ferguson tells me that at mid-winter they have one particular congregating-place, which is on the ice, about a mile from Athol House. What brings them together has never been discovered; but that they meet

at stated times, and by appointment, seems perfectly apparent. Thousands upon thousands will assemble in the course of one hour, and when standing along in rows, or walking about, and keeping their mouths closed, they positively appear to be transacting business of the highest importance. Who among men can question the possibility of their being the transformed spirits of the poor French people who perished here by fire and sword in the olden-time, and who are now preparing to revenge their wrongs by flocking to the standard of the *modern Bourbon* and mastering the world? A "wild-goose chase" indeed they might have of it, but that would not prevent me from mentioning a singular fact or two respecting the wild geese of the Restigouche. For three or four weeks during the spring and autumn they visit this locality in immense numbers, and instead of conducting themselves like silly birds, they habitually display a great deal of sagacity. For example, they can discover, long before any human eye, the approach of a storm, which they always herald by a peculiar mode of flying, accompanied by a scream. While on their journeys they are always seen formed into a wedge-like phalanx, the larger and more powerful birds invariably take the lead, while the duty of thus cleaving the air is divided among the noble fellows, and the ceremony of changing places is said to be exceedingly beautiful and graceful, and then it is, "that the leader, ambitious of his temporary station, utters the cheering and reiterated cry; his loud but simple clarion, answered by the yielding ranks, dispels the gloom of solitude through which they laboriously wander to uncertain and perhaps hostile lands." But, alas! as among men, the shining marks are too often the first to suffer; for in shooting them the Indians always first fix their arrows or guns upon the leader. To this we cannot perhaps object, but the habit of killing these poor creatures by torch-light is indeed abominable. The French hunters as well as the Indians, are generally the depredators in this business. They seek the lonely haunts of the geese in their canoes, and with the blinding torch in one hand, and a club in the other, sometimes kill more birds than their canoes will hold; and it is a

singular fact that on the spot where such a slaughter has once occurred not a single member of the family or the race, has ever been subsequently seen. Although the Restigouche is only a periodical resting-place for the birds in question, there is one reedy and sedgy island, not far from Athol House, where a small colony, some twenty years ago, were in the habit of building their nests and rearing their young. When discovered, however, their nests were wantonly robbed of their eggs and then destroyed. For ten years thereafter not a single bird of the kind was seen in that locality, when a Scotchman, who was fishing in the vicinity, was startled by a hissing noise, which seemed to come from the tops of a few dry trees. He investigated the matter, and to his astonishment, found that the said trees contained about a dozen nests, and that in each nest was seated a matronly goose. Now, the deductions to be drawn from this fact are also left to the naturalist. But the manner in which wild geese take their departure for the South, after a sojourn of a few weeks, has also been described to me as very interesting. For several days before their departure they are seen flying about in immense circles, calling to each other in loud tones, while the larger birds are not only the most active, but also shout louder than their fellows, like generals marshaling and encouraging their forces for a great battle; and so, indeed they do, for the long way which they must soon travel, will resound at times with the artillery of the air, and be found to be beset with many a storm of wind and rain.—And now, the departure of the birds brings up the thought that I am myself, only a sojourner at Athol House, and must be again on the wing.

One or two words more in passing, however, the first of which shall be about one of my favorite lovers of the wilderness. His name is Peter Campbell, and his parents reside in the immediate neighborhood of Athol House. He was born in Prince Edward's Island, and is twenty-five years of age. He was brought up in a counting-house; but becoming tired of that confining employment, and having a passion for the arts of the chase, he went alone upon a hunting expedition to the Island

SPEARING SALMON.

of Anticosta, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He was successful in killing game, and the furs he collected were sent to Quebec, and brought him a handsome sum of money. With this he purchased a schooner, filled it with supplies from Quebec, engaged the services of four Indians, and returned to his island hunting-grounds. He made more money, and with it purchased the pleasant home which his parents now occupy, and which he annually visits to make them happy, and fortify his energies for the fatiguing but most romantic life of a hunter, which he still continues to lead. According to his account, the island of Anticosta is one hundred miles long, twenty wide, skirted with rocks, upon which are annually wrecked many vessels; is covered with woods, of a stunted growth, and so dense that they can only be penetrated by following the paths of the moose, while the smaller animals are in the habit, in some places, of travelling on the top of the matted cedars; contains not more than half a dozen small log cabins, and one light house, one hundred feet high, and lighted from March to December; has a cold but pleasant and healthful climate, and abounds in the bear, the martin, the sable, the beaver, the otter, the black cat, the black fox, the wolf, and the moose, and, better far than all, in the peerless salmon. It is under the jurisdiction, I believe, of Lower Canada, but is the private property of a family in Quebec.

The tide-waters of the Restigouche terminate about two miles above Athol House, at which point the river narrows considerably, and is filled with about fifty very beautiful islands, covered with a luxuriant growth of maple and elm, and interspersed with poplar and other trees, which, during the summer, fill the air for miles around with a delightful fragrance. These islands afford a fine pasturage for the cattle of the neighboring settlers, while at night, a novel and spirit-like effect is often produced among their shady nooks by the torches of the Indians, who habitually spear salmon among them, on every night that the air is calm; and from the maple trees which predominate among them, the Indians obtain their chief supplies of wholesome sugar. That portion of the Restigouche, extending from

the above-mentioned islands to its fountain-head, waters a tract of country eminently rich in timber, mineral wealth, and charming scenery. Narrow strips of flat land occasionally appear, along which are scattered a few industrious settlers, chiefly employed in the lumbering business, whose doors are ever opened to the traveller, and whose humble boards are ever spread with the best of potatoes and game. For the most part, however, the valley is uninhabited, and its natural solitude seems only to be enhanced by the echo of the axe during the winter, and during the summer by the occasional shouting of the lumbermen, while driving their timber and logs along the windings of the river, and down its impetuous rapids. In a picturesque point of view, however, that portion of the river is the most interesting, where it forces its way through the mountain lands which gives birth to the great streams of New Brunswick, and those of the United States emptying into the Atlantic. Here the eagle, unmolested, builds its nest upon high cliffs, the bear and black cat secrete themselves in caves and rocky fissures, the moose and the cariboo "brouse" upon their favorite food, and the salmon, fearless and free, reflects the sunshine in the deepest and darkest of pools.

THE DISTRICT OF GASPE.

I HAVE at last reached the shore of the St. Lawrence, which, at Metis, is one hundred miles from the Restigouche. Of all my wilderness expeditions, this has been by far the most fatiguing, and its anxieties have, by no means, been alleviated by the companionship of women. Albeit, my fellow-travellers have borne their trials bravely, and with uncommon fortitude. But, before proceeding with my narrative, I must record what I have picked up respecting the great and remote peninsular of Gaspé, which I have just crossed and partially explored.

Although this district belongs by nature to New Brunswick, it is the property, and under the jurisdiction of the government of Lower Canada. From what circumstances it derives its name, I cannot tell, but I know that the old French authors called it *Sachepe*, and a tradition is extant to the effect that the original inhabitants, the Gaspesians, were remarkable for their civilization, that they were acquainted with the points of the compass and the position of the stars, and were at the same time worshippers of the sun.

As stated before, the distance directly across the peninsular is one hundred miles, while its sea coast, extending from the head of the Bay of Chaleur to this point on the St. Lawrence, is estimated at more than five hundred miles. The interior country is still in a wild and uncultivated condition; but, so far as it is known, the Northern shores are generally low, while through the interior and along the Southern shore are two ridges of high mountains, which are beyond all question the most northern spurs of the Alleghany range, whose extremest

southern peaks look down upon the Gulf of Mexico. The district is well wooded, but while the interior is exclusively covered with the pine and kindred trees, I am informed that the entire district is skirted with a belt from eight to ten miles wide, composed chiefly of maple, elm, birch, and other hard wood trees. Here and there are elevated valleys, where the soil is rich, and, when properly cultivated, yields the common fruits of the earth abundantly, and it is well watered with beautiful lakes and rivers. For about four months in the year, the climate is delightful. The inhabitants are chiefly French Acadians, whose habitations are sparingly scattered all along the southern coast, from the Restigouche to the eastern extremity of the Cape. Though simple in their manners, they always treat strangers with kindness, and are quite content with their lot, provided the cod and herring do not fail to make them an annual visit, and their small fields are not monopolised by the snow more than eight months out of twelve. At those points where something like a town makes its appearance, especially at a place called Carlisle, the population is composed of a class of Americans and British more notorious for their bad rather than their good principles and habits. The only road, worthy of the name, runs through the extended settlement already mentioned; and many portions of this lie directly upon the beach; but the great highway of the sea is theirs, and here, in small vessels of their own building, they are quite at home. The oldest, largest, and most picturesque settlement is that of Perce, which derives its name from the rocky island heretofore mentioned, and which looms out of the sea in its vicinity. The hamlet of Perce is entirely supported by the fishery business; and directly in its rear rises a very high granite mountain or cape, which is considered the most northern limit of the Alleghany mountains. The character of the scenery here is wild and terrific, especially so in the autumn and winter, and associated with some of the cliffs looking down upon the sea, are several stories of dreadful shipwrecks, where the more superstitious Acadians fancy they at times hear the wailing of those who have been long drowned. The principal harbor, and one

of the best in the world, is that of Gaspe, named after the district itself, and here the shores are very rocky and perpendicular. It is thinly populated, and, in addition to the more common kinds of fish, its inhabitants do a small but thriving business in the way of capturing whales, which are of the *hump-back* species, yield from three to eight tons of oil, are hunted in schooners, and harpooned after a fashion which the local fishermen obtained from the whalemen of Nantucket. So much for the district of Gaspe—in a general way.

On reaching the Restigouche, and there declaring my intention of crossing over to the St. Lawrence, I was informed that, attended as I was by ladies, the journey was impracticable and even hazardous. The road was represented to me as no better than a forest trail, that the distance could not be accomplished in less than five days; and that there were no accommodations whatsoever. I was also told that nearly parallel with this land route, and touching it at several points, was a water communication by the Matapediac river, and I was advised, if determined to proceed, to travel in canoes. My fondness for this mode of travelling settled the matter in my own mind, and its novelty to my companions made them anxious to try the experiment, and we determined to take to the water. Two small birch bark canoes, manned each by two Micmac Indians, were secured, into one of which was placed our baggage, and into the other when ready, we embarked ourselves. The men were to receive one dollar a day each and found for their services, and one dollar per day was to be allowed for the two canoes. They were to take us only about sixty miles, to the head of Matapediac lake, and to accomplish the trip in four days. As we would have to spend three night in camp, all the necessary requirements in the way of blankets, extra clothing, and provisions, were kindly furnished for the occasion by the Fergusons. A large party of friends came to see us off, and we pushed from shore on one of the loveliest of mornings. We ascended the Restigouche about seven miles, alternately by means of the paddle and the pole, and enjoyed to perfection the islands which studded the river, the deep black pools, and the mountains on either side. On

approaching the Matapediac we found that it had three mouths or outlets, and on entering the principal one of these we were met by several logs and pieces of timber which came booming down on the bosom of a flood, and the paddles gave place to the spiked poles. The chief canoe-man shook his head, and I began to feel sick at heart. The river was full of salmon, and they were leaping out of the water in all directions, as if delighted at the fullness of the river. The wind began to blow, and presently a shower of rain and hail passed over us. The rapids in the stream, which were usually surmounted with ease, demanded the straining of every nerve; and now one of the poles of the passenger canoe was broken, resulting in its being thrown upon a rock, and rendered unsafe on account of a hole knocked through its bottom, whereat we scrambled ashore as best we could, and then unitedly fell into a profound contemplation on the pleasures of travelling. As a matter of course, we determined to return to the place whence we had departed in such fine spirits only a few hours before; and while the canoe was being repaired, I quieted the nerves of the ladies with a cup of tea, and satisfied our several appetites with a bit of bread and the shoulders of a salmon trout, baked in the Indian fashion, which had been speared by one of the Indians as we first turned into the Matapediac; and just as the sun was setting, while yet the unruffled Restigouche, and the surrounding mountains, were bathed in a soft purple atmosphere, we landed on the pleasant beach in front of Athol house, and were warmly welcomed by the hospitable inmates, whose jokes and laughter were a good deal subdued, as they freely confessed, by the thought that we had barely escaped the dangers of the flood.

The night which followed the day of excitement was beautiful enough to banish every feeling of regret; for in the confined valley of the Matapediac, and especially under a canopy of spruce boughs, it could not have been enjoyed at all. But the case was far different, as I sat alone at one of the front windows of Athol House, (after every arrangement had been made for continuing our journey on the morrow,) and mused upon the lake-like Restigouche, with all its mountains, and a cloudless

northern sky completely mirrored in its tranquil waters. I happened to be in just the mood to appreciate the more poetical influences of nature, and I know not that I ever before enjoyed so many objects of peculiar interest in such a happy combination. The water, the mountains, and the sky were enough in themselves to fill me with delight; but then the blandness of the night, and the deep silence, in striking contrast with the perils of the day, greatly enhanced their marvelous beauty. At one time, from a neighboring grove, an owl sent forth a note or two of its dismal hooting, which was presently answered by the long low wail of a loon, floating a mile away upon the water, and then the sudden splash of a leaping salmon was heard so near, and so distinctly visible in the starlight, that the wavelets which he made were seen to melt upon the shore. But the great event of that night was an aurora, which commenced its evolutions in the northern sky about midnight. Its first display was in the form of a multitude of small white clouds, and as they increased in size, and moved from point to point with great rapidity, I was forcibly reminded of the Indian tradition, which accounts for the northern lights, by seeing in them merely the shadows upon the sky of immense herds of reindeer, fleeing before the hunters over the snowy plains of the Arctic Sea. And now a sudden change took place, and it seemed like a grand review of celestial soldiery—a sort of manœuvre of celestial battalions. Now they would advance in line of battle, stretching entirely across the north from east to west, and then they would march and countermarch, break up, divide, rush together, and commingle in a sort of general contest. All this was continually attended with the most extraordinary vividness of motion—here flashing, there trembling, now darting, then standing still. Once, in the very zenith, it resembled an immense eye, in which were blended all the colors of the spectrum, opening and shutting with lightning rapidity. At another time it took the shape of a crown of vast diameter, and then it began to dissolve, slowly and fitfully, until it was hidden behind a newly-risen cloud, when it reappeared in slender spires, and moved still further to the eastward, looking like silent troops,

sent away with their long silvery lances to keep sentinel on the bounds of heaven; and then the gloom of common night settled upon the world.

The land across the peninsula of Gaspe was formerly known to the Indians and French as the Metis portage, but is now called the Kempt road, after the colonial governor, through whose instrumentality it was opened about twenty years ago. The objects of this road were to afford facilities for carrying the English mail between Halifax and Quebec, and to facilitate the settlement of the Restigouche and its tributaries. It was laid out and built after the turnpike fashion, but having been for some unaccountable reason entirely neglected by the government of Canada ever since the day of its completion until the present time, it is now entirely overgrown with a new generation of trees, and is but little better than a common Indian trail. It crosses some three or four spurs of high mountains and several beautiful rivers, all in a state of nature; also here and there a peat bog and a tamarack swamp runs along the entire length of the several Matapediac lakes, and is enlivened by three log cabins—houses of entertainment.

On looking about, after our unsuccessful voyage up the Matapediac for a suitable person to pilot us across the portage, I was referred to George Dickson as the only person who could, and probably would, convey us to the St. Lawrence. I found that he lived on the road, about eight miles from the Restigouche, and kept the first of the three public houses already mentioned. We journeyed to this point with little difficulty, passing two or three clearings, and a small river that was fearfully clear, and full of small trout. We found Mr. Dickson glad to see us, and willing to help us. He informed us that our first stage beyond his house must be performed in one day, or we be subjected to camp out; and that we must spend that night with him, and he would get all things ready for an early start on the following morning.

To this proposition we, of course, assented, and then, with our minds at ease, we proceeded to ascertain where we were, and who were our new friends. We found that our stopping

place was a double log cabin, with a good barn near it, located in the centre of five or six highly cultivated fields, on the summit of a mountain. On looking abroad, we could not see a single vestige of civilization, but only wild mountains upon mountains, propping the circle of the sky, and no signs of water, excepting a very narrow but charming view of the distant Restigouche, which resembled a lonely mountain lake. All the green crops of the neighboring valley were on this mountain farm, in a flourishing condition, and a better, neater, or more enjoyable supper was never eaten, than that with which we terminated the rambles of the afternoon.

But a good supper, an hour's conversation in front of a wilderness fire-place with a tidy and intelligent family, and a refreshing sleep, were not the only things which the travellers to Metis enjoyed in the Dickson cabin. Of more permanent value was the information I picked up respecting our host and the *highway*—literally speaking—of which he is the overseer. Mr. Dickson is a Scotchman, and as plain, honest, hard-working, intelligent, and kind-hearted a man as ever crossed the ocean. He was chain carrier to the surveying party that laid out the Kempt road, and when the mail route was established, he was appointed the chief and only manager of all its affairs, and has continued in the position ever since, for which duty he receives some two hundred and fifty pounds currency per annum, and to which he has naturally added that of carrying over the road the few passengers who annually seek the St. Lawrence by this route. In former times he was himself the post-man, but that arduous duty is now performed by his deputy or assistant, a handsome and smart Acadian, named Noble. And this forest mail carrier very well deserves the name in which he glories, for his powers of endurance, which I am told, are certainly of a high order. Twice in every week, from the beginning to the end of the year, does he pass on foot over the route from Dickson's house to Metis, fearing neither the heat of summer nor the snow of winter, and always unattended excepting by the three dogs which, in tandem fashion, drag the mail bag behind him, lashed in a tiny cart, or upon runners.

For about one half the year he performs the journey upon snow-shoes, and at certain places along the route he has his *caches* where necessary food is periodically deposited, bread and pork for himself, and when obtainable *horse* flesh for his dogs, which they devour in enormous quantities. For seventeen years has the royal mail of England been thus conveyed across this wilderness under the superintendence of Mr. Dickson; and if I remember rightly, he told me that it had never been robbed, or failed in being promptly conveyed to its destination. He stated that the dangers which the postmen sometimes experienced from wild beasts and winter storms were truly alarming, and that the wear and tear of so much toil upon their constitution were so great that very few of them could endure more than a siege of two years. And he further informed me that during the coldest weather his men were usually far more anxious about their snow-shoes than about their clothing, and that all such shoes were condemned as utterly useless by them when not made of yellow birch wood and moose hide, and did not measure just exactly four feet and two inches in length. The snow in this region usually falls about six feet on a level, but sometimes drifts to the height of fify feet, and it is in travelling over this foundation that the snow-shoes are so serviceable, and in fact indispensable; and the speed usually accomplished by an expert man is six miles an hour. The natural speed of the dogs would take them on with a mail bag weighing from sixty to eighty pounds, three times as rapidly, and this is the reason why the postman always precedes the animals; and Mr. Dickson tells me, that the very best dog for winter travelling now in his possession, is one that has been upon the road for eight years and is totally *blind*. The sagacity of these dogs is also represented as remarkable. Seeming to know the value of the mail entrusted to them, when once attached to the sledge or cart, they never allow a stranger to touch the bag or conveyance, and would tear to pieces any man or wild beast that should assault their master. And what is more, these dogs seem to enjoy this business of carrying the mail as if it were only a kind of sporting.

But the day is breaking, and Mr. Dickson has summoned us to an early breakfast. This is speedily dispatched, when the ladies are packed and partially strapped in a small but stout cart, drawn by two well-trained, sure footed horses, one before the other, which are to be led by Mr. Dickson, while our luggage is placed in a similar cart, but without any seat, so that the manager of the cart and the deponent, like Mr. Dickson, have the privilege of travelling on foot. Our heads are all enveloped in thick veils to keep off the black flies and musquitoes, which promise to be particularly tormenting, which precaution will be rendered more serviceable by sprinkling upon said veils occasionally a few drops of turpentine from a small vial which Mr. Dickson carries in his vest pocket. A hearty "good morning and a pleasant journey," came to us from the members of the household, and we are on our winding way.

Down into a little vale, and nothing is to be seen on every side but a dense forest. Slowly and steadily we now begin to climb a mountain side. Our pathway is not visible, but we know that if the leading horse attached to the baggage cart can find a foot-hold, we can follow on with confidence. Over our heads the trees come together and form a most refreshing canopy. The ladies, delighted with the novelty of their situation, are plucking blossoms and the twigs of curious bushes, which seem to lean forward as if happy to be handled by stranger hands, although thickly gloved; while I, ahead, or in the rear, drive dull care away with an uncouth song, or tramp along by the side of our Commodore, asking him questions and listening to stories of the woods. Higher and higher, when, lo! our eyes take in at a single glance a boundless sea of mountains, those of the far off Tobique and St. John lording it over their fellows in the South, and the Shackshock range looming ambitiously into the northern sky. Down, down, and we halt upon a bridge to water our horses, drink a cup of liquid amber deepened only a shade or two by artificial means, and to light a cigar, while one of the party takes a hasty sketch of the torrent beneath, which soon rushes out of our sight on its way through an unknown land. Another hill do we climb, another

valley cross, and others upon others do we compass at the same slow pace, until we halt at noon upon a bridge spanning a strange but beautiful stream called *Aswaquegan*, where we tarry to feed our horses and enjoy the substantial contents of our portable larder. Two lofty hills rise almost perpendicular within a few hundred yards of us, down one of which an avalanche has made a perfectly smooth pathway, and between which blows a fresh breeze, whereby the flies are driven away, and for a brief time we enjoy the luxury of breathing with unveiled faces. A clean white cloth is spread over the flooring of the bridge, and when covered with tongue and ham, and other Athol House substantials, presents a most tempting picture to a hungry man, but not sufficiently so to prevent the angler of the expedition from first throwing a fly in a neighboring pool and capturing a dozen or so of the spotted beauties, when his dinner is eaten with a clear conscience; for surely it would never do for a true angler to turn a deaf ear to the singing of a stream like the Aswaquegan.

But who are these coming down the pathway of the avalanche, resembling an aged Indian with a pack of furs upon his back, and accompanied by a boy, who would fain break bread with us upon the bridge? Surely, as music hath power to soothe the *savage* breast, it is an *Italian organ grinder* accompanied by his son! Five months ago, he left his boyhood's home in the shadow of the Appenines; three months ago he was playing and singing "There's no place like Home," in the rotunda of the Astor House, New York; and three weeks ago, from the lower portion of the city of Quebec, was echoing, with his machine, "God save the Queen," as it pealed sweetly on the evening air from the plains of Abraham. Our foreign friend seems somewhat bewildered at his present position, and his state of mind is by no means quieted when we inform him that he must yet travel some twenty miles before coming to a house. Our hearts are moved with pity, and we cheer him and his companion with a good thick slice of bacon and a cup of wine, leaving him to journey on, through a land of wolves and bears, with music on his back, if not in his heart. Another long,

tedious, hilly, lonely, and now somewhat monotonous ride; and while watching the clouds gathering around the setting sun, we descend into the valley of the Matapediac, and at the junction of that stream with the Carxepshell, (which we cross,) thirty-six miles from our morning starting place, we pull up before the cabin of one Jonathan Noble, the father of our friend the postman.

A queer, queer place, indeed, is this to spend the night in, (the house of Jonathan Noble,) after a journey of nearly twelve hundred miles in pursuit of pleasure. It is called the half-way house between the Restigouche and St. Lawrence, but one might fancy it to be the half-way house between the outskirts of civilization and oblivion. It is a mere log-cabin, containing two divisions upon the first floor with a pair of closets honored with the name of bed-rooms, and one spacious garret, the usual herding place at night of Sir Matapediac Noble and his extensive family; mellowed to a rich vandyke brown by the smoke of untold years, are all its rafters and rough walls, and so feeble is the whole building from the effects of the storm winds of this northern land, that it has to be propped up with massive timbers to prevent it from tumbling into the neighboring stream. A small but poorish farm surrounds this cabin, bespeaking a kindred poverty in the proprietor, and we learn with pleasure therefore, that he receives a pension of some twenty-five pounds (for he could not otherwise survive) from the provincial government to keep open house for strangers, and to facilitate the weekly progress of the post. We attempt a twilight reconnoitre of our location, but are soon driven into the house by the black flies, or, as the Indians call them "Bite-um-no-see-um," as well as by the smoke from burning chips, intended to keep them off, but even harder to endure. We ask for water wherewith to refresh our faces, and receive it in a dish which is yet warm from performing very recent duty upon the table; we ask for a towel, and receive a dingy pillow case; we ask for a little supper, but so dubiously is it placed before us that the salmon goes untasted, and even the eggs and potatoes are looked upon with many doubts, and we rejoice with extreme joy that

we still have left a portion of our Athol House supplies: we ask for beds, and do receive them, but with accessories, numerous, gigantic, minute, and venomous beyond the power of common language to describe; and then, as if to increase the pleasures of our condition, our ears are all night long saluted with the wolf-like howling of two dogs, and the natural emanations of a midnight brawl between our hostess and her lord.

But now the day is breaking, and our broken slumbers are at an end. The ladies rush forth, and, in something like a frantic mood, inquire how soon we can possibly resume our journey, to which I very coolly reply—just as soon as I can make ten casts of a fly in a deep pool, just below the cabin, at the junction of the two streams. I expect only to kill a few trout, but nevertheless take my biggest Conroy rod, and put on a Gillmore fly. My companions follow me, and also one of the Noble boys. I stand upon a gravelly point, and in a very few minutes seven one and two-pound trout are skipping upon the green sward. The ladies have wet their feet; are also tired, and have started on their return to the cabin, when they are summoned back again by a pretty nervous shout, accompanied with the word *salmon*. Just where the waters of the two streams come together I have hooked a splendid fellow. With one single rush he carries off two hundred feet of line—one, two, and three leaps high into the air, and another rush of fifty feet or more—now he is quite docile, and allows me to reel him almost to my feet—another rush and he has sought the bottom, and is trying apparently to break my hook upon the rocks; he fails—another rush, and then he comes gently to the shore; my attendant obeys instructions, wades into the stream, makes one good sweep with the gaff, and the vanquished salmon reaches a bank of luxuriant clover—a fit place to breathe his last—just in time to receive upon his side the first kiss of the uprisen sun. Weight, a fraction over *twenty-six* pounds; length, forty-two inches; and the Matapediac lives in my memory as the paragon of streams.

The miseries of the night are partially forgotten; we breakfast upon trout, pack away our salmon, and continue our jour-

ney,—slowly as before,—up hill and down, but over a rocky uneven road. I question friend Dickson about the Matapediac half-way house. He tells me he has done all in his power to make it a respectable and comfortable place, but without success. He has threatened to report the inn-keeper to the government, and frightened him into the propriety of keeping on on hand a ham, a little flour, and some white sugar and tea, for the benefit of travellers; but the travellers have not come, and in self-defence the poor man and his family have eaten up the dainty fare—the last assortment, probably, while entertaining for a holiday week the organ player and his boy. We now pass in review three or four most lonely little lakes, through which the Matapediac runs, and where it is said the salmon come to spawn in immense numbers. Anon, we come to a cabin, only about four feet high, where a courageous young lady named Ritchie, accompanied by her father and Mr. Dickson, once spent a night at mid-winter, while journeying on a sledge drawn by dogs from Metis to the Restigouche; and then a wooden cross surmounting a grave attracts our attention, and we are told that here repose the ashes of the man who led on the party which first surveyed the route for the Kempt road, and who was drowned in a deep pool only a few paces from his resting-place. The day is nearly spent; twenty-nine miles have been accomplished, we are all fatigued, and of course, arrive with joyful hearts at the upper end of the larger Matapediac Lake, and in a cabin, kept by one Bruchet, and located on a pleasant, grassy point, we spend the night in a comparatively comfortable manner. The lake in question is about two miles wide, and a dozen long; near its centre is a single island, said to be a fine breeding place for loons; its immediate shores are flat, but receding into highlands, and entirely uncultivated, abounding in blocks of limestone resting upon a sandstone formation, and containing fossils of many varieties; and the principal fish which it yields are the common trout, tuladi or great gray trout, and a small species of white fish. Like his neighbor Noble, Bruchet is a pensioner upon the government, but fulfils his obligations in a more creditable manner. Another

dawn is welcomed; we breakfast upon a portion of our royal salmon, and onward do we journey. The same rough, and now exceedingly monotonous road continues, for no new plants can now be discovered, and the eye becomes weary with the excess of deep green foliage, and we compass the remaining distance of twenty-seven miles to Metis without meeting more than two human beings—the famous postman, Noble, with his mail, and three dogs, who tells us that he had just seen a bear upon the road, and a French hunter coming out of the woods, who joins our party, carrying upon his back a small assortment of peltries and a few common birds. And here, by a strain now ringing in our ears, we are reminded of the fact that the quaint sweet whistling of the *Peabody-bird*, has accompanied us on our journey, all the way from the far off Potomac, and it has at one time so forcibly reminded us of home, that we have felt like clapping our hands with delight. In this region it glories in the ambitious name of the *non-commisioned officer*, as its note is like that of one calling "pen and ink, pen and ink, pen and ink, quickly come, quickly come," and while it seems to love the presence of man, its favorite haunts are the leafy solitudes of the wilderness, as if its mission was to cheer the woodman and traveller in their loneliness. The summit of our last hill is attained, and we come in full view of the great St. Lawrence, with ships gliding over its bosom like the spectres of a dream, and the far off Alpine land of Labrador, and the ocean-like gulf of the St. Lawrence blending with the blue of the sky, while the foreground of the picture is composed of the parish of Metis, with its cultivated fields, and white houses reposing quietly at the foot of the declivity, down which, to a comfortable inn, we rapidly descend, sincerely thankful that we have escaped the dangers of the Great Portage, and are once more permitted to enjoy the blessings of civilization.

THE SOUTHERN SHORE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

THE distance from Metis to Quebec is two hundred miles, and the country intervening, is the home, more completely than any other section of Canada, of its French population. On several occasions have I had a passing view of this southern shore of the St. Lawrence while sailing up and down the river, but never, until the past week, have I travelled directly through the country and made myself personally acquainted with its physical aspect and the character of its inhabitants. It took six days to accomplish what need not have required more than three, my two companions and myself occupying the everlasting caleche of the country, while our luggage was conveyed in a cart, each vehicle drawn by a tough pony and the driver of the cart officiating as pilot. But the result of my observations I will record in a more systematic manner than a consecutive account of our adventures will allow.

To speak in general terms, the entire Southern shore of the St. Lawrence, between Metis and Quebec, is traversed by no less than three most excellent roads, running parallel with the river, crossed at right angles by other roads from two to four miles apart, the squares thus formed being cut up into very regular and narrow slips of land, upon which are located the comfortable dwellings and accompanying out-houses of a farming community. This peculiar division of property had its origin in the naturally social disposition of the Canadian French, and the result has been that the entire section of country in question presents the appearance of a continuous village. And yet, in spite of this circumstance, a remark made by Mr. John

McGregor is quite true, that the counties of Gaspe, Rimouski, and Kamorouski are less known in the mother country than Kamschatka. All the roads are good, but that running more immediately along the shore is the best, the most agreeably diversified, and thickly settled; and it is with this that the others converge whenever a considerable stream is to be crossed, whereby one bridge answers for the three. On the river road are also located all the parish churches, whose glittering twin spires loom into the sky in sight of each other throughout the entire distance, and many of which are quite beautiful outwardly; filled with pictures—generally of questionable merit, and they are always admirably situated. The farms in question are all in a high state of cultivation, and the pastures are covered with well-fed flocks, although the gardens attached to the houses seem to be the main dependencies of the proprietors, for they are quite extensive, and, next to the rye or barley fields, yield the two principal articles of consumption, potatoes and peas. The habitations are almost exclusively built of wood, and, though generally alike, I did not see any two that precisely resembled each other. They seem to have been built by men who had a decided taste for the picturesque in form, if not superior ideas in regard to comfort and utility.

They are usually one story high, with steep, curved, and overhanging roofs, dormer windows in abundance, porches and piazzas of manifold varieties, and are painted after every imaginable fashion. A large iron stove occupies a conspicuous position in every house, being placed in the partition of the two rooms, into which the houses are generally divided; and in this is all the winter cooking done. In the summer it is done outside, in the open air, whilst the bread is invariably baked in a clay oven, and occasionally kneaded by the road-side on the ground, at the foot of the oven, into which it is subsequently placed. The barns belonging to them, and to which is always attached a wind-machine for grinding grain, are large, similar in style to, and oftentimes more beautiful and comfortable than the dwellings themselves; and were it not for the almost total absence of domestic trees, the rural beauty of these settlements could

hardly be surpassed. A few fruit trees do occasionally ornament a garden spot, but we see nothing in the way of cheerful shade trees; and if you wish to enjoy a forest walk, you must retire to the highlands, which are from one to two miles in the interior. At the mouths of the principal rivers are located extensive saw-mills, chiefly owned by William Price, Esq., of Quebec, whose astonishing enterprise has done so much to develop the resources of the Lower St. Lawrence and the famous Saguenay river; and in their vicinity is generally found a ship-yard, with two or three vessels on the stocks, intended for the Quebec and European trade. In truth, the region in question cannot be visited without affording the traveller much pleasure, for everywhere are to be seen the abodes of simplicity, virtue, and happiness.

The scenery that you witness in travelling up the southern shore of the St. Lawrence, is everywhere spread out on a grand scale, and quite as beautiful as it is imposing; for the great Alpine region of the northern shore is never out of sight, and you continually have the watery plain at your feet, dotted here and there with the most luxuriant islands, occasionally surmounted with a lighthouse, and, like butterflies upon a mirror, huge ships, without number, sailing in safety and peace. Such is the general aspect of the country at midsummer; but on the approach of winter, an immense change takes place: the scenery becomes wild and desolate; the storms terrific; the dangers of navigation formidable; the river and gulf are choked up with broken fields of ice; and the entire country is covered with snow to the depth of many feet.

The people inhabiting this romantic region are almost exclusively descendants of the French, who have at different times emigrated to Canada. Indeed, I do not remember to have seen on the entire road between Metis and Quebec, except at one or two of the watering-places, a single individual who was not of French extraction. The provincial word *habitan* is said to be more strictly applicable to the inhabitants of this section of country than to any other in Canada; from which circumstance I am led to believe that its proper interpretation is, *the people*

who cultivate small farms, or the peasantry of the country, although its original meaning, as understood by the old French voyagers who first used it, was the legitimate one of inhabitant. All this, however, is of little consequence when compared with the interesting character of the people. The great majority of them are tillers of the soil, and are quite content, and even happy, if they can but have an abundance of the simple food which their lands yield, albeit a few of the more ambitious and enterprising do a considerable business in the way of fishing. They are, however, quite as illiterate as if in a state of barbarism. School-houses may indeed be known among them, but they are few and far between. They pay but little attention to the raising of domestic animals, and yet their little cows are said to be good milkers. From their sheep is obtained the material out of which, in domestic looms, they manufacture their clothing and (with the assistance of their geese and the useful flax) their bedding. But their favorite and most indispensable animal is the horse, the smallest, homeliest, smartest, and toughest creature imaginable. Like the quadrupeds, the people are generally small in stature, with dark complexions, caused by the admixture of Indian with French blood; the men common-place, but the women almost invariably handsome. Both sexes dress with taste, the men in their homespun woollens, and the women in bright calico gowns, set off in summer with white aprons, neckkerchief, and broad-brimmed straw hats. They are civil and polite to an uncommon degree, men, women and children always bowing to strangers as they pass, with a careless grace and ease truly captivating. They are warm-hearted, maintaining their own poor and generously relieving the wants of the distressed, and so hospitable that regularly-established inns are almost unknown among them, and the best accommodations can be obtained at the majority of dwellings, by merely soliciting the favor. They are strictly honest in their every-day dealings, and the *civilized* custom of bolting and locking doors at night, is practised to a limited extent. They are cheerful and sociable in their dispositions, frolicsome, but temperate; fond of visiting each other, playing on the violin, and getting up

dances, and in going from place to place employ their only vehicles, the two-wheeled caleche, or cabriolet, and a common cart. They are withal a most cleanly race of people, not only in their persons, but their houses and farms. But their ruling passion is the church—the Roman Catholic Church, with its thousand and one ceremonies, customs, and commands. They respect and love their priests, spend their money freely for all ecclesiastical purposes, filling their houses with crucifixes, statuettes, and pictures of the Virgin, and the innumerable saints; and on spots by the roadside, to which trifling legends are attached, they have erected large wooden crosses, while in some places the eye is pained with the sight of large plaster casts of the crucifixion, standing under wooden canopies supported by tall pillars.

Upon the whole, the traveller through this region would at all times be impressed with the spirit of contentment and peace which reigns among the people, if not with their superior intelligence. But as the Sabbath is their most devotional as well as their principal gala-day, it is the one best calculated to witness their excessive happiness by mingling with them, whether upon the roads, crowded with vehicles, and talking and laughing groups of gayly-dressed women and children, or around the churches, where they congregate before and after morning service in immense multitudes. With all their virtues, the habitans are by no means an enterprising people, and it would seem to have been impossible to wean them from the customs and habits of their ancestors.

In regard to all domestic ties and duties, the *habitans* are quite as circumspect as any class in more refined communities. Husband and wives live in commendable harmony, and parents usually treat their children with great kindness. Early marriages are common; and this fact, together with the healthfulness of the climate, accounts for the annual increase of the French population of Canada at the rate of five per cent., while that of England only increases at the rate of three per cent. When a father dies his property is divided equally among his children, so that the evils necessarily attendant upon

the original narrow shape of the farms are greatly increased; but the father's farm proper usually descends to the oldest son, with whom the mother domiciliates for the rest of her days. But by far the most interesting and touching custom peculiar to the *habitans* is that of *second marriage*, so called. Whenever a venerable couple have trod the path of life together for fifty years, they summon to a banquet under their roof, from every quarter of the land, all their children and grand-children, in whose presence is re-performed the ceremony that made them man and wife half a century before, when the feasting and the dancing, which continue for two or three nights together, bespeak a most heartfelt happiness as well as gratitude; and at the expiration of every five years from that period until separated by death, the aged pair continue to repeat the ceremony of publicly pledging their vows of fidelity and truth.

It may well be imagined from the foregoing description that our journey from Metis to this city was both novel and agreeable; but there were two or three places which made a particular impression upon my mind, and to these I will now allude. And first as to the parish of Rimouski. It is more populous than its neighbors, contains an unusually large number of handsome houses and a small inn, kept by a Frenchman named Martin, which is first-rate in every particular, and of course made a deep impression upon us who had just escaped from the woods. Those who have a taste for business would like Rimouski on account of its extensive saw-mills and ship-yards, which give it a thriving character; but the lover of scenery and angling could not remain quiet until he had explored the valley of the river Rimouski. It is partially settled throughout its whole length by an industrious and happy class of small farmers, and the mountains which hem it in are covered with thick woods and belong to that range which here boldly swoops down to the St. Lawrence and forms a headland resembling the beak of an eagle, and known by the name of Le Bic. But as a stream for trout it is unapproachable. From personal experience, however, I can only speak of one of its tributaries, which is without a name, and comes into it about twenty miles

from its mouth, and runs almost near enough to the parish of *Trois Pistoles* to answer as its southern boundary. It is not more than a dozen miles long, and runs through some four or five beautiful little lakes, upon which, standing in the bow of a canoe managed by a Frenchman, it was my privilege to spend an entire day throwing the fly, and from whose crystal waters I took *two hundred and thirty trout*. Very many of them exceeded two pounds in weight, and it was frequently the case that half a dozen trout would dart after my fly at the same instant, and, in experimenting with three flies, I caught a trout with each fly. It was the greatest day's sport that I ever enjoyed, and I remember with pleasure that about a dozen poor families, besides myself and party, feasted upon the results of my good fortune.

The parish of *Trois Pistoles* is another place to which I must pay my compliments in passing, not so much on account of its charming location and the pretty river which gives it its name, but because of its chief inhabitant, in regard to age and wealth, all church matters and judicial proceedings, general character and influence—FELIX TETU, Esq. I first became acquainted with this gentleman while upon my last summer's tour to the Saguenay river and the coast of Labrador, where he has an extensive lumbering establishment, whence he took me and my party at that time to Trois Pistoles, and where we spent a most delightful week. To revisit him and his most accomplished and excellent wife was indeed one of the chief incentives to our recent journey across the Metis portage. But, alas! we were most sadly disappointed, for our worthy friends were both absent on a tour; and yet we made ourselves perfectly at home in their mansion, where every attention was paid to us by their household. It would take a long time to relate the story of our former visit there. During that visit, as one of the party has since very happily expressed it, we rambled, rode, and saw the lions of the parish, fished for trout in lake and brook, and came home to bounteous dinners. We had bounteous breakfasts, too, and generous suppers. And what was more, nay most, we had Felix Tetu both at and between them all. Though full of business, he seemed to have leisure to be full of pleasure.

Between them both he was certainly the most industrious of men. When he slept we had to guess. Wake up at the dead of night, there was the light of Felix Tetu, writing letters or reading the news; get up at daybreak, there again was Felix Tetu, writing letters or looking at the papers. When he came in he always came with a festive spirit; when he went out he seemed to be going to a bridal. Breakfast, dinner, supper were all festive; full of fun, speeches, theatric gesture, anecdote, and song. Evenings were merriment itself. Madame played the piano and Monsieur sang or danced his noiseless hornpipes, and filled the house and hearts of his guests with joy. I remember certain gleams of sunshine across the meadows of my childhood; so I shall forever remember the glowing smiles of Monsieur Tetu. Happy, happy Felix Tetu! sparkling with the wine of youth and blooming with its very roses, the odorous freshness of childhood hand in hand with the powers of manhood, and walking gaily down to old age, flowery with virtues and musical with genial words and feelings.

The river scenery opposite Trois Pistoles is particularly interesting, for in the distance we have a view of the mouth of the famous Saguenay, and in the foreground a number of picturesque islands. The principal object of wonderment, however, is a rocky islet, a couple of miles from the shore, upon which is a wooden cross, and with which, to use the language of the friend already quoted, is associated the following incident: During the Christmas holidays some twelve years ago, the St. Lawrence froze in a night off against Trois Pistoles to the width of six miles. In the morning, which was calm and bright, this extent of ice was seen to be spotted with hundreds of seals basking in the sunshine. As soon as the news could fly, people from all parts of the parish hastened to enjoy the promised sport. The seals nearest to the land were first killed and drawn off bodily on sleds. Those further out were skinned on the spot where they were slaughtered. In the course of a few hours the massacre of the poor creatures became general, and extended to the outer edge of the ice; heaps of reeking hides and blubber multiplying in every direction; pools and paths of blood all around—a field of carnage as shocking as it

was novel. But the wild excitement attending the killing of the seals was presently to be followed by an excitement of a different kind. It seems as if the genius of the deep, offended by the effusion of blood, silently determined to turn the sudden good fortune of the people of Notre Dame des Anges into a deadly snare. A southerly wind sprung up, which, working with the ebbing tide, broke the main field of ice from the shore and floated it off into the stream. This was happily discovered in time to secure, though with the loss of large portions of their booty, the escape of all except a few parties of the more ardent and adventurous, who were too distant to be seasonably warned of their peril. When at length they became apprised of it there was half a mile's space of blue water between them and the land. The distance was rapidly increasing, the wind freshening, the tide swiftening, and the short December day speedily drawing to a close. At this crisis there was made evident an appalling fact: there was not a boat available along the shore, all were under cover at home. By no possibility could the ice stand the swell through the lengthy night. All were given up for lost. They gave themselves up to inevitable death, and lay down several of them, in an agony of grief and terror, flat upon the bloody surface. There were forty men of them. Poor fellows! They went wandering, little parties of them, up and down the landward edge of their dreadful float, which seemed to be bearing them from their homes and families, who also were running back and forth along the beach, shrieking and distracted at the horrible position of friends whom the approaching darkness would shut from their view forever. Heightening the solemnity and tenderness of the awful parting was the giving of absolution by the priests; now to one company from the church, then to another from the chamber-windows of M. Tetu's house, to another from a point below. During these solemnities all, both upon the ice and upon the shore, knelt or prostrated themselves, with their heads bare and their hands stretched towards Heaven, pouring forth floods of tears and volumes of cries and supplications. In the midst of this thrilling, painful scene a bold fellow launched a little

skiff and darted over the roughening water to the rescue. With this frail barque, only capable of taking three or four at a time, he succeeded, almost miraculously under the circumstances, in landing every one of those forty men upon a rocky islet past which they were drifting. The last one was taken off late at night when the ice was in a state of rapid dissolution. From the crag upon which they were saved they walked over solid ice to the mainland, and were received with frantic joy by crowds of friends who regarded them as good as raised from the dead. In the morning there was not in sight a vestige of the field upon which the people had been so busy the day before. In remembrance of their happy deliverance there was erected upon the rock of Rosade, the islet of their escape, a large cross, with a memorial in French, under a glass cover. This cross is visible from M. Tetu's residence, and stands to the parishioners of Notre Dame des Anges a silent witness of God's mercy in the hour of peril, and of his rebuke of the spirit that prompts men to rush thoughtlessly into danger for the sake of gain.

On our way from Metis we tarried for a short time at the several watering places of Canada—Cocona, River du Loup, and Kamarouski. They are all thriving little places, abounding in fish and good bathing houses, have each a comfortable inn or two, with good accommodations, but only patronised to a limited extent. Between these places and Quebec, during the summer, there is a steamboat communication, and the pleasures of a sail to either of them are manifold.

Another place worth mentioning is the hamlet at the mouth of the river Ouelle, where a very superior oil and a capital leather are manufactured from the blubber and hide of the white porpoise. The proprietors of the establishment are Charles H. and Vital Tétu, Esqrs., of Quebec, who are cousins to our friend Felix Tétu, and, like him, are among the most enterprising citizens of the province. Our next stopping place was at St. Anne, where is very beautifully located a handsome college or seminary, managed by a Roman Catholic faculty, and accommodating one hundred and fifty students, the annual expense to each student being twenty pounds currency. The

institution is said to enjoy a good reputation, and one of twenty established in Lower Canada, and many of its pupils come from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The largest *habitan* town through which we passed was St. Thomas; where seems to be transacted quite an extensive business of a miscellaneous character, and in the centre of which stands a church that would do honor, in point of architecture, to any city in the United States. Between that place and Quebec the scenery is exceedingly beautiful, comprehending among other things, the very best view of the Island of Orleans, and also the Falls of Montmorency, on the opposite shore, as well as the ancient looking town at Point Levi, through which we had to pass on our way to the ferry connecting it with the citadel city.

We were all deeply impressed with the view of Quebec, as it burst upon us from the southern shore of the St. Lawrence. We could take in at one view the monument to Wolfe and Montcalm, the slab marking the spot where Montgomery fell, and the plains of Abraham. The lower and upper city presented a singular contrast, one so high above the other. The river was crowded with numerous vessels of every form and size. On landing we were fortunate enough to secure the only four-wheeled vehicle upon the wharf, and were driven or whirled through the crooked streets of the lower city, and by the gateway guarded with cannon, into the more cheerful upper city, and thence to the Albion Hotel, where we took lodgings, and found a gentleman from the States for our landlord. After a good breakfast, which was superintended by a negro, who presided as head waiter over a dozen white men, we walked to the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and I was glad to find its interior arrangements somewhat improved from what they were when I paid my two previous visits to the city. We sauntered to the citadel with a *permit*, which gave us a guide through the curious and romantic place. We looked off from the immense height upon the shipping and busy city below, where men and horses looked, as usual, quite insignificant, and out upon the great St. Lawrence, which presented a grand and impressive prospect. In passing through the city I was more forcibly struck than ever before with the appearance of those singular vehicles called

caleches, which reminded one of my companions of the old-fashioned vehicle by that name. They were to me more like an antique gig than any thing else I have seen. Quite as curious and laughable were the tiny milk carts drawn by dogs.

On returning to our lodgings we found an invitation to dine at half-past seven o'clock with the Governor-general of Canada, Lord Elgin, to whom we had brought letters of introduction. We left for his mansion, Spencer Wood, at seven o'clock, allowing just thirty minutes for a drive of three miles, crossing on our way the famous "Plains of Abraham," from which the most striking scene at that hour was a long line of flickering lights, extending far up the valley of the St. Charles. On arriving at the mansion, which is surrounded with woods and occupies the brow of a point overlooking the St. Lawrence, we were received at the door by servants in livery, and in a short time were ushered into the drawing room, where several gentlemen were already assembled, including one or two officers of the British army. Presently, Lord and Lady Elgin, with Lady Bruce, one of his household, entered and met us cordially. He is rather a short man, with white hair, piercing black eyes, self-possessed, and very polite and affable in his manners. Lady Elgin is a gentle and fairy-like personage, with dark hair and eyes, and an uncommonly intellectual and sweet countenance. Lady Bruce is handsome and jovial, with fair complexion, light hair and eyes, and rosy cheeks. The conversation at table was high-toned, and to me entertaining and instructive. Much was said connected with the political state of our country and our great men, and it rather surprised me to hear how familiar his excellency seemed to be with all that was transpiring in the States. Much was also said by Lord Elgin about the method of school education among *us*, and he seemed to think there was not sufficient discipline for the young. I also obtained from him an interesting account of the removal to the British Museum, by his father, of the famous Elgin marbles. We left the delightful company at eleven o'clock; and I can only add that this visit will long be remembered by myself and party as one of the happiest events of our summer pilgrimage.

A WINTER IN THE SOUTH.

WASHINGTON TO SAVANNAH.

I LEFT Washington on the 5th of December, 1853, bound upon a zig-zag journey through the more Southern United States; and I now send you my first sheaf of way-side gleanings. While passing down the beautiful Potomac, my thoughts, with my vision, naturally wandered to the peaceful resting-place of our great Patriot Hero, and the inheritance which we as a people have received from his deeds was strikingly typified by the graceful gulls that followed our steamer; for, as is the case with our country, power and freedom were the chief elements of their happiness. In recalling the railroad journey through Virginia and North Carolina, I can only say that it was to me as a twice-told tale. Of the three cities, Fredericksburg, Richmond, and Petersburgh, the second seems to be the only one that is keeping pace with the progress of the age. I was forcibly reminded of its importance as the legislative centre of a great State, by the fact that, among the familiar faces that I met, there was a member of the Legislature with whom I had hunted deer among the highlands of the Kanawha, and another with whom I had fished for sea trout off the sandy shores of Accomac, and whose residences are separated by no less than three hundred miles. The monotony of the scenery along the route in question was pleasantly relieved by a glance down the valley of Rappahannock, a stroll under the rickety bridges and among the Islands of James river at the head of tide water, and a view of the moss-enveloped trees which skirt the Roanoke; to which might be added an occasional turpentine distillery, a steam saw-mill, a cotton press and gin, and a

negro corn-husking scene, in which toil and hilarity were most agreeably united. Our only fellow-passenger worthy of note was a blind missionary, who informed me that he was an Episcopalian, had lost his sight while preaching to the sable children of Africa, was travelling through the country in behalf of his favorite society, only attended by a colored servant, and whose gentle words and self-denying occupation convinced me that he was a true and noble Christian. I spent a night at Wilmington, and what I there experienced made me sigh for a camp-fire on the Upper Mississippi or the coast of Labrador, and wonder that so glorious a State as North Carolina should contain within its borders such wretched accommodations for the traveller, and such vindictive swarms of the insect race.

I crossed the eastern portion of South Carolina by a railroad of such excessive newness that some dozen miles of the route were necessarily past over in post coaches. A pleasanter drive, however, I never enjoyed in the wake of a locomotive: and as I remembered the peculiar characteristics of a sea voyage from Wilmington to Charleston, I doubt not that a feeling of security constituted one of the charms of the inland journey. But the train of cars in which I took my seat for the central portion of the State, was almost the very first that had taken any passengers, and, as many detentions occurred, and no cheerful station-houses had yet been erected where refreshments could be procured, the journey resembled a kind of exploration expedition into an unknown land. And the romantic illusion was by no means dispelled by the circumstance that, as we had brought no food with us, we were hard pressed by hunger, and that one of our passengers, an Arkansas gentleman, occasionally regaled us with mournful strains from a violin, which, with a gold watch, a huge cane, and a cloak, comprised his whole travelling equipment. In his way, this person was an oddity. He proclaimed himself a citizen of the world, and was travelling in search of a wife. He said he had been down East to see the Yankees, had caught a glimpse of Mr. Museum Barnum and Mrs. Harriet Stowe; that he had well nigh spent all his money, and must soon begin to borrow; and that if the cholera

did not nab him in New Orleans, he hoped before long to be dancing the bran dance with the girls of Arkansas. To the music of this man's fiddle it was that we were ferried across the Great Pedee river, which is associated in the minds of all historical readers with the revolutionary exploits of Marion and his brave men, and upon the banks of which our general regaled a British officer with a mess of roasted sweet potatoes. As to the railway itself, when I found that it was as smooth and comfortable as any at the North, I was surprised to learn that it had been built exclusively by negro labor, and that an intelligent slave occupied the post of assistant superintendent.

The first *novelty* that attracted my attention after leaving Cape Fear river was a *continuation* of the long-leaved pine forests which cover the eastern portion of North Carolina. Here as well as there the very air had a piney smell, and pitch, tar, rosin, and turpentine were the prominent themes on every tongue. The sap of the pine tree is obtained by tapping, which operation is performed three or four times a year; and after doing good service for about five years the older trees are converted into lumber and the younger ones protected with care for future use. Cotton and corn fields came into view only at distant intervals; but then the cart-loads of sweet potatoes and ground or pea-nuts which were offered for sale at the cross roads, proved conclusively that there was no scarcity of the good things of life on the neighboring plantations.

But really the great charm of a journey through South Carolina consists in her cypress swamps. To a Northerner they are unique, and to the lover of the picturesque superb. Not only does the road already alluded to run through many of them, but the same is true of the continuation to Augusta, in Georgia. Though their general aspect is dismal in the extreme, the continuous cypress columns, with their tops reaching to an immense height, and heavily festooned with the drooping grey moss of this Southern land, are grand and beautiful to an uncommon degree. They remind one of the patriarchs of the olden times, and like them seem to link whole centuries into a single life. They rise out of a soil that is perpetually covered

with water, and while this liquid is commonly tinged with a dark wine color by the roots of the juniper and aquatic plants, flowers without number, during the spring and summer, make a kind of twilight in the more shady recesses, and load the air with fragrance. The vines, which frequently climb the stupendous trunks, and then branch off to find a pillow of moss or resting place in the tops of other trees, are often larger than the heaviest cables of a frigate, and I have fancied that they looked down with pride upon the bay, the holly, and palmetto, the evergreen creepers and cypress cones which cluster below. The mind oppressed with gloom will find enough in these solitudes to feast its daintiest fancies upon; for the snake, the lizard, and wild beast may be every where seen, while the joyous and hopeful spirit will find music enough in these forest aisles to increase its happiness, and make it bless the birds for their sweet minstrelsy.

But a night view of one of these cypress swamps is a thing never to be forgotten, and, were it not for the moon and stars and a cloudless sky, I am persuaded few solitary travellers could endure their desolation without real pain. Fit places would they be for the admirers of Byron to read his night-mare poem of "Darkness." I looked upon them and into them, however, from the window of a comfortable car, and I remember that in one of them there was an encampment of negroes who had been working on the road, and who, on a dry spot and around an immense light-wood fire, were dancing away the midnight hours to the music of banjo and fiddle. The scene was as romantic as could well be imagined, and the effect of the hanging mosses, which received and reflected back the fire light, was like that of a hundred chandeliers hanging from the roof of a great Gothic temple. I remember, too, that whenever the train of cars came to a halt on the borders of these swamps, as was frequently the case, a number of negroes bearing bright torches would start suddenly into view, and though their real object was to see that all was right with the wheels before crossing the trellised causeways, yet they sometimes seemed like evil spirits gathering angrily around the locomotive monster which had dared to penetrate their forest home.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Just before quitting the western border of South Carolina, I cast a single thought upon the pleasant and prosperous city of Charleston, which I had before visited, and upon the many chivalrous and distinguished citizens, the great and good Calhoun, the admired Simms and learned Bachman, who have done so much for the fame of the Palmetto state. With the fine location, broad streets, and thriving aspect of Augusta I was of course well pleased; but the weather was cold and cheerless, and I soon took the cars, running upon another unfinished road, for Savannah. Along this route the country is undulating, sparsely settled, and although pine forests predominate, we here discovered a decided change in the character of the vegetation. The fan-like palmetto is more luxuriant than it is in the Carolinas, and the ever-green magnolia, with its gorgeous leaves, and bearing in its season a stupendous but most lovely and fragrant flower, and the live oak, also an evergreen, with shawl like mosses hanging from every bough, here rivet the attention at each turn, and speak more plainly than words to the traveller that he is approaching a climate of perpetual summer.

And now I am in the charming city of Savannah, whose situation, on a high bank of its parent river, proves the founder thereof, Oglethorpe, to have been a man of taste and judgment. The place is regularly laid out, abounds in substantial but not flashy buildings, is completely embowered in evergreen oaks and other picturesque trees, and contains a greater number of ventilators, in the shape of public squares, than any city in the Union. Although the centre of an extensive commercial business, and having a lively appearance, yet, from the fact that its streets are not paved, but sandy, it is as noiseless as a country village. Its public buildings are tasteful, and about its private residences, which are generally approached, even in winter, through beds of flowers, there is an air of home-like comfort which is quite refreshing; and its hotels are well kept, and not inelegant in their accommodations. The position of the city is just sufficiently elevated to overlook the shipping in the harbor, and from a promenade at the eastern extremity an

interesting prospect is obtained, comprehending a long reach of the Savannah river, an extensive island of rice fields, and a broad expanse of level country, dotted with oaks and willows, and skirted in the extreme distance by a line of elevated forest, fading away to the ocean. The society of the town is refined, polite, and hospitable, and pride of family is a predominating characteristic of the inhabitants, who are in general sufficiently wealthy to support their position, and at the same time too sensible to make themselves unpopular by undue pretensions.

On taking an early walk through the market, I found it abundantly supplied with vegetables, game, and fish—sea-trout, whiting, and black sea-bass—and also with an occasional round of beef, all the way from New York. Negroes, men, women, and children, were the only dealers out of the good things of life, and a more jovial set of creatures is seldom met with anywhere; and while waiting for their customers, the principal employment of the market people seemed to be eating sugar-cane, of which they are very fond, and which is sold at the rate of two cents for a single cane. I wondered, as I took one in my hand, whether this was the same kind of "sweet cane from a far country," spoken of by the Prophet Jeremiah.

On attending the leading churches of the city, I was edified in each of them with a truly eloquent sermon, and especially so while listening to Bishop Elliott. I also enjoyed a most agreeable walk through the Savannah Park, which borders the city on the south. It is quite an extensive affair, surrounded with a handsome iron railing, completely filled with majestic pine trees, and is the favorite resort, on every pleasant afternoon, of the old who would forget their troubles, and the young who would meet and have a happy talk with their friends and companions.

The climate of Savannah is genial and salubrious; but, though the city itself is considered healthy, the surrounding country is subject to malarian diseases. But those who would defend it on this score have quite a serious stumbling-block to overcome. The number of people who die here is not a correct criterion of its healthfulness; for, occupying as it does the

position of a half-way stopping-place between the Northern States and Florida, many invalids are overtaken at this point by death while fleeing from the blasts of the North, or returning home from a vain search for health in the South. As may be imagined, therefore, the cemeteries of Savannah are objects of special attention with its citizens and of interest to the stranger.

The first of these which I visited was Bonaventure; and though I know that the drive thereto was along a wooded avenue three or four miles in length, composed of the water oak, pride of India, cabbage palmetto, and magnolia, that overlooks one of the outlets of the Savannah river and a salt marsh or savannah landscape, and contains many tasteful monuments, yet, in my recollection of it, I can only see its majestic and venerable trees. I question whether a more superb forest of live oak can any where be found. Though evidently planted by the hand of man in regular order, they appear to be as old as the bed of the neighboring river. Their fantastic tops are everywhere woven, as it were, into a kind of stupendous net-work, surmounted with a canopy of deep green leaves, from which, as well as from the enormous serpent-like limbs stretched forth in every direction, hang a thousand festoons of the graceful gray moss, which ever clings to the live oak as if determined that in itself and the parent tree beauty and grandeur should be perpetually symbolized. At times, too, this moss falls from above and clings lovingly to the blackened trunks of the old trees, and then again steals down their huge branches, encircling them in its soft folds, and only ceasing its apparently sportive movements when coming in contact with luxuriant beds of green mosses and vines growing upon the horizontal portion of the limbs. And when the wind chanced to enter this forest sanctuary, charmingly indeed and with a kind of life-like grace would the tendril mosses sway to and fro, and nothing was wanting—since there were present an occasional glimpse of the blue sky, and the familiar voices of the jay, sparrow, wren, and blue-bird—to complete the strange and very lovely scene. There was something really glorious in the aspect of this

retinue of giant trees, and, after divesting my mind of the disagreeable personal associations of their proprietorship, I could not help gazing upon them with affection, and I felt that their outstretched arms bespoke a kindred sentiment. As I walked among them, and now and then discovered a peerless magnolia casting its shadow upon a grave overgrown with the rose-bushes and creeping plants, while the twain were themselves enveloped in the neutral-tinted shade of the towering oaks, I felt that if aught on earth could make one in love with death, it would be a combination of natural objects such as I then beheld. I thought upon the dead, but before I could repeat the familar words, "peace to their ashes!" the oaken boughs and the swaying mosses seemed to take them from my lips and waft them in a hymn-like tone far upward to the sky.

In returning from Bonaventure I took a roundabout course for the purpose of visiting a model plantation, where I saw no less than one hundred negroes in a single field, which they were preparing to receive the spring planting of cotton and corn. Some two-thirds of them were able-bodied men, and the remainder buxom women; and as many of the former wore red flannel shirts, and the heads of the latter were crowned with fanciful handkerchiefs or turbans, and as an occasional mule and frequent bonfires were also visible, and nearly every individual was smoking a wooden pipe, the picture which they presented was decidedly interesting. That they were happy was quite apparent; and when I expressed surprise at their leisurely way of ploughing and hoeing, my companion informed me that each person had a limited task to perform, and that this was usually completed by three or four o'clock in the afternoon; by which arrangement the slaves had an opportunity of following their own inclinations. One side of the above field was skirted with a grove of luxuriant trees, through which lay our road, and in whose shadow were many negro children playing and frolicking, but whose ostensible employment was bringing a good dinner to their parents. In this vicinity it was, too, that I had my first good view of an extensive rice-field, which was so ditched, dammed up, and scientifically arranged

that it might be flooded at pleasure by the salt water in its vicinity, which is indispensable to the growth and nourishment of the rice grain. And on a green fronting the plain but comfortable residence of the proprietor of this plantation I saw three or four magnificent specimens of the live-oak standing by themselves, the diameter of whose shadows measured from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet.

But, notwithstanding Bonaventure, the most convenient and popular burial-place belonging to Savannah, is Laurel Cemetery. It has been recently laid out, and, occupying as it does a sunny position in the immediate vicinity of a virgin forest where thousands of birds have built their nests, it is, as all such places should be, distinguished for its cheerfulness. It abounds in handsome monuments; but the leading feature in this way is the memorial of a young husband to his young wife, representing a Gothic portal with a heart suspended over an open Bible, bearing appropriate inscriptions, and carved from the purest white marble.

Not far removed from Laurel Cemetery, is the burial-place of the black population. Here the monuments are brick with marble slabs, and frequently of wood. Some of the inscriptions I thought worth copying for their novelty. Over the grave of a child, for example, are these words:

"Sweet withered lily, farewell."

The fate of a man who had been drowned, is thus commemorated:

"Sacred to the memory of Robert Spencer, who came to his Death by a Boat, July 9th, 1840, aged 21 years.

"Reader, as you am now, so once I;
And as I am now so mus you be shortly. Amen."

On the monument of a woman are the following touching words:

"Go home, mother, dry up your weeping tears.
God's will be done.

On a slab, erected to the memory of a cooper who had been

killed in tightening the hoops of a keg of powder which exploded during the operation, is this curious sentence:

"This stone was erected by the members of the Axe Company, Coopers, and Committee of the 2d African Church of Savannah, for the purpose of having a Hearse for benevolent purposes, of which he was the first sexton."

From the above specimens, it cannot be questioned that *Horatian* philosophers would have a fine field for their genius in the negro grave-yard of Savannah.

In a long and pleasant conversation which I have had in this city with WILLIAM B. HODGSON, Esq., many highly interesting particulars came to my knowledge respecting the extinct gigantic quadrupeds of the coast of Georgia, as developed by the discovery of their fossil remains in no less than three widely-separated localities. The names by which these animals are known are the megatherium, mastodom giganteum, mammoth, hippopotamus, and the horse. Their fossil remains consisted of teeth, vertebræ, tusks, and skulls, and they generally occurred in groups, and in some cases the greater part of the bones of the same skeleton were found in immediate juxtaposition. When first uncovered many of the specimens were quite perfect, but on being exposed to the air began to crumble, and all the specimens were found at nearly the same depth below the surface and embedded in the same formation, resting on yellow sand, and enveloped in recent clay alluvium. The testimony adduced to prove that these relics are really what they are alleged to be, consists in the united testimony of many eminent geologists both in this country and England. The most important of these fossils are now in the cabinet of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia; and though to the casual observer they present only the appearance of a few uncouth and formless substances, yet to the Christian philosopher most eloquently do they proclaim the power and unsearchable wisdom of the Creator.

FLORIDA.

I CAME from Savannah to within twenty miles of St. Augustine in the good steamboat St. John, and by what is known as the inland route into the river St. John. The coast of Georgia along which we sailed possesses many features which were new to me; and as these, with few exceptions, are known to mark the Atlantic coast of the United States from Chesapeake Bay to the Mississippi, an allusion to them may not be uninteresting in this place. Along the Georgia section the prominent sea islands number no less than ten, and they are generally covered with a luxuriant growth of forest trees called hummocks. They are comprised within a belt of about twelve miles from the sea to the main land; and attached to all of them, on the inner side as well as to the main land, are very extensive salt marshes, which are usually cut up by tide-water streams, forming the natural outlets to the various rivers on the coast. The sea side of these islands is commonly a white sandy beach, interspersed with occasional spots of marine vegetation; and while the hummock land is held in high estimation for its good qualities in producing the long staple or Sea Island cotton, the interior marshes abound in sedges and rushes of several varieties. The basins of salt water or sounds which border the main land are generally so linked together as to form a continuous and secure navigation for the smaller class of vessels; but, instead of being covered with the white wings of commerce, by the acquiescence of Southern enterprise, they swarm with water fowl throughout the entire year. To the casual observer the appearances of this coast would seem to indicate that the land in ages past had

trespassed upon the sea; but the students of geology affirm, upon the strength of phenomena presented by the tide-water marshes, that the sea itself has been the invader, and that where once the cypress, live oak, and magnolia bloomed in primeval luxuriance, the porpoise and devil fish now sport in undisturbed freedom.

And here, in passing, I would devote a short paragraph to the devil fish. This sea monster I am only acquainted with by reputation, having never seen one; but I know that there is a specimen of his satanic majesty in the Philadelphia museum; that he belongs to the *Cartilaginous* class of fishes and to the family of *Rays;* that he is an uncouth four-cornered creature, with a creditable tail, and varies in length from eight to eighteen feet; that he is very active, has a huge and frightful mouth but feeds upon small fish; also, that he is found in considerable numbers along the coasts of South Carolina and Georgia; that he is partial to the sounds, and is apparently of no use, unless it be to gratify the taste for sporting, and try the fortitude of its chief annihilator, Hon. William Elliott, of Beaufort Sound, South Carolina. This well-known planter and accomplished gentleman has for many years past devoted himself to the study as well as the harpooning of the devil fish, and, for private circulation, has written a small but highly interesting volume on the subject of Carolina sports in general. For him to be drawn about for hours at a time by this fish in a fairy-like boat and after a fairy-like fashion is by no means an uncommon occurrence; but, while the sport must be exciting in the extreme, it is quite venturesome, and requires an uncommon proportion of both nerve and sinew. The book referred to is, in its way, one of the best and most original in the language, and an edition for general circulation ought to be published, and would be well received by the sportsmen and lovers of natural history throughout the land.

Many of the passages through which our steamer had to make her way were very narrow, so that we were constantly getting aground, and, as the banks were muddy, it was a novel sight to see the negro sailors go ashore in mire up to their

waists for the purpose of planting the stakes, by which and a stout hawser we were set afloat again. Upon the mud banks in question I noticed a small variety of the oyster which were scattered along the shore in immense quantities, sometimes in isolated clusters and then again in layers or beds of considerable extent. Though quite small, I found them well flavored. I heard them spoken of as the raccoon oyster, and was told that they are so called on account of their being the favorite food of the raccoon in this section of country. The feeding time with the four-legged animal is of course when the tide is low; and the same remark might almost be made in regard to the oyster itself, since it is not uncommon for this intelligent shell fish to seize with its pearly hands the foot of the eagle, the crow, or the crane, while these bipeds are sauntering along the muddy shores. As to the game found along this coast, I am told it is inexhaustible. In their proper seasons and their favorite haunts the deer and turkey, the woodcock and snipe, the partridge, quail, and curlew, as well as many kinds of the duck race, are slaughtered in marvelous numbers. The deer are hunted with dogs and horses; and one gentleman whom I met on the steamboat, and who showed to me a five-hundred dollar gun just received from England, informed me that, within a few weeks past, he and four companions had killed in three days no less than thirty nine. Cultivated fields along our route were few and far between; but I was told that all the islands contained highly cultivated plantations, where cotton and corn flourished almost spontaneously, upon which were employed from four to fourteen hundred slaves; and where the society, though comparatively isolated, is distinguished for its refinement and warm-hearted hospitality. The only towns that our steamer visited were Darien, at the mouth of the Altamaha, and St. Mary, at the mouth of the river so named. The first I saw by moonlight, and it looked imposing; the second on a bright sunny morning, and it was beautiful; but I imagine that the surrounding scenery, with the fragrance of orange groves in their midst or neighborhood, did more to make them attractive than the habitations.

The chief novelty in the vegetable kingdom that attracted my attention was the cabbage palmetto, which was sufficiently palm-like in its aspect to remind one of oriental scenery. The waters through which we passed are said to be filled in the summer time with alligators, but none of them were seen during our trip; and I was surprised to learn that, like the bear, they remain secreted and partially dormant during the winter in large holes, which they burrow into the muddy banks.

In a conversation that I had with our captain he related many affecting incidents resulting from the folly in invalids of seeking the South after their diseases have been pronounced incurable. Many persons with feeble gait, hollow cough, and the hectic flush upon their cheeks had he assisted to their state-rooms on his vessel at Savannah bound to Florida, who in a few months made the return trip in their coffins. But he gave it as his opinion that the great majority of those who hopelessly journeyed to the South for their health, were sent away from their homes by the physicians who desired to be spared the pain of witnessing the death of their patients. The idea struck me with astonishment; and yet two of my fellow passengers, who appeared too feeble to survive another day, and who told me they had been driven away by their physicians, convinced me of its truth. Incipient consumption may undoubtedly be banished for a time by seeking this genial climate; but it were better, far better, to die at an early day among one's kindred, and surrounded with the comforts of home, than to die a few weeks or months later in a strange place among strangers and subjected to all the privations of a sparsely-settled country.

But, after a short outside detour, our little steamer has crossed a surf-covered bar, passed into still water, between extensive beaches of white sand, covered with immense flocks of the white and gray pelican, and is quietly pursuing her romantic voyage up the river St. John or *Welaka*, as the Seminoles called it, the meaning of which is Lake River. This stream is justly the pride of Florida; and, what is remarkable, it is the only considerable one in the Union which runs in a northerly direction from its fountain-head. Its name indeed is the only unoriginal

RIVER ST. JOHN, FLORIDA.

thing about it; but this is quite appropriate, for, like its apostolic namesake, it performs its allotted duty in the wilderness, and where reeds without number are shaken in the wind. I ascended the river in the steamer, and when tired of sailing I left it at Picolata, and from that point crossed over to St. Augustine, on the sea-board, in a private carriage. The waters of the St. John are broad and lake-like, say from two to four miles wide, from ten to twenty feet deep, flowing without any perceptible current, of a dark wine color, but clear and somewhat sluggish. Its shores are generally low, scarcely ever attaining an elevation of fifteen feet, and, though commonly skirted with forests, composed of pine, cypress, live oak, magnolia, Spanish bayonet, and palmetto, yet the monotony of the scenery is often relieved by broad reaches of swamp or grass land. Islands and points of land having the aspect of islands are numerous, and, during the calm weather, their only mission would seem to be to rival the clouds in harmless vanity and admire their manifold charms reflected in the waters which surround them. They give sustenance, however, to a great variety of game, including deer and turkeys; their shores swarm with water-fowl, and in the shadow of almost every oak overhanging its sandy or reedy banks may be seen a sentinel crane or bittern. Generally speaking the shores of this noble river are as wild as they were centuries ago; and the loneliness of a sail upon its bosom is only enhanced by the solitary vessels stealing away as if among the trees the occasional rafts with their lazy navigators, and the few steam saw-mills which, to the poetic eye, appear to view, and depart more like visions than realities. But those engaged in the lumbering business here are chiefly Northerners, and they of course are thinking more of dollars than of nature and the picturesque. Within the last three years they have built some twenty steam mills at as many eligible points on the river, costing from six to twelve thousand dollars each; and their lumber finds a ready market not only in the Northern States, but in the West Indies. This new spirit of enterprise, coupled with the fact that the winter climate of Florida is getting to be considered a certain cure for many incipient diseases, is doing much

to make this wilderness blossom into a blessing to the human family; and it is natural and right that watering places and small villages should spring up in every direction, as they undoubtedly will, albeit their presence may detract from the lonely beauty of its scenery.

The varieties of fish found in the St. John are quite limited; the only game fish being the black-bass of the west and northwest, but which is here universally and erroneously designated a *trout*. In these waters, however, it grows to a great size, sometimes attaining a weight of twenty pounds. By the natives it is taken with the minnow and a piece of flannel which they call a *bob;* and as I knew by intuition, before I saw it, that it was not a trout, and am ready to declare that the common trout is found nowhere in Florida, so am I disposed to assert that the fish in question, if angled for with a fly, as they do in Lake George and the St. Lawrence, would be found to afford first-rate sport. And it is a singular coincidence, which I may mention here, that while the St. John and the St. Lawrence are the only rivers emptying into the Atlantic which contain the beautiful and delicious fresh water fish correctly called the black-bass, their waters are both unvisited by the invaluable shad. If I am correctly informed, this fish has never been found in the St. John, (although its cousin, the herring, run up the stream by thousands,) and, if ever taken in the St. Lawrence, they are there very scarce and very puny, and held in no better esteem than the herring. The red fish of Florida, which is a species of mullet, is a capital fish for the table. By the Indians they are killed with the bow and arrow, while the Spanish inhabitants have a mode peculiar to themselves. They have a circular net, ten feet in diameter, which they throw with dexterity, so that it opens while it flies, and having lead around it, all the fish that are under it are enclosed, and then the cord, which is retained in the hand, is drawn, and thus the fish are *bagged*.

In navigating the St. John the traveller may go as far as Pilatka in a steamboat of good dimensions, but when he is anxious, as he certainly will be, to go from fifty to a hundred

miles through a chain of most beautiful lakes, he must ship himself on board of a steamboat just large enough, "and nothing more," to deserve the name. Throughout this region the vegetation is rank and summer-like during the whole year, and, though there is positively no end to the wilderness pictures which present themselves at every turn of the tiny vessel, the voyage soon becomes monotonous, and the heart of a Northerner sighs for the scenes and associations of home. I would rather read of the "land of the cypress and myrtle" than spend my days among its reptiles and in its enervating climate; and if I can only enjoy the orange and lemon, the banana, the pine-apple, and olive, under a roof mantled with snow, I will relinquish the pleasure of gathering them to the negroes, whose business it is to do so, in the valley of the St. John and other portions of Florida. As the sources of the river St. John have never been surveyed, it is impossible to give its exact length. Indeed some of its native explorers inform me that the canoes of the Indians have, in times past, undoubtedly traversed its basin even to the most southerly extremity of the State, thereby passing through *At-See-Nahoopa*, or Big Cyprus Swamp, the Lake called *Okee-Cho-bee* or Big Water, and *Pah-hay-o-kee* or Grass Water, commonly called the Everglades. During a rainy season this was undoubtedly possible; but, if future explorations should prove the existence of such a communication, it could then be said of the St. John that no less than three of the great wonders of the United States had conspired to form its cradle or fountain-head. The Big Swamp, now the home of the few Seminole Indians remaining in Florida, is said to be about one hundred and fifty miles in extent, and a thousand-fold more desolate than its dismal competitor in Virginia; and in regard to its varied and luxuriant vegetation, its large trees, heavy mosses, venomous reptiles, damp atmosphere, and primeval solitude and gloom, is probably not surpassed by any other spot of the green earth. From this swamp, on one way up the basin of the St. John, and yet in a southerly direction, we glide into the large and still more lonely lake called Big Water, which is some forty miles in diameter, and whose waters are only

disturbed by tropical winds and myriads of the feathered race. Bordering this lake upon the south, and extending therefrom almost to the Keys of Florida, a distance of more than a hundred miles, are located the famous and wonderful Everglades. Here we have what appears to be an emerald ocean, filled with innumerable islands, varying in size from one acre to two thousand. The grass which gives the plain its brilliant color grows to the height of ten feet, and is remarkable for its triangular shape and saw-like edges, and springs from a bed of water, from one to four feet in depth, which is perfectly clear, and swayed to and fro after the fashion of a tide. The islands are circular in shape, high and dry, composed of a black and very rich soil, and always covered with a solid mass of the rankest vegetation, where the oak with its long beard lords it over the orange, where the magnolia vies with unnumbered nameless plants in filling the air with fragrance, and where the mocking-bird and the parrot build their nests in perpetual solitude.

And now, as the object of this letter was to conduct the reader to St. Augustine, it is high time that I should leave the St. John and cross the belt of country lying between the river and the ocean. In passing, however, I must pay my respects to Picolata, which, like many other Florida towns, figures largely on the maps, but consists only of one house and a long rickety wharf. At this point a grove of mossy oaks will be viewed with peculiar pleasure by every one; and while the antiquarian may turn aside to peer into the nooks and corners of an ancient Spanish fort, long since razed to the ground, as tradition says, by a party of savages, the lover of books and authors may visit the log cabin in the neighborhood of one Williams, who has published a very readable book about the history and natural productions of Florida, and here leads the life of a literary recluse. The drive from Picolata to this place is over a level sandy road, through a pine forest interspersed with swamps and hummocks, or islands of unusually rank vegetation, and across many charmingly clear streams. I made the journey on a quiet moonlight night, and, whilst my ear was pleased with the croaking of frogs, the singing of the wood cricket, and the

hooting of owls, my eye wandered among the columns of the forest, in "intricate mazes lost," and watched with interest the glancing of the brilliant moonlight upon the leaves and grasses all drooping under a heavy dew, as well as upon the blossoms of the yellow jessamine which filled the air with fragrance. My coachman on this occasion was a negro, and possessed of sufficient intelligence to inform me, as we drove across two particular swamps, that in one of them, during the Indian troubles, the late amiable and accomplished Major Searle was wounded by a party of Seminoles, and that in the other, a number of play-actors, on their way to St. Augustine, were murdered by the notorious chief Wild Cat and his followers, and who, on a subsequent occasion, made his appearance in a pitched battle decked out in the costume of Richard the Third.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

As this Augustine is the oldest, so is it the oddest town in the United States. I propose not to go at all into its interesting and romantic history, although if I had time and opportunity to rummage among the archives of Spain and England, I would like nothing better than to write its history in full; for since the time that its site was usurped by Melendez from the Chief of the Yamassees, just two hundred and eighty-nine years ago, it has been the scene alike of Spanish rule and persecution, of Huguenot misfortune, of Buccaneer outrages, of British valor and conquest, and of savage revenge, until we find it, as it is now, the least thriving and in its aspect the most foreign city belonging to our Confederacy. We may indeed say of Florida in general that, as the scene of continued changes and violence, its history is more melancholy than that of any of its sister states. War and bloodshed have, from the earliest times, been its chief inheritance; and the Fountain of Perpetual Youth, with the gold mines that helped to give it a universal fame, have long since melted into air, and will only be remembered in future years, when connected with the names of De Leon and De Soto, as the fables of the land. But, as the sword and the spear have given place to the plough and the pruning-hook, and peace is resting in all her borders, we may now hope that what has heretofore been the arena of discord and carnage, will hereafter be the home of prosperity and contentment.

My object in this letter is simply to describe St. Augustine as it now appears. The position of the city is upon the extreme point of a tongue of low sandy land, formed by the junction of

the St. Sebastian river and the small bay of North river, which affords a safe harbor for the smaller class of vessels; and while the country on the west is low, sandy, and covered with a pine forest, the prospect on the east comprehends the flat island of Anastatia, famous for a shell stone or coquina quarry, and surmounted by a lighthouse, originally a Spanish lookout, and beyond which sweeps the Atlantic ocean. The plan of the city, which is in the style of the ancient Spanish military towns, is a parallelogram, traversed longitudinally by two very narrow streets, intersected by equally narrow streets, all of them unpaved, whereby a number of squares are formed, around which are built of wood and occasionally of stone, the few hundred dwarfish, fantastic, ancient, dilapidated, and extensively-balconied and gable-roofed houses which characterize the town. You enter the place on the landward side by a common bridge spanning the marshy Sebastian; and it is protected from the incursions of the ocean by a massive sea-wall, which is the fashionable promenade, and from which projects the one solitary wharf of the port, whose commerce is represented by the occasional arrival of a steamboat from Savannah and some half-dozen fishing boats. In every direction are unmistakable evidences of the fact that fire and time have done their best to make this spot the home of desolation; and while the more ancient houses such as the residence of some old Governor or an old custom-house, proclaim the opulence and good taste of their builders, many others would lead one to suppose that their owners were cramped for room and very poor. Ruined mansions and ruined walls predominate, with not a few reduced families; and while the mere business man could hardly spend a day here without sighing to be away, there is an abundance of material to be found in the town and its vicinity to gratify for a long time the lovers of the picturesque and a kind-hearted population, of good living and fair sporting, and agreeable society, which may all be enjoyed under a sky where the rose-tints of summer are almost perpetual, and where roses, rich and rare, bloom throughout the winter, and the beautiful date tree, with the cabbage palmetto and orange, vie with the oleander and magnolia in lording it over

the more unpretending but not less interesting plants which flourish everywhere in this latitude.

The population of St. Augustine is somewhere about twenty-five hundred; and, although it boasts of a small but highly intelligent class of American citizens, a large proportion are descendants of families who, as the story goes, were deceitfully lured to Florida, for selfish purposes, from the island of Minorca, by an Englishman named Turnbull. Though it has changed owners a number of times, having passed from the Spaniards to the English and back again to the Spaniards, and from them purchased by Uncle Sam, the character of its people has undergone but little change. The Minorcans are chiefly Roman Catholics, are a mild and inoffensive race, and in the small ways of fishing and shop keeping, industrious. They live on little, and their limited savings are mostly invested in slaves, whose services as hired servants yield them a small income. Their numerical superiority enables them to elect their own city rulers, and, by way of showing their regard for the doctrine of protection, they impose an annual tax upon their own slaves of fifteen cents, and upon those owned elsewhere, but employed here, a tax of ten dollars. As a community they are poor, and yet native paupers are unknown. They are small in stature, but delight in large families; and that they are honest is proven by the fact that they do not harbor in their midst such an affair as a jail. In their social intercourse the Minorcans are generally somewhat exclusive, for a very good reason, no doubt; and, as a matter of course, the more intelligent and refined portion of the community, among whom are several Minorcan families, occupy a sphere of their own. The little business of the place is carried on by the former class, but it may please future visitors to learn that the hotels and boarding-houses are all under the management of Southern individuals with "Northern principles" of domestic economy. From personal experience I can only speak of one of these establishments kept by Miss Fatio, a most estimable and popular lady; and if the others are as home-like and comfortable as this, the ancient city may well be proud of her houses for the accommodation of

travellers and invalids. And thus much, in a general way, of the quaint, isolated, famous, and almost useless city of St. Augustine. That it abounds in curiosities may well be imagined, but the only two that can be understandingly described by the pen, are the Castle of St. Mark and the City Plaza.

St. Mark, though a castle by name, is really nothing more than a fortress of great strength, built by the Spanish Government according to the most approved principles of military science. By many intelligent people it might be correctly deemed a splendid affair; and yet, in some official document of our General Government, by whose mandate it is sometimes called Fort Marion, it has been pronounced merely a "good specimen of military architecture." It covers a number of acres at the northern extremity of the city, and is approached through a very picturesque gateway in ruins. It is built of coquina stone, with thick walls twenty-one feet high, and its four bastioned angles are surmounted with graceful watch-towers. The work, which slopes to the water on one side, is surrounded on the three others by a broad and deep ditch or moat, with perpendicular walls of masonry, over which is thrown a bridge to the entrance gate, which was formerly protected by a draw. The descent to this bridge is by two flights of winding stone steps, at the junction of which is placed a block of stone, with a round basin hollowed in the top of it, intended for holy water. Above the main entrance are cut in a block the Spanish coat of arms, and an inscription in Spanish, which may be translated as follows: "Don Ferdinand the Sixth, being the King of Spain, and the Field Marshal Don Alonzo Fernandos de Herida, being Governor and Captain-General of this place. St. Augustine of Florida and its province, hereby declare that this fortress was finished in the year 1756. The works were directed by the Capt. Engineer Don Pedro de Brasas y Garay." The cost of the fortress, which was more than fifty years in building, has been estimated at several millions of dollars. Whatever that may have been, it has been stated that when the builders petitioned the King for one of the later instalments to complete it, he replied, that they must either be building it high enough to look across the ocean, or of solid silver.

So much for the exterior; and now for a glance at the interior of this old fortress. My first and only visit of exploration was made in company with a small party of ladies and gentlemen, whose talking and laughing voices contrasted strangely with the feelings inspired by the gray storm-beaten walls which surrounded us, and the rank grasses and weeds, which not only covered the earth upon which we trod, but grew in wild profusion upon the ramparts and parapets of the war-worn ruin. I cannot attempt from recollection to give the number of rooms and cells that we visited. Among those which interested me particularly was the jail-room, whence the Seminole chief *Co-a-coo-che*, or Wild Cat, and twenty-three of his fellows, made their escape through a loop-hole, apparently too narrow to admit the smallest human head; and the story goes, that on the day preceding his escape, Wild-Cat informed his great fellow-prisoner, Oceola, of his intentions, to which hint the noble barbarian replied; "I will not go with you; you may go, and I should be glad to have my old father join you, but I cannot. They brought me here once, and they would bring me back again. Let me alone." The hero was even then broken-hearted, and so he died. The subsequent career of Wild-Cat has proven him a knave.

Another of the cavernous rooms of this old fortress contains an ancient Spanish money chest. So heavy and so huge it seemed, that nothing less than horse-power could ever turn the key or lift the lid, and resting against it were a pair of massive cannon wheels, made of solid mahogany. In another room there lay scattered upon the stony floor, in a sleep that could hardly experience another waking, a litter of great war-dogs in the shape of battered cannon; while members of the same family might be seen lying dismantled in every direction in the open spaces of the fort. Another and far more curious room was that which the builders had designed for a chapel, with niches in the solid walls for holy water, and a recess for the altar and the crucifix, and where many an old Spaniard must have knelt to count their beads and pray only a few moments, before their loyalty called upon them to apply the match

that would send their civilized or savage enemies by hundreds into eternity.

But of all the half-hidden, low-arched rooms in this old fortress, the one denominated the dungeon is the most interesting. In an accidental manner was it discovered, by the falling in of a portion of the rampart attached to the sea wall, and in the deepest mystery is its history involved. It came to light soon after the fortress had been ceded to the United States, at which time, as our official guide informed us, there was found in one corner of it a human skeleton, the soles of a pair of shoes, and an earthen jug and cup. Not a single other object did its naked, slimy, arched walls cover, and these, even after a wall five feet in thickness had been broken through, could not be seen without a torch, so intense was the darkness. When we entered this dreadful prison-house the relics had been removed and scattered, but the same heavy darkness was there, and by the match that we lighted we could see nothing but the solemn walls and our foot-prints upon the dust-covered floor. Who, if the story be true, was the being that perished in this living grave? Of what nation? What his crime, if indeed he was a criminal? Was he a victim of religious bigotry? If so, he must have been a noted one. What a death was that to die! What a subject for thought, the fancied history of that poor mortal! And oh how cheerful and balmy was the pure air of heaven, the delicate fragrance of the flowers, and the sight of sweetly smiling faces, after we had escaped from this horrible place!

The city square of Augustine, to which I have alluded, occupies a central position in the town, and is quite a characteristic ornament. The promenading portion is only partially enclosed, and that too with what might be called a post and rail fence, and in the centre of it stands a monument some twenty feet high, which commemorates the giving of a constitutional basis to the Spanish Government. It is one of many which were erected in various portions of the Spanish dominions, and, with this single exception, the whole of them were demolished by order of Ferdinand the VII., on his accession to the throne.

It is quite a graceful affair, and its only inscription is "Plaza de la Constitution." Along the several streets which bound the square are situated the principal public buildings of the place. On the west is an old dilapidated mansion, which was the residence of a former Spanish Governor, but is now used as a hall of justice and for the public offices; on the north is a half-demolished Catholic church, interesting from its antiquity, with bare stone walls and a stone floor, several images, and a flat piece of mason work running up to a point in front, in which are cut four window-like holes, containing each a partly cracked bell; on the east is a small market-house, which is never occupied after sunrise, according to a peculiar custom of the place; and the bell which summons the Catholic population to mass, warns the market people to suspend their dealings in the things of life; and on the south side of the square is a small but neat and well-proportioned Episcopal church, in which, as well as in the Presbyterian church in another part of the town, may be enjoyed at the present time unusually good preaching, from the lips of two talented gentlemen. The prevailing religion of Augustine, however, is the Catholic, and, as Christmas is at hand, I have had an opportunity to witness the custom which in this town invariably precedes the Carnival. Masquerading parties are formed by the young men of Minorean blood, and with bands of music they parade the streets until midnight, and, by virtue of the forbearance of the Protestant population, enter their dwellings without ceremony, and cut up their fantastic capers; after which, they retire to some rendezvous in their own quarter of the town, and spend the remainder of the night in dancing and festivity, to which they are universally addicted.

An amusing spectacle is also exhibited at the close of Carnival week, in honor of St. Peter, the fisherman of Galilee, by which his professional skill in the use of the net, is attempted to be illustrated. An eye-witness describes it as follows: "As I passed along one of the streets, my attention was arrested by a motley crowd of black and white people. I was at first at a loss to account for the rabble and the horrid noises they made.

On a nearer approach I perceived two half-grown men heading a company of maskers, who were clothed in a fisherman's dress. Over the shoulder of each was hung a common Spanish net. Whenever an unsuspicious person came within range of a cast, the net was suddenly thrown over his head, so as to enclose his person; and then, of course, followed a roar of boisterous laughter. Thus the streets were beset until the farce was ended."

In describing the objects of interest at St. Augustine, I must not forget to mention the United States Barracks, which occupy a spot where formerly stood a monastic retreat. The buildings are plain, but have a cheerful and comfortable appearance, and command a fine view of the country in the rear, as well as of the ocean. In the military graveyard adjoining, under appropriate memorials, repose the ashes of one hundred and seven American soldiers, who fell a sacrifice to the Séminoles in the Indian war, and who were the first fruits of the famous threat which Osceola made on closing his intercourse with the whites, after he had declared his intention never to leave the grave of his fathers, and had been refused the privilege of purchasing powder: "Am I a negro?" said he, "a slave? My skin is dark, but not black. I am an Indian, a Seminole. The white man shall not make me black. I will make the white man red with blood, and then blacken him in the sun and rain, where the wolf shall smell his bones, and the buzzard live upon his flesh."

But my pen is impatient to touch upon a more genial theme, and that shall be the climate of this region. That St. Augustine enjoys many advantages in this particular cannot be questioned, and the same may be said of the peninsula of Florida in general. If grey-haired men, who have passed the greater part of their lives here, are to be believed, a more equable and salubrious climate can hardly anywhere be found. It is, indeed, an evergreen land, whose breezes are ever soft, balmy, and exhilarating. While its short winters are usually so mild as to render fires unnecessary, its long summers are far from being irksome or depressing; and while whole volumes of testimony could be produced to prove that nearly all, if not quite all, the pulmonary diseases, when taken in their incipient stages, may

be eradicated under the influence of this climate. The average number of fair days in a year, and for a series of years, has been ascertained to be two hundred and fifty; while in the Northern States the average number of fair days per annum, has been fixed at one hundred and twenty. Once in a great while jack frost makes a flying visit to Northern Florida, but by the time that he covers the little pools with a film of ice, and nips with his fingers the more youthful orange trees, he hears the sighing of the trade winds, and departs for the north more suddenly than he came. It is not my province to speak at length upon the subject of this southern climate, with regard to its advantages or disadvantages in a medical point of view. The theories are so numerous, and so antagonistic, that those who flee to Florida, to escape their diseases, had better trust themselves to the Divine Physician, than to their medical advisers, or to the learned dissertations of the writing doctors, who are getting to be so very numerous throughout the land.

For those who would sing the praises of this climate no better plan could be devised than to catalogue the flowers which are now in full bloom here in the open air—the jonquil, the Spanish pink, the rose, the oleander, the datura, and geranium, and its chief productions in the way of fruit. It is indeed so genial that it nourishes with luxuriance in the open air nearly all the fruits peculiar to tropical climes. Among those which flourish within the limits of Florida, (though some of them do better in the more southern portion,) are the orange, pineapple, lemon, cocoanut, banana, date, citron, olive, and fig. Now, if these are not enough to make even a well man's mouth water, and suggest the idea that even his constitution might be benefited by Florida climate, then I hardly know what would. But, after all, even though it is but an hour since I had the pleasure of plucking with my own hand, and enjoying an orange and a few fine figs, I cannot forget the pulpy peach and the crisp apple of "my boyhood's home." The orange and pine-apple, however, are unquestionably the staple fruits of Florida, and consequently demand a more particular notice. Of the orange, there are three varieties—the sweet, bitter-sweet, and the sour. Previ-

ous to the year 1835, the groves of the former had, for a long time, been numerous and thrifty. Much attention was paid to their cultivation, and the average yield of good trees was five hundred oranges. The trade was brisk, and from St. Augustine alone were exported annually about three millions, yielding a revenue of $75,000. In February, 1835, however, a severe frost swept over this region and destroyed the entire species of the orange tribe, from which calamity the State is now only beginning to recover. The culture of the pine-apple has been found to be quite as successful and profitable as the orange, especially in the southern part of the State, where it is said to mature from cuttings in about eighteen months. An acre of land, which has to be of a peculiar quality, has been known to yield four thousand pines, and to be sold on the spot at five cents each. These few particulars indicate the superior advantages possessed by Florida for the cultivation of tropical fruits, and which, in future years, will undoubtedly do much towards enriching her more industrious inhabitants.

The foregoing allusion to the fruits of Florida naturally brings to mind the stately and magnificent live-oak. They usually grow in what are called "hummocks," and the approach to them, after a monotonous drive through the pine barrens, never fails to fill the traveller with delight. In their vicinity the air is cooler and more salubrious than elsewhere, the vegetation more luxuriant, the flowers larger and more fragrant, and the birds sing more sweetly. But their destruction, for the benefit of our navy, has kept pace with the gradual annihilation of the poor Indians, and the nobler specimens are few and far between. The men employed in cutting this oak are called "Live-Oakers;" they are generally citizens of New England, and spend only the winter in Florida, where the life they lead, toiling by day in the midst of so many beautiful and pleasant things to gratify the senses, and sleeping at night in rude log shantees, is full of romance. Occasionally, however, are to be found individuals, who have permanently abandoned their northern homes, and brought their families to Florida where they are happy and at peace in their possessions.

But the climate and soil of Florida are also well adapted to the growth of indigo. When the English had possession of the country, it was cultivated to a much greater extent than at present, and not even Caraccas could produce a better quality. It grows wild upon the barrens of nearly the whole peninsula of Florida. The seed of this plant is small and is sown, in March, in drill-rows. It blooms about the first of July, when the flowers and tender branches, which resemble white clover, are cut off with a sickle, and in a vat go through the process of steeping in water. The purple liquid thus formed, is then *churned*, whereby a blue *fecula* is formed, and this with the *sediment* form the solid indigo. The plant will yield three cuttings in a season, and one person can obtain two hundred pounds of the marketable article from three acres of land in a single season.

And now, by way of proving the authenticity of this letter, I must append to it an item or two in the sporting line. Within two or three miles of Augustine, with well-trained hounds, may be enjoyed the very best of deer-hunting; and in its immediate vicinity duck, turkey, and curlew-shooting to any extent. In the way of fish, the sheeps-head takes the lead, and a species of the salt-water trout follows it in popularity. The alligator is found here in great numbers. Though savage in their appearance, these monsters are afraid of man. They vary in length from three to twelve feet; live in dens, built of mud and weeds, after the manner of the beaver-houses; are very destructive to hogs; quite prolific, hatching from one to two hundred little wretches at a time; are supposed to attain a very great age, and, next to man, their greatest enemy, strange as it may seem, is the black porpoise, which frequently pursues them to their very dens. And speaking of porpoises, reminds me of the fact that only a few days ago one of these creatures was captured which was positively known to have been wounded in the upper fin by a rifle-ball over twenty years ago, and he was killed by an old fisherman, who has annually seen him feeding off the bar of St. Augustine ever since he was first wounded.

BLACK CREEK AND TRAVELLING INCIDENTS.

After leaving St. Augustine I retraced the land route to Picolata, crossed the St. John to the mouth of Black Creek, and in a small steamboat ascended that stream to Gerrey's Ferry, a distance of some twenty miles. From that point to Newnansville I was compelled to travel by private conveyance, and I managed to reach here in safety. The same feat, or something like it, has undoubtedly been performed by the officers of our army in former times, but their only enemies were the revengeful Seminoles; the dangers from which I have escaped were those of starvation and a rickety vehicle. But I have seen some curious places and people, and the first which I propose to mention is Black Creek.

This stream is forty miles long, some three hundred feet wide, and from fifteen to thirty feet deep. Although fed exclusively by springs, its waters are apparently as black as black can be, and its principal inhabitants are the alligator and the cat-fish. It is exceedingly winding in its course, and runs for the most part through an immensely dense cypress swamp, where silence and solitude reign supreme. Indeed, I do not suppose that more than a dozen human habitations could be counted immediately upon its banks in traversing its entire length, and these are so small and so dingy that they but add to the prevailing desolation. The vegetation is so rank and matted that you may travel for miles without catching even a glimpse of mother earth, and when you do you wonder if she is not getting to be amphibious, so very low and moist are her developments. While in summer the general aspect of the

stream is that of a winding and beautiful black canal, walled in with green; its present appearance, now that the cypress trees are all leafless and gray, and completely covered with long hanging gray moss, is that of a stream hemmed in with a frieze-work of dark granite, at the foot of which is a line of green shrubbery, mixed up with reeds, while everywhere are floating upon the placid stream huge water-lilies without number, all golden in their attire. On peering more closely into this conglomerate mass of vegetation, however, the eyes of the traveller will ever find much to enjoy; for in just such a swamp does the magnolia attain its greatest perfection, and vines grow more luxuriantly and fantastically than in any other locality. And then, again, the hoary forest, as if jealous of its inner recesses, seems to have stationed its soldiery at every convenient spot, and as these huge giants extend their branches far over the stream, now holding high in air vines enough to rig a frigate, and then waving to the breeze their banners of moss, they proclaim their power and antiquity in a most impressive manner. Water-fowl of every variety and in immense numbers were gliding over the water and winnowing the air in every direction as we ascended the stream, and the one solitary camp-fire of a trio of negro raftman, which we saw at a late hour in the afternoon, tended but to increase the loneliness of the scenery.

Gerrey's Ferry, to which I have alluded, was the stopping place of our steamer, and a curious one in several particulars. The few buildings which compose it stand upon a desolate sand hill, with a pine barren on one side and on the other a cypress swamp. Among them is a store, owned by a person who is making a fortune by selling goods and shipping cotton; a grocery, where were assembled about twenty planters and teamsters, several of them intoxicated; a miserable tavern, where I occupied the same room and bed in which several individuals had recently died of consumption; one comfortable dwelling occupied by a very gentlemanly person, and a Methodist meeting house. The tavern accommodations were very poor, and the doleful aspect of the place was a good deal

heightened by the circumstance that our ears were all night long saluted with the croaking of innumerable frogs in the neighboring swamp. Although large quantities of cotton are exported from this spot, as well as thousands of deer skins and horned cattle hides, whose original owners were wont to range in one common herd through the surrounding piney woods, yet, from all the information that I could gather, it is more famous for its alligators than any thing else. So abundant are these revolting creatures in this vicinity, that during the summer evenings their bellowing, which resembles distant thunder, is quite annoying even to the inhabitants, and it is a common occurrence for the more ambitious of these amphibious monsters to ascend and sun themselves in the road upon which the cabins of the embryo city are planted. On questioning an old hunter about this animal, he informed me that they were now quite as numerous as in former times, but smaller in size and more shy of their enemy, man. He had seen individuals sixteen feet in length, but a specimen nine feet long was now considered huge; and he further informed me that, on account of their peculiar organization, they had a habit of swallowing whole quarts of gravel and small stones by way of helping digestion.

In the way of incidents, I am indebted to Gerrey's Ferry for only two worth recording. I visited the encampment here of an emigrant family, consisting of an intelligent man and woman and fifteen children. They had built their watch-fire directly upon the bank of the stream, and as the woman was cooking their humble meal, children were playing with the dogs, the father cleaning his rifle, and the blue smoke ascended into the quiet air, to be lost among the neighboring cypress trees, the effect of the scene was picturesque in the extreme. The man informed me that he was a carpenter by trade, was born on the Atlantic coast, in one of the Carolinas; that he had lived some twenty-seven years in the interior of Western Florida, sighing annually for the breezes of the salt sea, and that he was now journeying to some pleasant place upon the Atlantic where he might spend the remainder of his days. He was a poor man, and yet the music of old ocean, which had lulled him to sleep

in boyhood, had caused him to abandon a good business, and was luring him in his old age back to the shore of that same ocean. The other incident alluded to was not one that I witnessed, but I can vouch for its authenticity. A few weeks before my arrival, there had been a great drought throughout the country, and a venerable Methodist preacher happening to come along, who lived some sixty miles off, and who always looked out for the main chance, and bore no love to Baptists, was requested to pray for rain. He complied with the request, and when it is remembered that he was invited to plead for Black Creek especially, and that the towns alluded to were without any Baptists, but full of Methodists, the unselfish tone of his prayer was remarkable, and it ran in this wise:

"Let it rain, beginning at my plantation in Hamilton county, coming down the religious neighborhoods of Columbia and Nassau, where immersion is not practised, and reaching Black Creek—even Black Creek—and bringing forth in abundance—none of your little *nubbins*, however, but long ears—long as this good right arm."

From Gerrey's Ferry we drove to this place, a distance of forty-eight miles, the cost of which journey was twenty-four dollars, or just about half the value of the horse and buggy. We only experienced one break-down, but then the road was very good. Between the two places we noticed less than a dozen plantations, the owners of which occupied the most common cabins. The face of the country was perfectly level, and covered with a continuous pine forest, relieved at distant intervals by small cypress swamps or stagnant lakes, with here and there a very pretty stream. Corn and sweet potatoes appeared to be the main products upon which the inhabitants depended for a living, though a half-cultivated cotton-field was attached to each habitation, and I was informed that just enough sugar-cane was planted to supply the home demand. One of the natives informed me that he owned more than a thousand head of cattle, but when solicited for a cup of milk he was quite astonished, and told me that his family never used it; for, as the cows were always ranging through the woods, he had found

it too troublesome to hunt them up and milk them. And when I found that venison and wild turkeys took the place of beef upon the tables of the inhabitants, it became apparent that horned-cattle were valued solely for their hides, and I was not surprised to perceive, therefore, that the poor, neglected, and naturally puny creatures were often compelled to resort to the Spanish moss for their daily sustenance.

The market value of a cow was reported to be about six dollars, while a county tax of three dollars per head was demanded from every proprietor. The opinion that I formed of the people generally who lived secluded in these piney woods, was that they were uniformly kind and obliging, moral as could be expected, but certainly not over-burthened with intelligence. Many of them had never seen a canal, a railroad, or a steamboat; and all they knew of the North was that the Northerners wanted to free all the slaves. During the day we passed a solitary "grocery," situated in the forest, where were assembled some fifty men and boys, from various unknown parts, who were in the full enjoyment of a horse-racing frolic.

But the most interesting event of our journey to this place, was the spending of a pleasant hour in the rude but comfortable cabin of one of the mothers of this Southern Israel. She was a widow, and her name Ann Munroe; seventy years of age, and a noble old soul. She was born in South Carolina, brought up in Georgia, and had lived in Florida ever since it was organized into a territory. We found her living in great seclusion, her only companions for months at a time being a servant woman and two children. We halted under her roof for the purpose of eating the cold dinner that we had brought with us, but to this she insisted upon adding a cup of excellent coffee, some delicious syrup, and oranges of her own raising. She told us that the last of her kindred, excepting one son, who was her only neighbor, had been long dead; and, in speaking of Florida, she called it "*Flurida*," the "*Blossom of the United States*," and the "*Garden of the Earth*." She took it for granted that we were seeking a place in which to settle; we might travel hundreds of miles further, but we could find no

region so desirable as Florida; people never came here once without coming back again. She was astonishingly active both in body and mind, and when seated at the corner of a fire-place that was near ten feet in breadth, with a cat lying at her feet, she presented a charming picture of domestic comfort and repose. She gave us her views upon religion; avowed herself a Baptist in belief, but had never joined any church; all churches were *ambitious*, and always getting into trouble; she loved her Bible and read it constantly, indeed it was her only reading. In speaking of her schooling, she said she had been to school for sixty years; not a school of books, but of the natural world. She knew that we had been to schools, to academies, and colleges, but in regard to her kind of school we were yet in our A B C's, and said that when we were as old as she, we would remember her words and pronounce them true. She told us to remember one thing wherever we went, and that was, "to do unto others as we would have others do unto us;" that was what she tried to do. We were welcome to her fireside, and her fare was poor, yet there was a good deal of happiness in her rude home. On our expressing a preference to live among our friends at the North, in Maryland, rather than in Florida, with all its attractions, she said we were mere *babies*, and not yet weaned; *she* had to leave *her* friends, and thought it hard, but she soon felt contented, and found that she had friends everywhere; and her parting words were that she was our friend, and that we might throw ourselves upon the world, and if honest and industrious we should always have many good friends, and God would be our friend. We left the good old woman with reluctance, feeling that she

> ——— "Had been kind to such
> As needed kindness, for this single cause,
> That we have all of us one human heart."

On reaching Newnansville we found the entire population, masters and slaves, in the full enjoyment of Christmas tide, or Christmas week, as it is here called. Indeed, every thing, as well as every body, seemed to be at loose ends, and it was with

the utmost difficulty that we could secure any hotel accommodations. The houses were numerous enough, since they numbered about twenty, but then they were built of logs, very old, and few of them could bear the native test of a comfortable dwelling, which is to have the logs so near together as to prevent the slinging of a cat between them without injuring the animal.

Another peculiarity of these Florida houses is that they are always built upon blocks or sunken posts, and though the objects are to escape dampness and secure the greatest circulation of air during the warm weather, these open spaces beneath the floor are invariably occupied by all the dogs and poultry belonging to the establishment. The idea of thus building was obtained from the aborigines, who built their wigwams on this plan using pine sticks for flooring, grey moss for bedding, and palmetto leaves for a canopy.

We were deemed fortunate in obtaining lodgings, and I am now writing in the best apartment in the house. It is just large enough to hold a plank bedstead and admit one person at a time. It has two windows, but neither of them with a pane of glass; the roof is allied to those which make people wonder when they enter a modern New York church, and the space between the floor and the ground is inhabited by a sow and thirteen beautiful pigs. Hog, hominy, and sweet potatoe are our staples in the way of food, and, if not over delicate, are substantial, sweet, and good; they must at least be very fattening; but the negro servants who serve them up are very dirty.

But, with all its discomforts, I shall ever remember Newnansville with great distinctness and not without pleasure for having presented me with a comprehensive picture of southern life. Indoors and outdoors I have been perpetually reminded of an engraving which I have seen of *Vanity Fair*, by Cruikshanks. High and low, rich and poor, good and bad, the sober and intemperate, white and black, the wise and the foolish have come together, from village and from country cabins, to enjoy the most ancient festival of Christmas with the most boisterous hilarity. I have witnessed groups and scenes that were perhaps

more peculiar than beautiful, and more exciting than interesting. The exercises of Christmas holiday usually commence with a casual meeting of the blacks by twos and threes at the corners of the streets, and, by the time all things are ready for a foot race, out step upon the sward as if by magic a bevy of sable damsels, dressed in white, with fancy turbans and huge pantalets and scarlet sashes around their waists; and then follow the scrub races, upon which the planters bet their dollars and the darkies their shillings; then the drinking and the merriment proceed after the most approved manner of the South. In the mean time a very nice young man, whom everybody praises, but who will have his "spree," has jumped into his buggy, and is racing his horse through the streets for his own private gratification, whereby he proves to the satisfaction of all who see him that his spirits are as abundant as they are good. Now the banjo and the fiddle are taken up, and two negroes are placed each upon a dry-goods box for the purpose of ascertaining which of the twain can dance the longest time without stopping to breathe; and then the negro children try their skill, and the patting of Juba seems to become universal. Anon we have a systematic street fight between a couple of rowdies; and then the motley crowd gather around an old hunter, who has just entered the village, riding upon a gaunt horse, and bringing to market the hams of his one hundred and fortieth deer of the season. At the approach of night the pastimes and noises of the day gradually subside, and give place on the part of the negroes to the break-down dance and religious services; and while the more jovial make the night hideous by their animal hilarity, those who are serious accomplish the same end by their moanings and wailings and wild singing. Indeed the perfect freedom which the negroes here enjoy during Christmas week struck me with surprise, and I am inclined to believe that if we have any tears to shed they should be shed for the master rather than for the slave.

THE SUWANEE RIVER AND WAKULLA FOUNTAIN.

The general characteristics of the country lying between Newnansville and Tallahassee, are similar to the portions of the State already described. It was only while approaching the capital that the monotony of pine woods and uncomfortable log cabins, was relieved by an occasional belt of hard wood forest and a respectable farm house. We travelled hither in dilapidated stage wagons, and experienced all the botherations of a new country. The only places that tempted us to tarry in them longer than a single night, were the village of Alligator and the banks of the Suwannee river; and these, with an account of Wakulla Fountain, shall be the subject of this epistle.

The place called Alligator consists of a collection of log cabins, occupying a cheerless sandy clearing in the midst of the pine woods. Its leading families are intelligent and respectable, but it harbors a set of tavern and grocery-keepers who are a disgrace to Florida. What supports the hamlet I can hardly imagine, unless it be the fact that it is a sort of resting place for the teamsters and travellers, who have occasion to pass from Jacksonville to Middle Florida. It derives its poetical name from a famous Indian, who was the head chief of the ancient Seminoles. It obtained its first mite of reputation from the circumstance, that when a party of Government surveyors once entered its limits for the purpose of defining its boundaries, for the benefit of a person who had purchased it as wild land, under a Spanish grant, the hundred inhabitants who occupied it made war upon the public officers, and drove them away. Its only attractions in the way of scenery are a couple of small lakes in

its immediate vicinity, where alligators and cranes abound. And those of its inhabitants who have a taste for historic lore claim for it the honor of having been trodden by De Soto and his mad followers. It was this intelligence, indeed, that tempted me to tarry an extra day in the village, and as I was the guest of a very intelligent and pleasant gentleman, who felt a special interest in its history, my opportunities were all that could be wished.

As no two authorities had ever yet told the same story, in regard to the explorations of De Soto in this region, it is not to be wondered at that every village and plantation in Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi, should claim to have been one of his stopping places. That he landed at Tampa Bay, and struck the Mississippi river near Helena, is undoubtedly true; and that he was three years in performing the strange wild pilgrimage is equally certain. His force, according to Vega, was one thousand men; while Prescott alleges that Cortez entered Mexico with only five hundred, and Pizzaro entered Peru with one hundred and eighty-five men. When De Soto entered Florida he told the Indians he was descended from the Sun, that he came from the land of the Sun, and had come to visit the wealthiest lord of the new country. He moreover led his cavalcade mounted upon a horse of giant proportions, and as the poor barbarians had never seen such an animal, no wonder they were stricken with fear, and hastened to obey the orders of the Spanish chief. When a stranger, they treated him with kindness, but when they found out his real character they met him as an enemy. His scheme of conquest was conceived an iniquity, and met its legitimate fate; he was proud and cruel, died in the dreary wilderness, and to this day his burial place is unknown. The evidences that De Soto ever called a halt on the site of Alligator are by no means convincing. A local tradition is related, however, to the effect that a great battle was fought on this spot between a multitude of Indians and an army of white men; and this is corroborated by the existence in the vicinity of the remains of a systematic earthen fortification and a number of mounds. One of these was opened for my especial

benefit, but all the wonders it revealed were a few decayed bones and some bits of charcoal. It is said also that mounds and fortifications, like those at Alligator, are to be found all along the best authenticated route travelled by the famous Spaniard. In some of the mounds lying between Tampa Bay and Alligator, there have been found human bones nearly twice as large as the present race of men. In one of them seven bodies were found, seated in a circle, and facing the centre of the mound; in another a skull, with a hole just above the eye, and on the inside a flattened bullet; and in another, with such Indian relics as pipes, hatchets, arrow-heads and earthen pots, was found a steel and silver spur, marked with a Spanish coat of arms.

But the personal history of my Alligator host interested me far more than the De Soto traditions. He was born in Tennessee, the son of a worthy man, who was one of the best scholars of his day, and traced his ancestry to the landing at Jamestown. He first visited Florida about twenty years ago as a volunteer against the Seminoles; and, after quitting the army, he studied theology, graduated at a Western college, and was a preacher in the Methodist Church for ten years. The result of this campaign was that he impoverished himself, and, looking at his wife and children, he determined to do something else for their support. His last service as a preacher was to travel through the Southern States and obtain money enough to establish a religious institution. He then read law, was admitted to the bar of Tennessee, and, remembering the pleasant days he had passed in Florida, emigrated to this State. He pitched his tent in Alligator, and on the day that he opened his office his debts amounted to five thousand dollars. He was successful from the start, and as time progressed he became a free man, paid for the education of two brothers, both of whom are wealthy, and one a member of Congress, and through his influence was established a regular line of steamers between Charleston and Jacksonville, which has been of immense advantage to his adopted State; and at the present moment he is not only the wealthiest man in Alligator, but one of the most talented and influential lawyers in Florida.

After leaving Alligator, our route still continued through pine woods and over a level sandy road. As before, log cabins were few and far between, and the only objects that helped to relieve the monotony of the journey, by way of suggesting thought, were the Gophar and Salamander hillocks, which are from one to three feet high and cover the whole country, and the lime-sinks, which are also very numerous. The gophar is a species of hard-shelled turtle, considered, by those accustomed to them, good eating; they are said to live wholly on the land, feeding on grass in the night-time and chewing the cud like the cow. The salamander is a variety of the burrowing or pouched rat, which derives its name from the circumstance that it is in the habit of running over the ground while still warm after a recent burning of the woods. The lime-sinks alluded to, are among the more striking natural wonders of Florida. They occur in the dense woods, in groups, and isolated localities, and consist of perfectly circular basins, gathering to a point as they sink below the surface, and some of them are so deep as to bring the tops of large trees on a level with the eye of the spectator. They usually contain a small quantity of lime-stone water, and are affected by the freshets in the neighboring rivers. Living in their vicinity is considered unhealthy, and they are accounted for upon the supposition that they are a mere sinking of the earth, caused by the porous quality of the earthy formations in this region. It is, indeed, believed by some that immense subterranean passages underlie the whole of Florida. The sinks in question would seem to prove this theory, and a more striking proof is derived from the fact that there are many localities in the State where the jumping of a single man will cause the earth to sway or undulate like the surface of a thinly frozen lake. The person who acted as our coachman from Alligator to the Suwannee river was quite intelligent, and some of his conversation proved him to be well acquainted with men and things in Florida. He congratulated us upon our escape from Eastern Florida, the land of "hog and hominy," and upon our speedy entrance into Middle Florida, which he denominated the land of "sowins

and chickens." The term *sowins* we found to be an abbreviation of *sourings*, which is a dish of pounded corn made sour by baking in the sun, and usually served up with a *gophar-steak*, than which nothing but India-rubber can be more tough and elastic. By way of illustrating the sometime effect of this food upon strangers, he mentioned the following circumstance: A solitary horseman, as Mr. James would say, was on his way through the pine country of this region. Having spent a night in a cabin, where he could procure nothing for his horse but corn husks, and been himself regaled at breakfast by some sourings and gophar-steak, the former dish turned his stomach and made him sick, while the latter resisted all his masticating efforts to the very last, and so he continued his journey. He travelled some thirty miles further, and at night-fall pulled up before another cabin. He asked if he could get a night's lodging and something to eat; to which the good woman replied, "Yes, if you can put up with 'sich as it is.'" Sowins and gophar were again placed before him; but he slept soundly and was off before day-light the next morning. As night came on again, he made another appeal for food, and "sich as it is" rang again in his ear; upon which he frantically mounted his half-famished steed, exclaiming, "It won't do; I tried 'sich as it is' at the last house and couldn't eat it no how." And thus, by the dim light of a new moon, and looking the picture of famine, he changed his course of travel to the nearest boundary line of the State, and was never more seen in these parts. As to the "*chickens*" of Florida, I know not that they differ materially from the chickens of other lands; but the rapidity with which they are here placed upon the table is truly astonishing; for the same individual which may have awakened you at dawn with his crowing will not unlikely be placed before you at break of day, floating in the fat of his old companion the pig. As in New England a broiled chicken is looked upon as a thing to be talked of, both before and after its enjoyment, so in some parts of Florida is a fried chicken considered appropriate food for only the more neatly dressed of travellers, and they are therefore generally reserved for the preachers. And it is said that

when a genteel-looking person approaches the house the "chickens break for the woods," having so often seen the necks of their fellows wrung off after such an arrival. Would not, therefore, a Florida chicken, on account of its intelligence, if properly introduced, be considered as great a curiosity as the uncouth Shanghai or Chittagong, which now bear the palm in our Northern heneries?

The Suwanee river, which separates Eastern from Middle Florida, is a rapid stream, very dark, but clear, emptying into the Gulf of Mexico, running a directly opposite course from the St. John, thereby presenting another of the many singularities of this country. It runs over a bed occasionally of the purest white sand, and again over limestone ledges, where interesting fossils are found in the greatest abundance and perfection, and its bold and fantastically formed banks, with their wealth of vegetation, afford for the artist choice studies without number. Though watering a comparative wilderness, it boasts of two large white sulphur springs, which are twelve miles apart, and pour their medicated treasures immediately into the river. The accommodation for invalids at both of them are quite good, and they are annually visited by a large number of the Southern gentry. They gush from rocky fissures in a most copious stream, maintain an even temperature of sixty-seven degrees, and the sulphur pictures of every possible hue, with which their bottoms and sides are encrusted, struck me as among the most perfectly beautiful objects I had ever beheld. At one of these springs I had my first view of a sugar mill in operation. It was a small affair, consisting of two sheds or roofs, under one of which were the huge wooden screws between which the sugar-cane was pressed or ground, while under the other were ranged, over a brick furnace, three huge iron kettles used for boiling the juice. Negro children fed the fires and negro women watched the boiling; by whom also the very delicate task was performed of pouring, at precisely the proper moment for crystallization, into large wooden troughs, the hot and fragrant syrup. As I witnessed the operation of boiling or sugaring off on a very dark night, when torches were

abundantly employed, the effect of the scene was exceedingly picturesque, and reminded me of an Indian sugar camp in the wilds of Michigan. On my arrival at the spot the head woman knocked one of the ebon boys heels over head for poking a long stick into one of the kettles for his own pleasure, and then presented me with a nice little pine stick with which to perform the very operation which had been vetoed in the urchin; and when about to take my departure another woman paid me the usual compliment of handing me half a dozen stocks of the sugar cane to luxuriate upon while traveling. In a conversation that I had with my landlord at this place I learned the fact that, by burying it in the earth, sugar cane may be kept in a fresh state for a whole season; and furthermore, that it requires the very best of land to bring it to perfection, and that in planting it all that is to be done is simply to lay stocks in the furrow and cover them slightly, as you would corn. I picked up at the same time the following particulars respecting the natural history of this region:

I was told, for example, that the beaver, which I had supposed was mainly to be found in cold and temperate climates, was not only a native of Florida, but were found here in considerable numbers, and that many of their dams and wonderful houses were to be seen in the valley of the Suwanee river. I have already mentioned the fact that the common red deer are very abundant in this State, and in Middle Florida they are particularly so. The more expert hunters kill from two to three hundred in a single season, and while the sportsmen usually employ the hound, those who kill for gain resort to fire-hunting. This latter custom is cruel in the extreme; for, owing to the blinding effect of the torches and the unsuspicious character of the animal, it is sometimes the case that a herd of half a dozen are killed from one position. Wolves, which were once very numerous in this State, are now seldom met with; but bears, wild-cats, and panthers are still to be found in considerable numbers. Of the smaller wild animals the opossum, raccoon, hare, squirrel and fox are very abundant; and wild ducks, brandt, snipe and curlew frequent all the ponds and marshes,

and the common quail is found in every field. Turkeys are so plentiful as to be considered an important item in provisioning a family; they are commonly taken in traps, and when pursued with the gun, the old hunters think they are doing a small business if they kill less than half a dozen at a single shot.

But in the way of mere wanton sport there is nothing in this region to compare with alligator shooting by torchlight. The eyes of these monsters are large and brilliant, and when you go to the banks of a lonely lake or river at night and make a noise, it is a custom with them to rise to the surface by the dozen, and it is when stealing stealthily along to see what kind of meat they can get hold of, that they are shot with the rifle. When wounded they commonly climb on the shore, there to remain until they die. When instantly killed their bodies sink to the bottom, but rise again in a few hours. By some people the alligator's liver, if they have such a thing, is considered good eating; but the only use that I could ever find for them was to extract their teeth, which make very pretty whistles. The climate of the extreme Southern States seems perfectly adapted to the growth of alligators, and when undisturbed in their native haunts, their happiness seems to be complete. Delighting as they do in the smell of rankest vegetation and foul miasma, and in the companionship as well as flesh of fish, snakes, lizards and toads, they find here an abundance of these luxuries. Though not distinguished for their beauty, they are so for their affection and intelligence. In protecting their young they will brave every danger, and their manner of turning their jaws into traps for the capture of mosquitos and birds is most interesting to contemplate. A portion of their tails is considered by the negroes a luxury of no common order. Their teeth, which are eighty in number, have a cone-like shape and are shed every year. Their tongues are so small as to be almost imperceptible to the casual observer, and though their jaws are terrible to contemplate, they are by no means as destructive to animal life as their long scaly tails. As on the seaboard of Florida their most formidable enemy is the porpoise, so in the interior swamps is the black bear, between which the combats

are sometimes terrific. As their history as a family, is classical and romantic, so are their habits strange and incomprehensible. They hunt and devour food with the greatest voracity, and yet have been known to fast for many months at a time. Their eggs, which number from one to two hundred are little larger than those of a hen, and are deposited in the sand, and the young when pursued flee for safety, down the throat of the female parent. They relish equally the sunshine or the sand-bank and the gloom of their damp subterranean abodes under the grassy banks of the streams. They seldom attack man and as seldom are disturbed by his presence. They are horrible creatures to look upon, and yet there is a fascination about their wary movements. Though naturally quiet creatures, their love song resembles the bellowing of bulls; and while their eyes are thought to resemble those of the Chinese, like the Chinese too, if Charles Lamb is to be believed, they have a peculiar partiality for little pigs.

The great drawback, however, to all kinds of sporting or rambling in this otherwise goodly land are the rattlesnakes which abound here. They are perfect mammoths in their way, some of them measuring nine feet in length, four or five inches in diameter, and carrying fangs nearly an inch long; and it was only a few weeks ago, as my landlord informed me, that a negro child, while pursuing a chicken under a barn, scrambled over one of these horrible reptiles, but was not bitten, by the unheard of compassion of the snake; which, however, produced such an effect upon the child as to make him sick.

At the second spring to which I have alluded I stumbled upon and was much pleased to examine two portraits painted by ALLSTON when quite a young man. They were good in color, but defective in drawing, and had the stiffness which it seems to me characterizes the majority of this distinguished man's productions.

And now, before leaving the banks of the charming stream, associated in so many minds with a famous negro melody, I will allude to the freshets, of which it is sometimes the victim. The water has been known to rise some thirty or forty feet

above low-water mark, which, for a river that comes out of a swamp and runs through a level country, is remarkable. At such times the forest and plantations are of course all inundated and much damage done. After one of these freshets, the surrounding country remains boggy for a long time, so that cattle and even men frequently break through the sod; and it is said that at such times the springs which empty into the Suwanee river eject from the bowels of the earth tufts of grass and bunches of dry leaves, thereby proving a connection between them and some neighboring marsh or lake. It is sometimes the case, however, that the traveller in this region is compelled to exclaim, with the ancient mariner,

"Water, water, everywhere,
But not a drop to drink;"

for good drinking water is scarce, and little dependence can be placed on wells, for they dry up and fill up in proportion to the quantity of rain; and one instance has occurred where the *bottom* of a well, forty-seven feet deep, to the astonishment of the digger, actually fell through a distance of eight or ten feet.

The country, as we travelled westwardly from the Suwanee river, gradually improved in fertility, the pine woods giving place to sturdy hard-wood forests, and the sight of an occasional church steeple, with a few white houses, had a very refreshing influence upon our spirits. Our stage-driver on this portion of the route was a worthy but poor man, and his friends gloried for him over the circumstance that he was the nephew of an ex-President; but the man himself had never received any political favors, and evidently felt himself happy in his humble position. The most curious thing I saw on the road was a pretty bonnet, made out of the fibrous portion of a native squash; and the best thing that we had to eat was another kind of squash, which was roasted in its shell, after a fashion of the ancient Seminoles.

With this Tallahassee, the capital of Florida, I am well pleased. It is a pretty town in location, capping as it does a high hill, contains some cheerful houses, with intelligent and

hospitable inmates; and fashionable ideas in dress and equipages are quite prevalent. It is the centre of a productive cotton-growing region, and is connected with its seaport of St. Marks, by a *mule* railroad. As a place of residence, it is already desirable, and all it needs to make it a more prosperous town, is a sprinkling of Yankee enterprise, and the establishment of modern travelling facilities. The State-house is a handsome edifice, and by the gentlemanly officials connected with it, I was politely treated. The drives about the country are pleasant; but one, about fifteen miles in length, to Wakulla Fountain, eclipses all the rest; and with an account of this most perfectly beautiful and enchanting natural curiosity, I will conclude my present letter.

The springs of Florida are indeed among its most peculiar and attractive features. The Orange and the Silver Springs, in the eastern part of the State, one of them surrounded with an orange forest, and the other possessing the magic property of giving a white coating to the turtles and alligators that live in it, would repay the lover of nature for a long pilgrimage; but Wakulla Fountain surpasses them in every particular, and will hereafter live in my memory with the Saguenay River, Niagara Falls, the Mammoth Cave, and Tallulah Chasm. An adequate idea of this mammoth spring could never be given by pen or pencil; but when once seen, on a bright calm day, it must ever after be a thing to dream about and love. It is the fountain-head of a river which is twenty miles long, empties into the Gulf of Mexico, and is of sufficient volume to float a steamboat, if such an affair had yet dared to penetrate this solemn wilderness. When first I looked upon it, I was forcibly reminded of the old ballad description, which says,

> "On the lakelet blue the water coot
> Oared forth with her sable young,
> While from its edge, 'mid the bordering sedge,
> The fisher hern upsprung."

It wells up in the very heart of a dense cypress swamp, is nearly round in shape, measures some four hundred feet in diameter, and

is in depth about one hundred and fifty feet, having at its bottom an immense horizontal chasm, with a dark portal, from one side of which looms up a limestone cliff, the summit of which is itself nearly fifty feet beneath the spectator, who gazes upon it from the sides of a tiny boat. The water thereof is so astonishingly clear that even a pin can be seen on the bottom in the deepest places, and of course every animate and inanimate object which it contains is fully exposed to view. The apparent color of the water from the shore is greenish, but as you look perpendicularly into it, it is colorless as air, and the sensation of floating upon it is that of being suspended in a balloon; and the water is so refractive, that when the sun shines brilliantly every object you see is enveloped in the most fascinating prismatic hues. It contains a great variety of serpent-like plants, and its mossy-looking bottom resembles the finest carpet, with white ground and fantastic figures of every possible color. It abounds in fish, both large and small, among which I recognised the black bass, the sea-mullet, and red fish, the bream, the sucker, the chub, and the shiner; and it seems to me that I can now recall every individual to mind as a personal acquaintance. They at times made the surface of the water alive with their gambols; they swam about their beautiful home in schools and singly, some of them watching our boat with curious looks, and others perfectly indifferent to our presence or movements. On dropping a sixpence into the water, a couple of them followed it in its zig-zag course to the bottom, pushed it with their snouts, and then scornfully turned tail upon it; and it was a most novel and interesting sight to see an occasional fellow floating gently up the sides of the cliff, from the deep chasm below, as if himself astonished that such fine scenery should exist so far under the surface of his native element. It was also very strange to witness the shadow which our little boat cast upon the bottom, which seemed to be refreshing to some of the fish that floated into it, but was not liked apparently by the alligators and huge turtles that went crawling along the sub-marine highway. A rim of rankest grasses and lilies surrounds the entire fountain, and at the foot of the numerous and gigantic cypress trees, all

hoary with moss and heavily laden with vines which hang over the water, were the nests of innumerable water birds, such as the crane, the duck, and the bittern, whose screaming voices conspired to give a most wild and desolate aspect to the scene. Were it not a desecration to do so in such a fairy-like place, fishing with a fly in Wakulla Fountain for black bass and bream, would be superb; and were it not for the developments of science, we might imagine that the mammoth bones which were found in the spring in 1850, were the remains of some primeval angler who had been killed for daring to disturb its beautiful inhabitants. It has been discovered, however, that the relics in question were the fossil bones of the great mastodon, and those who have a tase for such matters, can be gratified with a sight of the remains of the Wakulla monster, by visiting the museum of Philadelphia, where they were deposited by George S. King, Esq., of Florida.

That the ancient Seminoles should have attached a legend to this brightest spot in their domain, was quite natural. Old men told it to their children at the twilight hour, under their broad palmetto trees. At night, said they in substance, may be seen around the shores and on the bottom of the fountain, tiny fairy creatures, sporting and bathing in noiseless glee; but at midnight, when the moon is at its full, there appears upon the water a gigantic warrior, sitting in a stone canoe with a copper paddle in his hand, from whose presence the fairies affrighted flee away, leaving, as the last object seen in the darkness of a cloud, the spectre warrior alone in his canoe, which seems anchored and immovable.

THE CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER.

On leaving Tallahassee I took the coach to the Chattahoochee river, passed up that stream in a steamer, *rail-roaded* it through western Georgia, and came down the Tennessee river in a steamboat. That portion of Florida whence I made my exit appeared to be, and in reality is the most highly cultivated in the State. Broad and handsome plantations are numerous, and here reigns the very pretty little village of Quincy, where reside many of the more aristocratic families in the State, and which, as a matter of course, has a fashionable reputation. Our road as we approached the Chattahoochee, was much blocked up with fallen trees which had been blown down by a hurricane. It might indeed be said that the whole forest had been prostrated, for as far as the eye could reach, in every direction were to be seen the mammoth roots holding aloft their banners of greensward, memorials of the destroying winds. On the borders of this scene of desolation and towering high above the Chattahoochee, stands the State Arsenal of Florida, a handsome building, with pleasant residences beside it, but from its isolated position presenting an imposing appearance; all the materials for its erection, like those of many other buildings of like character in the South, having been brought from the Northern States. From this point we began to descend into the neighboring valley, and on emerging from the gloom of a circuitous and thickly-canopied road we found ourselves on the margin of the Chattahoochee river, and at the threshold of a lonely but most comfortable hotel, which we were told occupied the summit of an Indian mound. We reached this spot just as the sun was setting, and

the gloom of the hour was in strict keeping with the tranquil stream, in whose depths, on every side, was mirrored a dense forest; and it was while dreaming, after a good supper, of this scene, and of the skeleton in Spanish armor which is said to have been found in these waters, that I was suddenly awakened by the shout of "*boat coming*," and had to finish my dream in a state room on board the *South Carolina*.

The Indian word Chattahoochee means muddy water, and the river is appropriately named. At the mention thereof my fancy wings its flight to the mountain land where this stream springs into existence, where Trail mountain and Tallulah chasm are the grand features of the land where I spent one of the pleasantest summers of my life, and which owes much of its reputation to the brothers Richards, who, with the pencil and the pen have lovingly described its interesting scenery. The navigable portion of the Chattahoochee extends to Columbus, Georgia, which is called two hundred miles from the Bay of Apalachicola, into which it empties. It is a lonely stream, with alluvial banks ranging from ten to forty, but averaging some fifteen feet in height, and covered with a dense vegetation, where the magnolia flourishes and tangled clusters of vines abound continuously. The adjoining country is sparsely settled, but the Georgia side is more populous and thriving than that of Alabama, and the monotony of the scenery was pleasantly relieved by an occasional cotton-shed immediately on the bank, in the rear of which were invariably to be seen a cotton-gin and a cluster of dingy cabins occupied by the planter and his slaves. The only incidents worth recording that we met with were the swimming of a hunted deer across the river, the flying across our bows of an occasional flock of turkeys, and the attempts of incipient sportsmen to shoot the wild ducks that everywhere winnowed the air. But the gradual fading away of the verdure of the more remote South into the wintry aspect of a colder climate was full of interest, even to the casual observer; and I noticed that north of what might be called the dividing line the magnolia and long gray mosses did not appear.

The steamboat in which I came up the Chattahooche was the

best upon the river, quite comfortable, and, like the great majority of those in Southern waters, was built at Pittsburgh. She was of the high-pressure genus, had a stern wheel, drew only two or three feet of water, and in making the dangerous passage from New Orleans to Pensacola had narrowly escaped being swamped. Her captain was all that could be desired in such an officer, and was assisted in his responsible duties by a couple of men who deserve particular mention. His engineer was Thomas Stubblefield, the inventor of an *alarm water-gauge* for which he had received a gold medal from the State of Pennsylvania, and which has been of immense service in preventing explosions by steam on the Western waters. His pilot was an intelligent slave, but a man who had frequently refused his freedom. His name is Peter Porter, and the amount of money which he was then earning for his master was one hundred and fifty dollars per month, one-half of which was regularly paid to the slave himself for his own use. Besides being the best pilot on the river, and scorning the idea of being a free man, he was the best swimmer in the country. He had been on a number of cotton boats at the time they were sunk or consumed, and had saved the lives, at different times, of no less than seven persons—one colored girl, two ladies, two boys, and two young children. The last person whom he rescued was a lady who knew him, and had such confidence in his skill that, when standing on the burning boat and told by our sable hero to jump into the stream, she promptly obeyed; when he plunged in and brought her safely to the shore. Indeed, all the subordinates on board the South Carolina were slaves, and not one of them but was abundantly able to instruct the free negroes on our Nothern steamers in the art of politeness. Most of these men were hired from their owners, and our captain informed me that it was customary everywhere in the South for the steamboat men to pay their hands from five to eight dollars per month more than their regular wages, which additional sum is called, "Sunday wages," and is for the exclusive use of the slave. Such facts as these need no comment from my pen, and ought to put to the blush the ignorant fanatics of the North.

Among the passengers who ascended the Chattahoochee when I did, was a poor German taking to the State asylum of Georgia his only two children, who were deaf mutes and motherless. One of them was a boy of seven years, and the other a sweet little girl of ten, and their expressions of wonder at everything they saw and their strange efforts to be playful were painful to behold; and never can I forget the picture which they presented on a moonlight evening as they stood upon the upper-deck gazing in blank astonishment upon the sky, while their fond parent was pointing to the bright stars, and by signs attempting to explain their wonderful mission. The lonely river and the gloomy forest on either side were in keeping with the sadness which seemed to rest like a mantle upon the poor orphans and their sorrowful parent. Although this man resided in Alabama his children were born in Georgia, and for that reason and the man's poverty, the State had promised to give the boy a profession or trade, and to instruct the little girl that she might become a useful and happy member of society. A noble deed, and worthy of that most noble, intelligent, and prosperous State!

But I must not forget to mention the cheerful aspect which our steamboat presented as she came in sight of Columbus and paddled her way up to the levee. While the captain invited the passengers to assemble on the upper-deck the mate treated his negro boatmen to a drink of whiskey, which was a signal for them to march to the bow of the boat for the purpose of singing a song. There were twenty of them, and the ceremony was commenced by one of the fellows mounting the capstan and pretending to read the words to be sung from a newspaper, which he held upside down. Their voices were exceedingly good, but, instead of a regular song, the music was more of an incoherent chant, wild and mournful, and breathing forth such impromptu words as these:

"We's up the Chattahoochee,
On de good old South Calina,
Going to see my true love,
How is you my darlin?
Now de work is over
We's all coming home!"

To my unsophisticated ear there was more melody and pure sentiment in this native chant as it echoed over the tranquil waters, than I ever enjoyed in a fashionable concert room.

From the Chattahoochee to the Tennessee river we travelled by railroad, taking the cars at Columbus, which is a thriving place, with four or five cotton factories; spending a night at Macon, another business place, with a capital hotel; passing through Atlanta, which was quite a wilderness only a few years ago, but is now a kind of whirlpool of railroads; and after a ride of over three hundred miles arriving at the growing town of Chattanooga, on the Tennessee. Western Georgia, in a picturesque point of view, is somewhat tame, but the soil is fertile, and the people industrious to an uncommon degree. Indeed, the present very prosperous condition of the whole State would seem to prove that, though a slave State, it can hold its own when compared with the more enterprising ones of the North.

That portion of the Tennessee river extending from Chattanooga to Whitesburg (which is the port of Huntsville) is estimated at more than one hundred and fifty miles, and is by far the most picturesque and interesting on the river. The former place is surrounded with mountains which extend down the river for some twenty miles therefrom, hemming it in with jealous care, when they recede from the immediate banks and are only seen on either hand clothed in the enchantment of distance. In the immediate vicinity of Chattanooga rises a lofty peak, known as Look-out Mountain, from the summit of which the eyes may revel over all the mountain scenery of Georgia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Alabama. It obtained its appropriate name from the Cherokee Indians, who, in their time, were in the habit of looking out from this point far up the Tennessee, for the provision boats of the early emigrants that might be floating down, and which they often captured, murdering the poor whites who thus toiled for a support. But the grandest feature of the Tennessee is a mountain gorge called the Suck, through which the river passes, about fifteen miles from the Chattanooga. A travelled gentleman informed me that the scenery here reminded him of the Rhine; it reminded

me, however, of the Upper Mississippi and the palisade portion of the Hudson. For a dozen miles or so, limestone bluffs rise to a great height on either side, a little back of the river; and while the immediate shores are covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, interspersed with gray rocks and an occasional log hut, the summits of the hills loom against the sky in a great variety of abrupt outlines. The waters of the river rush through this mountain gate-way with great velocity, and, though the small steamboats descend the stream without danger, it is with great difficulty that they can ascend, and during high freshets it is quite impossible. Whirlpools and eddies, as a matter of course, abound in the Suck, and the Georgia crackers or Tennessee trappers, who gave it that poetical name, have fastened upon certain localities such names as the Pot, the Pan, and the Skillet. That such a spot should have been the scene of many narrow escapes from drowning, as well as of cruel Indian outrages, is to be expected; and, among many others, the natives will tell you of Nancy Glover, who was the only survivor from an attack of Indians of a party of Royalists in 1780, and who, after seeing her father, shot down took the helm of their little boat and guided it through the entire length of the gorge, thereby escaping with her life. That portion of the Tennessee extending from the Suck to Whitesburg runs through a hilly country but not mountainous; and though the country is in reality well cultivated, yet the hard wood forests are sufficiently abundant to suggest ideas of the wilderness. Upon some of the bottom lands the trees and vines grow to immense size, and cotton and corn both attain their greatest perfection. Although the vegetation, when we came down was just beginning to assume its spring or summer garb, yet, it every where bore a most cheerful aspect, and the mistletoe hung from the trees in such great profusion as often to present a continuous wall of green along the banks of the stream. The red deer, I was informed, are very fond of this plant, and the hunters often decoy the poor creatures to death by plucking off bunches of the plant from the upper branches and hanging them upon the lower limbs, so that they can be reached by the browsing

animals. The only drawback to the pleasures of a voyage down the Tennessee arises from the miserable steamboats, which are usually stern-wheelers and exceedingly filthy, and the hotel accommodations on the route. The road hitherward, however, is good, and so are the coaches. The country is rolling, soil very rich, plantations highly cultivated, negroes numerous and happy, and more than one-half of the real estate lying directly on the road is the property of a young, beautiful, and accomplished woman, who is justly celebrated for her qualities and wealth as the heroine of these parts.

HUNTSVILLE.

With the town of Huntsville, Ala., I am quite delighted, and do not wonder at its reputation. It occupies an elevated position, and is hemmed in with high hills, from the summit of which it presents an uncommonly picturesque appearance. The surrounding country is very fertile and highly cultivated, and the cotton interest has made it a place of considerable business. It claims a population of some twenty-five hundred souls, contains many handsome residences, with several neat churches, and is the seat of two institutions of learning, the Bascom Institute, and a Presbyterian College. It is supplied with the best of water by a mammoth spring which gushes from a rock in the centre of the town, and this, with the array of from one to two hundred saddle-horses which are daily collected around the county court-house square, ought to be mentioned as among the features of the place. But, on becoming acquainted with the people of Huntsville, (as it has been my privilege,) the stranger will find that *they* are the leading attraction. Owing to its pleasant and healthful location a large number of the more influential families of the South have congregated here; so that the society is all that could be expected from a happy union of intelligence, refinement, and wealth. Several of the fortunes which are enjoyed here were acquired in New Orleans; and, judging from the intimate intercourse existing between that city and this inland village, it might almost be imagined that the latter was the country cousin of the former. To this condition of things, therefore, may be attributed the fact that knowledge of the world and expansive ideas in regard to life

are more a matter of course in this somewhat isolated place than in other Southern towns of the same size. To give an idea of the wealth of Huntsville it is only necessary to state that the aggregate fortunes of twenty well-known families, are said to amount to six millions of dollars. Some of the private hot-houses and gardens in the place would delight the most fastidious of horticulturists, albeit the mercury has fallen sixty-one degrees in the last ten hours. The lover of art will be surprised to find here a private gallery of paintings and statuary which is said to have cost seventy-five thousand dollars, and contains some productions of decided merit, which is a remark that many private galleries in the country cannot bear.

On the score of hospitality, the people of Huntsville are unsurpassed by any of their neighbors, if indeed they do not excel very many of them. I would not make any unjust comparisons, but I must judge from personal experience. I entered Huntsville a stranger, and took lodgings at its best hotel, which was comfortable, but by no means luxurious. Its reputation was not good, however, and this circumstance, in spite of my earnest excuses, caused me to become the guest of one of the leading families of the town, under whose roof I have been made to feel perfectly at home, and where I have been treated more like an old friend than a stranger. This is the way they treat pilgrims in Alabama, and no wonder, therefore, that the interpretation of its beautiful name should be *Here we rest;* and now I remember, moreover, that Huntsville lies within the bend of that portion of the Tennessee river which caused it to receive the name of *Spoon river*, thereby appropriately suggesting the idea that the good things of life are here most abundant. And thus much in a general way of this pleasant Southern town.

And now for a *sable* incident or two, which I think worth mentioning on account of the morals they inculcate. On Sunday last, in one of the leading churches of the town, and by an eloquent man, was preached a funeral sermon on the body of a negro child. There was a large attendance of rich planters and their wives, and much feeling was manifested by all pre-

sent. The father of this child, though a slave, is an expert blacksmith, and earns annually one thousand dollars, three hundred of which are given to his *master*, while the remaining seven hundred are retained by the "down-trodden" victim for his own use and benefit. It would seem, therefore, that to hear the clanking of this man's chain the practical abolitionist would have to enter his workshop. I have also witnessed since my arrival here a public sale of slave property. The number of persons disposed of was some half-dozen; they belonged to the estate of a deceased planter, and were sold by his administrator for the benefit of his orphan children. The conditions of the sale were that no family-ties should be broken, and that deeds would be given only to those purchasers who would pledge themselves to be perfectly kind and humane. The prices ranged from one thousand to sixteen hundred dollars, and as much hilarity prevailed among the darkies when assembled in front of the court-house as if they were about to enter upon a frolic; and I was forcibly impressed with the manner in which the more high-priced jeered those of the party who had only brought a thousand dollars, calling them "cheap thousand dollar niggers." The effect of the sale upon the orphan children, however, was sad in the extreme, and I heard one of them exclaim, a young lady, that she was altogether "the greatest sufferer there." The same roof had sheltered them in other days, and I verily believe that if there had not been some legal impediment the orphans would have sacrificed their whole property before parting from their well-tried and devoted servants.

The vicinity of Huntsville, although rich in many more important things, is especially rich in odd characters, and one of my particular favorites of this genus is old John Evans, who must now make his bow to the public. He was born a vagabond, bred an overseer, and leads the life of a wayward and wandering hunter and fisherman. He is a middle-aged man, lank and brawny, amiable to the last degree, and a natural naturalist. It is said that he has made and been worth his fifty thousand dollars, but he sold himself to the Mephistophiles of

Monongahela, and now lives in a log-cabin on the banks of the Tennessee, the poorest and most independent man in his county. He has been a close observer of the creatures with which he chiefly spends his time, and his conversations upon their habits are always interesting. I give you a few items that I remember. He had killed a rattlesnake measuring six feet in length, in whose stomach was found, nearly in a perfect state, a young fox; and he has seen a water moccasin snake seize a small fish and hold it above the surface of the water, as if conscious of the fact that this was the quickest way to deprive it of life: and he also asserted, what seemed to me incredible, that the eyes of the common buzzard, after being pricked to blindness by a sharp knife, possessed the power of completely recovering themselves in the course of fifteen minutes, provided the head of the bird was placed under its wing during the time. In regard to this last assertion I proclaimed myself quite skeptical, and yet John Evans will declare upon oath that he tried the experiment on five different birds with complete success, and I may add that one of the most intelligent and honorable gentlemen in Huntsville testifies to the truthfulness of Evans's strange story. From time immemorial old women have declared that down, under a buzzard's wing was good for sore eyes, and if the marvellous story cannot be traced to this medicinal one, then must we see in the latter a proof of the former. But as John Evans's explorations in natural history are usually more amusing than useful, so are his hunting expeditions more frequent than profitable. He objects not to trapping an occasional beaver for the sake of the novelty, or to killing a deer, a few turkeys, or a score of ducks for the market, but he is a far happier man when he is lying in wait for the varmints of the country, as he calls them, such as the fox and the coon, the hedge-hog and the skunk, the mink and the corn-stealing crow. And in more than the figurative sense is our vagabond hunter a marked man, for the first glance at his countenance never fails to convince the stranger that he carries a double-face, since the right side has been blackened with bruises and rendered almost fleshless by the continual kickings of his rusty old gun,

which he declares shoots to perfection when about half filled with powder and shot. So industrious is he withal that he has been known to spend an entire day in wading a muddy pond for a few ducks, and devoting a whole night to revenging himself upon some unfortunate dog that may have chanced to annoy him on a quiet road which he is wont to travel. In spite of all this, however, he has a lazy look and a languid air; and yet the most unaccountable of all his eccentric and contradictory traits is an overweening passion for wild horses. He dotes upon them, spends all his spare cash for good specimens, and the more vicious they are the better, and whether drunk or sober he is a superior horseman. Indeed, so many have been his narrow escapes from being killed that he is known the country round as "the man who never lets go;" and the last two stories related of him, by way of proving his chief characteristic, are as follows: On one occasion, while journeying to a neighboring town, he chanced to kill a rattlesnake, and, desiring to preserve its oil for the cure of rheumatism, he cut off the serpent's head and deposited the body for safe keeping under a bush until his return home. He was riding at the time a very wild but partially blind horse, and, when the moment arrived for picking up his plunder, he seized the snake in his left hand, and, holding it aloft, continued his journey. The horse became frightened, and with a loud snort started to run away. The tail of the snake occasionally touched his flank and increased his fear; he became unmanageable and flew like the wind, until the people of Huntsville were alarmed by the sudden appearance in their midst of the steed and rider, around whose head the snake was flapping at a terrible rate, and whose only exclamation was a grunt of defiance, while the reptile was perfectly secure in his convulsive grasp. On another occasion our friend John promised an acquaintance a mess of pickerel, (here erroneously called salmon,) and started upon a fishing expedition. He was successful, got drunk, and, mounting his horse, started for home. On his way thither he rolled from his saddle, caught his foot in a stirrup, and in this manner by the gentle and sagacious horse was dragged along the road, holding

on like grim death to his string of fish, and muttering to himself "this is a devilish rough road, any how." As fortune would have it, the very man for whom the fish were intended happened to meet the fisherman in his unhappy plight, and rushing to his assistance asked him if he was hurt; whereupon John Evans exclaimed: "I told you so, Billy, by gum; I've caught the two biggest salmon you ever did see." Many a black bottle has our hero emptied since that time, and many times has he been thought a dying man; but he is still "holding on" to life, and is still pointed at as "the man who never lets go."

Since my arrival in Huntsville, about ten days ago, the rains have been unusually heavy, and the streams of the country are at present much higher than ever before known. All travelling by water as well as by land has been suspended, and the Tennessee river, which at Whitesburg (the port of Huntsville,) is usually half a mile wide, is at present nearly five miles in width, and a three-story house, standing on a high bank, where I took breakfast on my arrival, is only now discoverable by its chimneys. I revisited the place for the purpose of sketching it, and the man who drove me down descanted upon it as a "one-horse concern," which I found to be a sneering epithet indiscriminately applied here to a poor town, a small steamboat, or a mean man. At one of the only two cabins belonging to Whitesburg which were not submerged I witnessed a young and delicate white girl chopping up a huge log of wood, and was told that, as her father was seldom at home and her mother was sick, she was in the habit of doing all the wood-cutting for the family. This picture reminded me of the back settlements of New England, where were born some of the more notorious political declaimers against the slavery of the black race.

But of all the impressions made upon me during my visit here, the most agreeable by far was made by Miss Julia Pleasants, the young and accomplished poetess. She is as great a favorite in the entire South as she is in this her native town, and is destined to be wherever the thoughts of genius can be appreciated. She commenced her literary career by contri-

buting an occasional poem to the Louisville Journal, whose distinguished editor, George D. Prentice, Esq., has done more by kindly words than any other man, to foster female talent and encourage the female writers of the country. Born and bred in the lap of luxury, it is a wonder that the intellect of Miss Pleasants should have been so well disciplined as its fruits, in spite of their unripeness, would lead one to suppose it had been; but death having recently made her an orphan, and taken from her side a much loved sister, she has been schooled in the ways of Providence as well as of the world, and now, when she strikes the lyre, it responds chiefly in those tones which find a resting-place in her sorrowing heart. That she has written and published too much is, perhaps, a matter of course. Her numerous admirers have been gratified, undoubtedly, but she has not been benefited thereby, any more than was Mrs. Hemans by her poetic repetitions. Like Mrs. Hemans, however, Miss Pleasants is a thinker and writer of a high order, and her mission upon earth cannot but be both beautiful and profitable. As she has not yet published a volume of her poems, it is hardly proper that I should view her with a "critic's eye;" but the carefully considered compliment that I would pay to her genius, is abundantly fortified by a manuscript volume of her better productions, which it has been my privilege to read and to enjoy. The most ambitious and most faultless poem which she has yet written, is called "*The Viewless Bride*," and is a superb personification of the New Year. It is allied in spirit to Bryant's "Thanotopsis," quite as original in conception, and nearly as melodious and hymn-like a composition. And another poem, entitled "*The Lost*," written in memory of her parents, can hardly be read without tearful emotions. That I am permitted to append these two poems to this letter, is simply an evidence of my importunity and the lady's kindness.

The Viewless Bride.

Sad, sad and low the Old Year's dying sigh,
Steals up the cloudy ramparts of the sky;
And gaily to the midnight's silvery chime,
The fair Young Year trips through the wintry rime.
The beautiful Young Year! all tears, all smiles,
Emerging from the future's shadowy aisles,
Her snowy garments flutter far and wide,
And vaporous mystery veils the Viewless Bride.
The night-winds warble as she wanders by;
The night-clouds flee the empyrean laguli,
And merry stars come, singing joyous rhyme,
To grace her bridal with primordial Time.
With time, that grand and high mysteriarch,
Who leads his rites through regious dim and dark,
And wins the vestal years, a lovely race,
To bloom and perish in his wild embrace.
And yet how bright and careless glistens now,
The cloudless radiance of the New Year's brow;
The gentlest twilight-fall not yet hath shed
Its dewy darkness on her youthful head;
Swift o'er the glacial sward she gaily flies,
And carols to the blue columnar skies.
She recks not of the cycles gone before,
That died like surges on a storm-beat shore,
But light and airy is her printless tread,
And joyous o'er the slumbers of the dead.

Ah! who can tell through what a wildering way—
Through what a wild her onward track shall stray?
How often will she view the night-stars pale,
And lordly forests totter to the gale,
The morning sky with weighty tempests bowed,
And tears descend from evening's lilac cloud;
What wrecks shall strew the stretching ocean sands,
When glory leads to strife the clashing bands;
What cities fall to rise not up again,
When earthquakes desolate the peopled plain.
Alas! it needs no prophet's trump to peal
The woes her future wanderings shall reveal;
We see her marching now—a victress chief,
In all the dark emblazonry of grief;

Around the bright Olympian sun she drags
A ruined star, and waves her flamy flags.
A myriad fluttering pulses cease to beat,
And crimson heart-drops stain her snowy feet.
Far down the star-lit vistas of the sky
Her pean wild-like muffled thunders fly—
They fly, alas! the saddest, saddest song,
In all the chorus of the astral throng.

The fair Young Year! her dowry is the tears
That stricken mortals fling on silent biers;
Her bridal garlands are the sorrowing rue,
The funeral cypress and the tristful yew.
She cannot shun the woe her touch imparts,
For each fresh footstep crushes human hearts;
And still where'er she turns through boundless space,
Death, death she finds the heir-loom of her race.
The bright New Year! What dark and fearful change
Her step will bring upon the mountain range—
Beside the silver stream—out on the sea,
And where the desert girds the lone palm-tree;
To many a tropic clime—where icebergs roll
In silent grandeur round the frigid pole—
Where lava-tongues fork through the crater's mouth,
And swift Siroccos sweep the lovely South—
Where iron battle leads his crested van—
Wherever roams the restless race of man.
Ah! yes, though now she carols but of glee,
To many a one her silvery song will be,
The honey-birds, that wiles with tuneful air,
The Eastern traveller to the wild beast's lair.

Such sorrows are, and oh! far more beside,
The pale attendants of the youthful bride;
And yet sometimes she circles, like the larks,
With music through the dawning grey and dark,
The fair young Year! pale trembling thing! She brings
Some blessings dripping from her dewy wings;
Not altogether is she crowned with tears,
But here and there a sunshine streak appears.
And who could not forgive a double face,
When half is wreathed with smiles and gilt with grace?
Aye! though she only boasts of terrene birth,
She'll make for some an Eden of this earth:

We see her now with angel wings unfurled,
In pitying guardage of a shipwrecked world.
She calls her children out by bright blue streams,
And gives to truthful spirits pleasant dreams.
She loads with song the night-bird's silver tongue,
And nurtures tulips for the gay and young;
While round the good man's wrinkling brow she weaves,
With tender hand, the snowy almond leaves.
She thrills with joy the artist's raptured soul,
When crimson twilights round the welkin roll;
And cheers the swain with thoughts of future ease,
When Autumn's fruitage bends the orchard trees.
To one she gives a proud and lustral name,
And circles genius with the wreath of fame,
Then where the bright hymeneal altar glows,
She crowns another with a blushing rose.
And some shall find a bright and shining hope,
That long had mocked the costliest telescope,
When they shall learn the joy of sins forgiven,
And tread the straight but starry path to Heaven.

The Past.

How kind they are, to come in sleep,
When earth is robed in silence deep,
And soothe, with pressure soft and mild,
The weary temples of their child.

How good, to leave unswept the wires
Of gold, which grace their angel lyres;
And breathe such loving lays divine,
Across a heart so sad as mine.

It is no dream, I see them now—
Above my couch they gently bow,
As oft in childhood's morn they came
When illness touched my tender frame.

They look not old, (their veins are rife
With gushings from the fount of life,)
But young, as when they joined their lot
In love, which death divided not.

Their locks are thrown, as if to hide
The scarce-seen wings on either side,
For fear I might not recognize
Such shining wanderers from the skies.

But memory never could forget
Those white-arched feet so firmly set,
Which seemed to childhood's wondering mien,
Fit only for a fairy queen.

'Tis she! beneath its dark-brown hair
No other brow could shine so fair,
And with the soul's pure radiance grace
That soft divinely Grecian face.

That chiseled head—that clear profile—
That living intellectual smile—
Those soft blue eyes—that voice, which stirs
My very soul—they all are hers.

"My child"—what tones of love profound,
(Earth hath not now so sweet a sound;)
"Let grief no more corrode thy breast,
And break thy sainted mother's rest.

"My stricken darling, mourn her not,
But be contented with thy lot;
Let all thy life be good and pure,
And teach thy spirit to endure."

And who is he, with visage bland
Who holds in his her slender hand?
A mien so free—a heart so true,
This clouded earth sure never knew.

He speaks, and to each tender tone,
My soul returns impassioned moan;
While shades of bright but fleeting years
Are mirrored darkly in my tears.

"My daughter"—oh! that thrilling word—
My heart is quivering like a bird
Through which, while breasting stormy skies,
The archer's gilded arrow flies.

"My daughter"—ah! a thick'ning flight
Of sighs break through the bars of night,
And all its flood of tear-drops roll
Upheaving from my billowy soul.

They stain the loving hands, which now
Would calm the aching of my brow,
While fast their heavenly features grow
O'ershadowed with terrestrial wo.

They cannot brook so sad a sight,
On wavering wings, they take their flight;
They seek again the Eternal Throne,
And I am left alone,—alone.

THE ALABAMA RIVER.

In coming from Huntsville to Mobile I took a round-about course of no particular interest, to *Montgomery*, and came down the Alabama river by steamboat. The seat of government of this State is one of the most thriving towns in the South; and I can well believe what I have heard, that all its inhabitants have a business to follow, and are invariably true to their interests as business men. The city lies directly on the great United States mail-route from Washington to New Orleans, and is of course much visited by strangers; and it is the centre of one of the most productive and wealthy cotton-growing sections of the Southern States. It is pleasantly situated on an elevated bank of the Alabama, and commands two interesting views of the river, which bounds it on the north. The highest point within its limits is capped by the Capitol, from which the eye wanders down a broad street somewhat resembling Pennsylvania avenue. It boasts of a large and handsome hotel, which is kept in a manner to please the most fastidious. By virtue of its character as the law-making place for the whole State it is a fashionable city, and, as the fashions of the South are somewhat peculiar, I will touch upon a few of them in passing.

Everybody is highly dressed, and while the gentlemen confine themselves to black, wear massive gold chains, and always support their dignity with a cane, the ladies dress in the brightest colors obtainable. The size of the canes used by the former is graduated by the size of the gentleman, in an inverse ratio, and occasionally you may meet a small dandy with a

club large enough to frighten Hercules. The use of tobacco is almost universal among the men, and not uncommon with the other sex; the former devoting themselves to it in the shape of cigars and fine-cut, and the women, hailing generally from the country, in the form of snuff. "Dipping for snuff," as they express it, is a prevailing practice with ladies in several of the Southern States, and is used ostensibly as a dentifrice. While travelling I have met at the hotels and in private houses females carrying in their hands a small bottle of snuff, and, instead of using it after the common mode, they apply it to their *teeth* by means of a soft pine stick, prepared for the purpose. That this habit affords an exhilarating pleasure to those who practice it, is undoubtedly true, but to the mere looker-on it caps the climax in the way of tobacco abominations. But the city ladies of the South, if they do not use tobacco after the forementioned fashion, often follow another fashion which is hardly less offensive to good taste—the fashion of powdering their faces and painting their cheeks and lips; and instances have occurred where a mother has actually ventured to paint the lips of her infant child. Let but such facts as these become notorious, and the proverb of "painting the lily" will become obsolete. The poet says, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," and the remark is true; but I could never see any more beauty in a painted white woman than I could in a painted Indian man. Were it not for the practice alluded to, more beautiful women could nowhere be found than in the South; and it is to be hoped the day is not distant when all such unhandsome habits will be abolished.

Although Montgomery is considered at the head of navigation, steamboats occasionally ascend a few miles further to Wetumpka, on the Coosa river; and from that point to Mobile the distance is rated by the pilots at four hundred and forty miles. I came down the river in a leisurely manner, whereby I had an opportunity of trying all the better steamboats and of examining the towns and landings which line the river. Of the latter my note-book tells me that there are no less than two hundred, which simply means that this is the number of private

individuals whose plantations are honored with the same attention which in the Northern States is only conferred upon villages and towns. In the time of high freshets, however, the *lowlanders*, who constitute the majority, are compelled to haul their cotton for shipment to the bluffs of their more fortunate neighbor, the *highlanders*. Upon these spots are generally erected spacious warehouses, some of which are shed-like in their appearance and a hundred yards long; while others built up from the ordinary water-mark, are many stories high. Long and steeply-inclined planes are necessary appendages to all these storehouses, down which the heavy bales are slidden with wonderful dexterity by the plantation negroes, and tiered up on the steamers by the negro boatmen to the number sometimes of two thousand bales. To the traveller who is in a hurry, this important business of taking on cotton is a great bore, but to those who can take pleasure in witnessing athletic feats, or have a taste for the picturesque, it is full of interest. The negroes, as individuals or in gangs, are always amusing to contemplate or talk with, and it needs but little sagacity to discover that, if they are low in intellect, they are often far from deficient in humanity and moral culture which cannot always be said of the plantation overseers and steamboat mates who superintend the loading of cotton. The whole aspect of an Alabama bluff when a steamer is shipping cotton at night is truly beautiful; for then it is that pitch-pine torches illuminate the entire scene; and, while the gay passengers are dancing and feasting in the gilded saloon of the steamer, the loud and plaintive singing of the negroes gives animation and cheerfulness to all whose lot it is to toil. In managing the heavy bales the negroes invariably work in pairs, and an iron hook, which each man always carries about his person, is the unmistakable badge of his profession. A hard time of it for a few weeks in the winter do these fellows have; but then they seem to be quite happy. Hardly ever, for even an hour are they permitted to sleep undisturbed upon their only beds, the cotton bales, and at all times are they summoned by the perpetually ringing bells to their severe labor. They are well fed, however; and I noticed that they were usually supplied

with a moderate but comfortable quantity of grog. Their wages vary from thirty to thirty-five dollars per month, with one dollar and a half for Sunday wages. The freight upon a bale of cotton for any distance is one dollar.

Of the few towns or villages at which I tarried I have but little to write. Selma, which is flanked by a rich and well-cultivated country, is a place of schools, and is flourishing. But with this place is associated, in my mind, a picture which was quite touching. It consisted of four slaves, three women and one man, who were seated upon the upper forward deck of the steamer, while directly at their side stood two gentlemen, between whom a bargain had been completed in regard to the servants. When the boat was about to start and the parting moment came, the old master went up and spoke kindly to the slaves, shaking each one *twice* by the hand, and said, "Good-bye; take good care of yourselves; I was too poor to keep you but you are not separated." To which the slaves all replied, "Good-bye, good-bye, good old master; God bless you!" Cahaba is another flourishing and cheerful little place, where I found comfortable hotel accommodations and witnessed the performances of an artesian well which is said to yield thirteen hundred gallons of water in a minute. Of Claiborne the next and only village on the Alabama worth mentioning, I have to say to you that it is chiefly remarkable for its elevation, since you have to ascend to it by an almost endless flight of steps, and for its bed of fossil tertiary shells. In this town it was, by the way, that Sir Charles Lyell was mistaken for a Methodist clergyman, and it is to be regretted that he did not doff the man of science for an hour and give the citizens a few ideas on the advantages of temperance, hospitality and common decency.

In describing the Alabama steamboats it is only necessary to say that they belong to the same high-pressure and boiler-bursting genus found on all the Southern and Western rivers. They are almost invariably built somewhere on the Ohio, and when above the mediocrity, are really splendid affairs. The fare from Montgomery to Mobile is ten dollars, and for this you are furnished with a state-room and as good eating as the

country affords, the great drawback being the half French fashion in which the food is cooked and placed upon the table. Claret and white wines are also furnished without additional cost, and if you desire it you can have a cup of coffee served to you before leaving your berth. Even the negroes revel on all these so considered luxuries. As a general thing more attention is paid to the comfort of the lady passengers by the officers on board these Southern steamers than is usual in the Northern States, and the servants are universally polite and accommodating, if not particularly tidy. As an offset to the above-named advantages, however, must be mentioned the annoyances identified with bar-rooms and gaming tables. The habit of gambling is very common, and, excepting in a few of the better boats professional blacklegs, usually travelling in pairs, but always appearing as strangers, are allowed the freedom of the boats. Their regular business, as a matter of course, is to fleece the unwary, which they do by marked cards and other tricks; and I am informed that it is no uncommon circumstance for an innocent but silly planter to lose five thousand dollars in a single night. Once in a while, however, you may find a captain of a boat who has enough love for his kind to inform his marked passenger of his danger by warning him against certain meek looking gentlemen. The speed of the Alabama boats varies from ten to twenty miles an hour.

And now for a running account of the Alabama river. For about two hundred miles below Montgomery its characteristics are moderately-elevated banks and a vegetation peculiar to a temperate climate, where even in winter the forests have a greenish tinge on account of the great quantity of mistletoe. But, as you descend the stream, the banks gradually become almost level with the water, and a continuous forest of cypress and magnolia, of live oak and juniper, fades away to the sky in every direction; and their sombre effect upon the mind, with their never-ending festoons of gray moss, is by no means mitigated by the muddy, sluggish and lonely stream. Cultivated fields and comfortable mansions are nowhere to be seen from the river; but in their stead, linking the dark woods with the

yellow water, are long lines of reedy jungles, all green and monotonous, with here and there the huts of wood-choppers and hunters of the bear. Many of the trees which lie stranded on the shores or loom gloomily out of their watery beds are of enormous size. As I have seen specimens bending with the weight of their grape vines, huge and multitudinous, I have been reminded of an old monarch in chains; and when I have seen others holding aloft over the stream their great masses of moss they have almost seemed to breathe the words, "Beware, stranger! Come not here; death is here, death is here." From that point where it is joined by the Tombigbee to Mobile, the Alabama was formerly called after the city of Mobile, and as it widens into the bay of that name its long reaches are truly grand and imposing; and at the sunset hour, when in one direction the smoke of an unseen steamer in a bend of the river is rolling high into the air and in another you see an extensive marsh on fire, the effect is marvellously fine and imposing.

THE TOMBIGBEE AND BLACK WARRIOR RIVERS.

INTENDING to revisit Mobile, I only remained there long enough to secure a passage up the Tombigbee and Black Warrior rivers, and in this letter I propose to embody my experiences in regard to them. What has been said generally, in the preceding letter, of the scenery, towns, and steamboats of the Alabama river is quite applicable to the rival streams flowing through the westward section of the State. My first steamboat trip up the Tombigbee took me to the quiet and pleasant town of Columbus, in Mississippi, between which place and Mobile it was impossible for me to ascertain the distance, since no two of the natives told the same story, but I remember that the landing places numbered two hundred and seventy-three. Our boat was one of the best on the river, but, as there was a strife between her and her captain as to which would carry the highest head of steam, the sail was anything but soothing to the nerves; and moreover we were nightly beset with heavy fogs, so that the local vulgarism of "going it blind" was fully appreciated.

With the efforts of our steamboat hands to make the nightly darkness visible I was amused, for they accomplished their object by hanging out huge pinewood torches from either side of the boat, and whenever she got entangled among the trees, which was frequently the case, there was a display of fireworks among the mossy trees more novel than interesting.

Our supply of gamblers was unusually large, and the manner in which I saw a game of cards broken up was quite exciting. The hero of the incident was a rich planter, who had been

swindled out of several hundred dollars by means of marked cards, and who, having had his suspicions roused, called for a fresh pack, and when the game commenced, very coolly laid a loaded pistol on the table, and remarked that he would shoot the very first man whom he even suspected of foul play. As a matter of course he lost no more money on that trip. On my way up the Tombigbee I was first made acquainted with the true version of the witty incident which has done more than any thing else to give this river its reputation. When William H. Crawford was Secretary of the Treasury he wrote to the collector at Mobile, Silas Dinsmore, to ascertain the length of this river, which request he worded to this effect: "How far does the Tombigbee run up?" To which the laconic Collector replied: "The Tombigbee does not run up at all; it runs down;" and was by the return mail dismissed from office. Mr. Dinsmore is universally mentioned as a man of ability. A favorite theory with him was that America was peopled by the Northmen, and, as a compliment for several articles that he wrote upon the subject, the King of Denmark presented him with a diploma. The original name of this river was Ich-tombig-a-bee, which in the Choctaw tongue means Trunk River. It was so called because in very early times a man lived upon it who made boxes. Those who now live on its banks tell me that it is subject to high freshes and of course muddy, but that in summer it is picturesque and very clear. A single day was enough to exhaust the wonders of Columbus, as well as those of its more aristocratic neighbor and rival, the town of Aberdeen, beyond which steamboats seldom ascend; and a drive of two days, over a horrible road and an uninteresting country, brought me to Tuscaloosa, on the Black Warrior river.

And what shall I say of this famous Tuscaloosa, which derives its name from a noted Indian chief who had the honor of giving De Soto a thrashing in the times of old? It is a beautifully situated and tastefully laid out town, with broad streets and many pleasant residences, but at the present time sadly dilapidated. It was formerly the capital of the State, but everything like government patronage having been transferred to Mont-

gomery, its people seem to have become disheartened and lost all their former enterprise. Nothing more forcibly reminded me of this fact than the appearance of the hotel where I lodged, which in its dimensions is quite imposing, for it measures in length three hundred and forty feet, and is three or four stories high. Many a time in other days has it been the home and congregating-place of three hundred and fifty persons, while its present list of boarders does not number more than ten persons. A walk through its deserted chambers reminded me of Moore's song about the halls of Tara. I felt a respect for the house for its apparent antiquity, and when informed that the landlord had been stationed here for nearly twenty years, I looked upon him as a curiosity, for such things are not generally permitted by the "fast" age in which we live.

Many objects that I stumbled upon reminded me of the gay life which was once led here by the aristocracy of the land, and as I reflected upon the cause of this great change which had taken place, and upon the intrinsic merits of the town, I felt provoked with its present race of inhabitants. They are a stagnant people, in a stagnant place, but the fault is their own. Not only is the town the centre of a fertile corn and cotton-growing region, but it is at the head of navigation on the Black Warrior river, and is flanked by a coal and iron region ninety miles long and from ten to thirty wide, with coal seams not less than ten feet in thickness. Its climate is all that could be desired for health and comfort, and it is interesting to naturalists as constituting the extreme southern limit to which the ancient carboniferous vegetation has been traced in the northern hemisphere. In addition to all this, its citizens are highly intelligent, and it is the seat of a flourishing institution of learning, the University of Alabama, whose officers consist of a president, eight professors, a secretary, and librarian. A more intelligent or refined body of literary and scientific gentlemen I have never seen anywhere.

One of them, Prof. Michael Toumey, an amiable and talented man, is the geologist of the State, and has published a number of able reports; and another, the Professor of ancient lan-

guages, Samuel M. Stafford, in a career of official duty extending through eighteen years, has only lost two days, and on these he was an invalid. The college buildings occupy a very pleasant spot in the vicinity of a romantic fall of water; and, while its general library of 8,000 volumes is particularly rich in rare and valuable works, its cabinets are also of superior excellence.

The present number of students is one hundred and eight, and I was informed that the expenses of obtaining an education there, with economy, and without room furniture, clothing, and travelling, need not amount to more than $200 per annum. There is also going up in Tuscaloosa an extensive building, intended for a State asylum for the insane. It is to be built of brick, is eight hundred feet long, and while the architect, Samuel Sloan, is from Philadelphia, all the masons and carpenters are slaves. A cotton factory and a paper mill have also been established here, and in the hands of Yankees are both doing well. What folly, therefore, is it in the people of Tuscaloosa to be forever sighing over the departure of their former glory, which was, after all, not much more than a fanciful idea? Tuscaloosa ought to be a gem of a place, and if its men of property would only boast less of their cotton bales and smart negroes, and do a little more with their own perpetually gloved hands, they would increase their own happiness and respectability as members of the body politic. Though a very slow one at the present time, it was in former days a very fast one; and, as an evidence of this fact, it may be stated that every lawyer glories in the title of judge, every sporting character in that of colonel, while the titles of general and captain and major are as plentiful as politicians.

From my agreeable landlord and other persons in Tuscaloosa, I obtained a number of items which I think worth recording, as illustrative of some of the peculiar phases of fortune and Southern life. The "Flush Times of Alabama," which have been so admirably described in the popular book bearing that title, occurred in the memorable year of 1837. One individual, whose credit was at that time so low that he could not obtain his grog upon credit, was nevertheless so great a favorite of

fortune, that he went to New York and purchased goods upon credit to the extent of $50,000; and what surprised me a little was the recollection that my own hands had marked his numerous packages, when I was a Pearl street clerk. By way of depicting the peculiar business traits of the modern Tuscaloosians, it has been stated to me that while an extensive bed of coal is known to exist within a mile of the town, it is customary to order even from Philadelphia the needed supply; and that while the country affords a beautiful quality of marble, the tombstones of the place are all imported from Italy. To give their sons a liberal education is a paramount idea with the planters of this region, and where they can afford it no expenses are spared; but when you come to talk about acquiring a profession and practising it, that is altogether a different affair. With many persons the impression seems to be that the only elegant way in which to pass through life, is to have a plantation and do nothing at all. To such an extent is the idea of doing nothing sometimes carried, that this story is told of one individual: He had obtained a new book, and while he threw himself in his wife's chair to enjoy its contents, she went out to make some calls. On her return she found her husband in bed, and, on anxiously questioning him about his health, he very coolly replied that "the fire went out, and he had resorted to the bed to get warm," although at the same time there was a pile of wood in an adjoining room, and a dozen servants on the premises, but the trouble of ringing the bell was not to be undertaken. But I would not be censorious in my remarks; and, by way of illustrating the healthfulness of the public mind, (though I cannot say much of what the *hands* are doing,) I would state the fact, that the National Intelligencer and New York Observer are the journals which you most frequently find patronised by the reading men of this section of country. And this allusion to good papers reminds me of a circumstance connected with a good book, viz: Horse-Shoe Robinson, by Mr. Kennedy. Within an hour's ride of Tuscaloosa, and in a lonely forest, is the grave of the hero of that novel. He came from South Carolina into Alabama at an early

day, and died here about ten years ago. Many people now living remember to have heard him recount the manifold adventures he had experienced in the campaigns, and his name is ever mentioned with respect and affection. His real name was Galbraith, but from the fact that he had been a blacksmith, he obtained the soubriquet of Horse-Shoe Robinson; and I am informed that to the description of his person by Mr. Kennedy, ought to be added the peculiarity of remarkably high cheek bones and deeply sunken eyes, both strikingly indicative of his true character. He has a grandson living in Tuscaloosa at the present time.

The character of the Black Warrior or Tuscaloosa river is precisely similar to that of the Tombigbee; and, as I came down it in a steamer that was overloaded with cotton and cattle, I will pass on to what I have to say of Demopolis. This town lies on the eastern bank of the Tombigbee, and differs from its neighbors in being flanked by a rich prairie country. It was settled by a colony of French families at the conclusion of the Napoleon wars, and among them were several of his officers. One of them, named Raoul, who was a genuine colonel in the French army, came to this country with a letter of introduction from Lafayette to Madison. During his sojourn at Demopolis, he obtained his living by keeping a *scow ferry*, but subsequently returned to France, was reinstated in the army, and died a general. A few of the old French residents are still left in Demopolis, and are a most interesting portion of the community, where all are intelligent, hospitable and polite.

One thing that I heard of, but unfortunately did not see in the vicinity of Demopolis, was a manuscript Bible of great antiquity. It is the property of Dr. John B. Witherspoon, who believes it, on the testimony of tradition and the title page, to have been written about the year 850. It has been described to me as being eight inches long, six inches broad, and five inches thick, and is written on parchment, richly illuminated, and bound in oak. The fortunate proprietor is a resident, I believe, of the village of Greensboro', in this State.

My voyage from Demopolis to this place was attended by no

remarkable incidents, but by many that were characteristic of the river. We stopped at scores of plantations, now taking on board a hundred and then only five bales of cotton, at one place a few horses and mules, and at another a lot of cattle, which the frolicsome negroes forced on board the boat by biting and twisting their tails. At nearly all the landing places we noticed the negroes at work in the fields, and the women had a trick of dropping their hoes and running to the steamboat, to receive from the boatmen presents of tobacco, which were always distributed with great liberality. The only dwellings that we saw were rude log-cabins, and it was difficult oftentimes to distinguish the planter's residence from the domicils of his slaves; and, while a cotton-gin was invariably attached to each plantation, there were occasionally to be seen forlorn and deserted cabins, which reminded me of a man walking on stilts, so high were the blocks or trunks of trees on which they stood. The owners of the plantations where we stopped were seldom or never seen, but the overseers always. All the parties that met each other seemed to be personally acquainted, and so free and easy were the "down-trodden" negroes, that I have frequently seen them go up to the captain of the boat, or to the overseer, and ask him for a bit of tobacco or a cigar. As in the works of Nature in this Southern land there is a free luxuriance, so among the people is there a freedom of intercourse, which gives the lie to nearly all the assertions of the political fanatics of the North.

And now for a "disjointed chat" about St. Stephen's, which is decidedly, to my mind, one of the most interesting places in Alabama, because not only of its history and its patriarch, but on account of the model plantation with which and with whose proprietor I have become acquainted. But I must particularize. The modern town of St. Stephen's consists only of a picturesque bluff overlooking the Tombigbee, a post office and land office, hidden in the piney woods some two or three miles from the river, four or five rude cabins within a rifle shot of each other, also in the woods, and one large plantation, extending from the river north of the bluff mentioned, to the public offices. The

ancient town of St. Stephen's as it might be called, however, and which stood upon the bluff, was a very different affair; for, about fifty years ago, it was the largest town and principal post in the Alabama valley, as well as the centre of an extensive Indian country. It numbered several thousand inhabitants, was protected by a Spanish fortress, under which was a natural cave which is still worth visiting. It transacted quite a large commercial business, and contained a theatre, a bank and an academy. All the better buildings in the town were of stone, and it is said, altogether presented a handsome appearance. But nature and fortune were against the place, and more rapidly than it arose did it degenerate into a hamlet of no importance, when the few remaining inhabitants posted off almost in a body to Mobile; and it is a singular circumstance that some two hundred of the picturesque edifices now to be found in that city once towered in beauty on the bluff of St. Stephen's.

But the glory of this old town is forever departed, and the Georgia Cracker spake truly when he said of it that it reminded him of what he had read in the Bible—*Babby Lion*. Rank weeds have taken sole possession of the abandoned cellars, while here and there may be seen the unmarked graves of men whose fortunes were identified with and who ended their days on this spot. One that I remember deserves to be mentioned with particular regard. His name was J. M. Thompson, and he was the first man who ever took a cargo of provisions from the Ohio river to the Alabama valley, and this he accomplished by means of a barge of thirty-five tons, propelled by fifteen oars and manned by as many Kentuckians, who were all "half-horse and half-alligator" fellows. They had an easy time of it floating down the Mississippi, rather a dangerous one in coasting the Gulf of Mexico, and when they came in sight of the then Spanish fort of Mobile, they hoisted the American flag and passed directly up the river without even condescending to ask permission. It was a daring and high-handed act, and the guns at the fort were got ready to fire upon the trespassers, when the commandant concluded that the men must be mad, positively crazy; so they escaped unharmed. Thompson made

money by his venture, became a citizen of St. Stephen's but died a few months after his arrival. The crew that accompanied him from the Ohio took to evil ways, and the majority of them were either killed in private fights or executed by the Spanish authorities for breaking the laws.

Another man formerly identified with St. Stephen's was one McGrew. He led the life of a hunter and man-of-all-work, and had a cabin in the pine woods just without the limits of the town. He hated the Spanish authorities with his whole heart, and the compliment was reciprocated. Difficulties were constantly occurring between the parties, and his Rob Royish exploits were frequent and desperate. But the great event of his life was in substance the following: An ox belonging to McGrew chanced to wander into the vicinity of the Spanish fort, and, being in a good condition, and having the hunter's *brand* upon him, was shot down, and ordered to be dressed for the commandant's larder. The hunter was of course very angry, and scrupled not to express his opinion of the outrage and its perpetrators. He was then arrested, imprisoned for a month, and sentenced to be publicly whipped at the flagstaff within the fort. The unhappy hour arrived, and he was on the spot; but before a lash was given he bolted suddenly out of the clutches of the turnkeys, and running to a wall that was eight feet high, scrambled over it, and, though twenty-five guns were fired at him he made his escape. A reward of one hundred dollars was offered for his body, dead or alive, and four Spanish soldiers went upon a hunt for the hunter. They got upon his trail; even caught sight of him; and his chances for life were slender enough. He was without a weapon, while his pursuers were well armed; but, as fortune would have it, the first soldier who came up to him was killed with a pine knot, the second with a stone, and the third had his shoulder blade broken with a club, whereupon the fourth Spaniard suddenly changed his course of travel, and poor McGrew was at leisure to meditate upon the loss of his favorite ox.

I come now to speak of the man whom I have designated as the Patriarch of St. Stephen's. Of just such a man was Shakspeare thinking when he wrote:

"His silver hairs
Will purchase him a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend his deeds."

James Magoffin is a man as modest as he is venerable, but I trust that he will not censure me for printing his name. Officially speaking, he is the register of the land office here, and as the St. Stephen's office is the oldest in the Southern States, so is Mr. Magoffin the oldest land office register. To add that he knows every thing about the landed interests of the South would be superfluous. He was born in Philadelphia and commercially educated in that city. When nineteen years old he was thought to be consumptive, and having been told that the only chance to prolong life would be to emigrate to Alabama, where the piney woods, an abundance of milk, and riding might do him good, he took the advice, and, though an old man, he is still in the enjoyment of good health. He came to the South about fifty years ago, and from the start he was taken in hand by the authorities of the general government. His first appointment after the country became ours was that of post-master, his second that of collector of the customs, and his third that of issuing commissary and sutler; and as he was a good penman and a map-maker, when the land office was established at St. Stephen's in 1809, he was invited to attend to that business, and for five years thereafter he was not away from his office, at one time, more than thirty minutes. He was a member of the Convention that formed the Constitution of Alabama, and has also done something in the way of mercantile pursuits and land speculation, and many a city lot in St. Stephen's that may now be bought for a dollar or two has he sold for a thousand in other days. He has been connected with the land office of St. Stephen's ever since its establishment, and the innumerable and massive books that he has filled with his penmanship would hardly display their neat and business-like pages, I ween, without his presence. He was never married, and has been as constant at his post as the old Dutch clock which clicks upon the mantel-piece of his log-house, office and home. He came to the South with letters from Gen. Jackson, who was his personal friend; and among his other in-

timate friends were such men as the late William R. King. He was the first man in the South who paid particular attention to the culture of grapes, and as long ago as 1809 he made his hundred gallons of wine. For thirty years has he been a correspondent of Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnati, who is now making a fortune by a business that was suggested to him by Mr. Magoffin. Horticulture is evidently Mr. Magoffin's hobby and while he boasts of the fact that he cultivates forty varieties of grape and annually makes some four hundred gallons of wine, which he distributes among his friends and neighbors with a most liberal hand, he is at the same time constantly trying experiments and making discoveries in regard to the culture of corn and other valuable grains. His life has been a useful one and it cannot be said of him that he knows not how to be old. With propriety may we turn from Shakspeare to Armstrong, and say of him—

> "Though old, he still retains
> His manly sense and energy of mind.
> Virtuous and wise he is, but not severe;
> His easy presence checks no decent joy.
> Him even the dissolute admire; for he
> A graceful looseness when he will puts on,
> And, laughing, can instruct."

But I have obtained from Mr. Magoffin a variety of local facts and incidents which cannot but make an interesting paragraph or two; and these shall now be the burden of my song.

The first has reference to an interview that Mr. Magoffin had with Tecumseh, the celebrated Shawnee warrior, on the banks of the Alabama. The former had been arrested while journeying through the Creek Nation with Government despatches, and it was while domiciliated with his kind protector —who was a medal-chief, lived in a log cabin, and worked twenty negroes—that Tecumseh made his appearance on a friendly visit. As the oft-repeated question of "Who killed Tecumseh?" has never been answered, it may be gratifying to behold a physical and mental portrait of the warrior, sketched by a man of Mr. Magoffin's intelligence. He was five feet ten

inches high, brawny and stout, had a Roman nose, and an eye that could not be looked into without emotion. He was attended by a suite of thirteen warriors, and in everything that he did conducted himself like a prince and a gentleman. Mr. Magoffin having asked and obtained permission to shake his hand, the Prophet remarked "that he was glad to see a white man from the father city, and that General Washington was a great warrior." He inquired as to the stature of Washington, and on being told "just about your height," he drew himself up and took a complacent glance at his own person. After asking many questions about the "big men" at Washington, he was invited to take something to eat; and, while daintily enjoying himself—for he was much of an epicure—he turned to Mr. Magoffin and said: "Your people are fond of good living, but they don't live right. I noticed in Missouri that they eat too much hog; that is not good. If they would eat more deer meat they would run faster. If they eat so much hog they will turn to hog." On being questioned about the Indian dish of *suckatash*, he remarked "that he knew all about it, that it came from the North, and that the western Indians got it from King Philip."

And here is an anecdote with a twofold bearing. When Lieut. Col. Richard Sparks was in command of Fort Stodart, in 1808, Mr. Magoffin was his clerk, and executed all his writing. The proclamation with which Sparks fell into the movement of Reuben Kemper to invade Florida was written by the aforesaid clerk, and the press on which it was printed was the first that ever appeared in what is now the State of Alabama, and that press was brought to Fort Stodart from Knoxville, Tennessee, by a man named Samuel Miller. Sparks was undoubtedly quite willing to act as he did without any urging, but he was unfortunately supported by the then Governor of Louisiana, Mr. Claiborne; and just before his arrest, and in time for the court-martial, he cunningly obtained a letter from Governor Claiborne sanctioning his course in the most explicit manner. This letter was kept secret until the trial was nearly ended, when Sparks, who had played many a game of cards

with the presiding officer, but with whom he had quarreled, stepped up to that gentleman, and, handing him the Claiborne letter, very coolly remarked as follows: "I have all my life been in the habit of fighting savages; I have never been taken by ambush or surprise; and now, General, I will thank you to play to that card." Sparks was acquitted and Claiborne's integrity was seriously questioned; but I believe his conduct was subsequently satisfactorily explained.

Another local incident obtained from Mr. Magoffin was about Hal's Lake, a stagnant sheet of water lying between the Tombigbee and Alabama rivers, a short distance above their junction. The lake obtained its name from a negro who, about thirty years ago, ran away from his master, and in an extensive cane-brake swamp bordering the lake built himself a cabin, and subsequently established a kind of colony of runaway slaves. The spot was far more desolate than Cowper's "lodge in some wilderness," and almost the only creatures that ever penetrated into it, besides the darkies, were black bears and alligators. The business which supported that interesting clan was that of stealing, which they carried on principally in Mobile, which they visited furtively in their canoes, travelling at night and remaining in ambush by day. In process of time they hatched a foolish conspiracy to murder the people of Mobile, but a repentant fellow exposed the plot, whereupon the officers of justice ferreted out the outlaws; a desperate fight took place, many persons on both sides were killed, and so Hal's Lake returned to its former state of desolation. The stolen property which was discovered here was of considerable value, and among the prisoners taken were black children who had never seen a white man.

And still another, but more amusing incident touching a citizen of this region, happened in this wise. He was an old and wealthy, but inexperienced planter. Happening to be in Mobile on one occasion, he repeatedly expressed a desire to witness a fire, but as often as the bells rung, was disappointed. On one occasion, however, he was gratified, for the hotel where he lodged chanced to take fire at midnight. The excitement

was of course great, but the consternation of the planter knew no bounds. In his fright he hurried from his room, and down into the street with breeches and coat in one hand and trunk in the other, shouting with might and main "Run, Tom, Dick, and Harry, run quick and help, for the d—d plantation is on fire!"—and meeting one of his most intimate friends in the street, he rushed up to him and exclaimed: "Stranger, help me to take my trunk to the boat; only help me, sir, I want to go home." This man has since sent his son to transact his business in Mobile.

The model plantation to which I have alluded is by no means what Southerners call an extensive one, but the productiveness and appendages thereof are precisely similar in character to those of all well-conducted plantations in Florida, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi. Exclusive of a huge domain of pine lands, the estate contains eight hundred acres, and lies in a bend of the Tombigbee river. Its negro force consists of one hundred men and women, with some fifty horses and mules, and its annual yield is about two hundred and fifty bales of cotton and six thousand bushels of corn, or perhaps fifteen thousand dollars. The very comfortable house of the overseer occupies the summit of a bluff which commands a view of the whole farm, a long reach of the river, both up and down, while the country on the opposite side of the river seems to be one vast cypress swamp, without a human habitation; while in the immediate vicinity of the house are the cabins, some twenty-five in number, occupied by the slaves, with the barns, cotton gin and press, and usually a pile beside them of cotton seeds, which when rotted, make a profitable manure. The residence of the planter himself—L. J. Wilson, Esq.—is pleasantly situated about two miles from the river, in a fragrant pine forest, and is in every particular an elegant establishment.

At the present time the crops of the plantation have been gathered, and are either sold or prepared for market, so that ploughing is now the chief employment of all hands, both men and women. The toils of the day begin at a stated hour, an hour and a half or two hours assigned to dinner, and the plough

left in the furrow, or the "shovel and the hoe" thrown aside, long before the factory girls of Lowell have thought of leaving their looms. As many as four or six times in the day do the women who have young children leave the field where they may be working and march up in a line to nurse their children. When the negroes are at work in one body in a single field, as is usually the case, they present an interesting picture. Dressed as they commonly are in loosely made clothes, as dark as the soil they till, but frequently relieved by bits of red in the way of a cravat or turban, they are always picturesque; and the jibes and jokes, the loud laughter, and witty remarks which are constantly heard, prove that the slaves have quite as happy a time as the morose looking massa whose business it is to journey on horseback from one end of the plantation to the other, perpetually. When a young rascal has been caught stealing or will not do his duty, he is brought up to receive a *strapping*, and that literally; for the much-talked-of "*lash*" is nothing but a piece of leather, eighteen inches long and two and a half wide, which is attached to a wooden handle, and never could draw blood. But not more than one in ten of the slaves on this plantation were ever touched even by this harmless strap. As to the amount of labor which the faithful servants perform, three of their days would about balance one day of a Yankee yeoman; and it is a singular fact that, while the greatest amount of labor is occasionally performed by the women, they have a custom of boasting of their superior dexterity, industry, and strength. When the women become too old to do field-work, they are employed as nurses or cooks, and treated with kindness. Rude are the cabins which they all inhabit; but, when the warmth of the climate is considered, their homes, where every husband is master, are as comfortable as need be. Among the negroes of the plantation, every individual man, woman, and child is weekly supplied with the following articles: four pounds of bacon, one peck of corn meal, one pint of molasses, three salted fish, a supply of fresh meat when killed, together with all the vegetables they may desire; and this in addition to what each man is permitted to raise on his own account in the

way of pigs, poultry, and grain. And it should be borne in mind, that at least one-quarter of the above rations are assigned to the youngest children. The rules of the plantation are strict, as they should be; and when obeyed there is no trouble. On the score of religion, the negroes are not without its privileges, for there are negro preachers in abundance, and they have regular Sabbath services. The people on an isolated plantation are necessarily removed from the "stated preaching" of cultivated men; and here, on these Southern plantations, I have thought, was a most appropriate sphere for the Northern missionary enterprise. Let the people of the North send to this region the Bible, with pious missionaries, both of which would be always gladly welcomed, and keep the fanatics and demagogues at home, and much good might be done. The overseer of a plantation is of course the great man upon it, and so accustomed to absolute rule that he is very apt to conduct himself before strangers in an authoritative manner; and in speaking of every thing on the farm he uses to excess the personal pronoun of the "first person singular." The house that he occupies is quite comfortable, and in the case before us is supplied with a few books, a medicine chest, and a stock of guns, with which he amuses himself during the game season.

And by the way. Just behind the overseer's house alluded to, and between two trees, is the grave of a former proprietor of this plantation, and of which the following curious circumstance is related. Shortly before his death the planter had sold a horse, to a neighbor residing eight miles distant. One day this horse made his appearance on the old plantation, poor and in a sickly condition, and on the following morning was found dead, lying across the grave of his master.

Let us now direct our steps to the present planter's residence. It is a large, cottage-shaped building, situated in the centre of a handsome lawn, besprinkled with fruit trees and clusters of flowers, flanked by comfortable negro-quarters and spacious stables, and surrounded with the tall columns of the pine forest. The spirit of genuine hospitality reigns supreme, and everything that a reasonable guest can desire is at his command.

If refined politeness and high-toned conversation are expected, they will be enjoyed to perfection; if the guest have a weakness for the pleasures of the palate, here he will find game in abundance, capitally cooked, wines of the most famous vintages, and, far above all, the famous gumbo, which, like the chowder of Yankee land and the pea-soup of Canada, is made of a score of ingredients; if books are his hobby, here is a well-selected library; if music, none can strike the keys of the piano with more grace than the accomplished hostess; if sporting is the order of the day, he has but to mount a horse, call for the darkey Nimrod and his dogs, and go forth either to kill a deer, a wild-cat, a wolf, an opossum, a coon, or perhaps a bear, merely by way of getting up an appetite for dinner; if blooded horses are to his taste, he will find the stables well supplied; if ornithology is his passion, here he may study the habits of the wild turkey, (which are killed by the hundred,) of the partridge and quail, of many varieties of the duck tribe, of the vulture and the crow, of the robin, (which becomes intoxicated by feeding on the buds of the China tree,) of the tropical paraquette, with its bright-green plumage, of the glorious mocking-bird, and of the whippoorwill, whose song to the superstitious negro, portends, in times of sickness, a death on the plantation. If the guest have a fondness for creatures of the reptile genus, the neighboring lakes will supply him with any number of huge alligators, and the swamps with rattle-snakes, the chicken, the ribbon, and the moccasin snakes; if a student of geology, the limestone bluff of St. Stephen's will exhibit to him a curious cave, with its floor covered with sea-shells, while other localities will supply him with petrified sharks' teeth and deer horns, and whole terrapins transformed into solid stone. And he who may have a relish for curious incidents will be told that upon this very plantation did a Dutchman, many years ago, sell himself into slavery to pay for his passage across the Atlantic, and is now one of the wealthiest planters in Alabama; and also that across a neighboring wilderness, one hundred miles in width, did a white woman, who had been deserted by her husband and was pursued by Indians, once travel on a pony

with no companion but her dead infant, and that the same person was subsequently a leader in fashionable life in Washington. And now do I take my leave of St. Stephen's and the Tombigbee river, and that, too, with almost as much reluctance as was manifested by Mr. Wilson's body servant, a fine boy, who, when I pretended to be negotiating his purchase, wept as if his heart would break.

A JAUNT INTO MISSISSIPPI.

I LIKE Mobile much. It has a substantial as well as a dashing appearance, and the business habits and manners of the people remind me of old Gotham. Its "Battle" House would be the boast of any city, and, like most of the better hotels in the South, is kept by a Yankee. Mobile is an opulent place, and has been made so almost exclusively by the cotton interest. It is an extravagant, joyous, and free and easy town; so that sporting characters, thorough bred and fast horses, and lovely women are as "familiar as household words." Warm-hearted, it seems to me, are all its citizens; polite to strangers, and affectionate among themselves. Its position is convenient and pleasant, and, excepting when visited by the yellow fever, is considered healthy. On a bluff or high land in the vicinity of the city, and connected with it by a capital shell-road, the wealthy inhabitants have built themselves country residences, some of which are elegant, while all of them command a fine view of the city and bay of Mobile. With the market of this city I have been particularly pleased, and it is deservedly the centre of attraction to all strangers. The building itself is common-place, but as a depot for all the good things of this most bountiful land, and as a congregating-place for queer characters, it is worthy of a frequent visit. The butchers and hucksters are usually of French or Spanish extraction, and when you add to these, their wives and daughters, negroes of every age and shade of color, and an occasional group of Choctaw Indians, you have a sufficient variety. Fruit of every kind peculiar to the tropics, is found here in the greatest profusion;

so also is it with game, deer, wild turkeys, ducks, and birds of the partridge tribe being the staples in this line; and as to fish, the following are what I noted during a single walk through the market, viz., salt-water trout, rockfish or striped bass, black bass, bream, sunfish, pike, redfish or red horse, sheepshead, salt-water mullet, buffalo or drum, flounder and flatfish, the common sucker, and catfish of every imaginable size. The number of Indians who spend much of their time in Mobile, but who live in the neighboring pine woods, is estimated at one thousand. The men, some of whom are fine-looking, do a little hunting for the market, but their principal business is to deck themselves in bright colors and hang about the market or the hotels, very much after the manner of their brother snobs in our Northern cities, who loiter about the church doors on Sunday; but the Indian women are industrious, and manage to keep themselves quite comfortable by selling bundles of fat-pine for lighting fires, and beautiful willow baskets.

In my letter from St. Augustine I gave a slight account of a Minorcan masquerade, but, as the Mobilians evidently take the lead in this business, I must devote a paragraph to their fantastic doings. As these take place annually on the first of January, I did not see any of them, but from an intelligent eye-witness I have obtained the following particulars: It appears that there are here two regularly organized societies, which glory in the names of "*Cowbellions*," and "*Strikers*." They have each from sixty to a hundred members, who are of high respectability and wealthy. Their ostensible purpose is annually to dismiss the old year and welcome the new one, which they do by parading the streets at night, by the light of torches and colored lanterns, decked out in fantastic dresses and singing uncouth songs. This part of the programme is followed by a dance at the theatre, where a company of ladies have assembled to meet them, and the winding up is a sumptuous entertainment. Often the processions are very grotesque, and set the whole town a laughing; but of late years their customs seem to have been to personify the more noted characters of

Shakspeare and Sir Walter Scott or the ancient mythologies, and to reproduce the games of old England. With the origin of this custom I am not acquainted, but it is evidently allied to the more sedate and sensible custom which formerly prevailed among the Dutch inhabitants of Manhattan, when the last night of the year was wholly devoted by them to visiting from house to house and drinking hot toddies of Holland gin.

From Mobile I made a desperate journey into the interior of the State of Mississippi; and as I saw and heard a number of things during the jaunt, it is meet that I should make them the theme of a few paragraphs. My ostensible object was to visit the town of Augusta, which is eighty miles from Mobile, and I accomplished the trip with my companion in five days, paying for the services of a man and his "one-horse concern" the moderate price of fifty dollars. The road for the most part lay through a monotonous pine country, and, as the weather turned out to be inclement and the accommodations we met with very bad, we had any thing but a "good time." We went by one road and returned by another. We came in contact, however, with a few men, women, and things that were excessively characteristic of the wilderness, and for that reason they ought to be chronicled.

Our first night was spent in a cabin on Dog river. Our supper consisted of sweet potatoes, molasses, bacon, and diluted coffee; and our bed-room was ventilated on an entirely new principle; that is to say, by wide cracks in the floor, broad spaces between the logs that composed the walls, huge openings in the roof, and a window with a shutter that could not be closed. Our host was a man who, some twenty-five years ago, had left the *back settlements* of Mississippi for the purpose of finding a home in Alabama, but having reached Dog river during a freshet, he was compelled to encamp with his family for a few days. During this halt it struck him that he would erect a bridge over the river for the benefit of pilgrims like himself and also build himself a cabin and turn innkeeper. Both of these important things did he accomplish; and, as he had a son who was fond of hunting, and as the few people who travelled

through the country were compelled to tarry with him at least a night, he has thus managed to obtain a living. In politics he was a Jackson man, because he had once fought the Indians under the old General; and in the way of religion he had been a Methodist and a Baptist, but left both of these denominations in disgust, as he said, but upon compulsion, as I afterwards learnt. He now avowed himself an "Independent Religionist." The only fruit of his religious opinions which I witnessed were that between supper and bed time he drank nearly a whole decanter of bad whiskey, and then insisted upon gathering his family and reading a prayer. His wife seemed a very worthy woman, and he had a daughter whose face struck me as beautiful, and verily seemed "like sunshine in a shady place."

Our second night was spent in another cabin in the pine woods, belonging to an industrious and obliging man. His estate numbered a thousand acres, but his main support was derived from the business of cutting spar timber, which he hauled to the Pascagoula, floated to the mouth of that stream, and sold to an agent of the French Government. Our host's family consisted of a wife and *eighteen* children, three of whom were girls, whose average weight we estimated at two hundred pounds, who could, and to our sorrow did, all play on the violin and accordeon, and who were so fond of dancing that whenever two or three spar-cutters happened along to join them they would "dance all night till broad day-light." It was evident that this family was well enough off to live in comfort, but, true to habits which prevail among a large class in the South, they did not seem to know the sensation of real comfort. Negroes of all ages were abundant in and about the dwelling, whose market value would not have been less than ten thousand dollars; and yet, with two or three exceptions, wooden benches were used in the place of chairs, one iron spoon answered for the whole family, and the mother added the sugar or "short sweetning" to the coffee with her fingers, and tasted each cup before sending it round to ascertain if it was right. Such things as andirons, tongs, and wash-basins were considered useless; and

the bedstead upon which we slept was a mere board, yet the sheets were charmingly fringed with cotton lace, and in their freshness did not remind me of those once alluded to by Isaak Walton. All the family, excepting the parents and two sons, were barefooted, and yet the girls sported large finger rings in abundance, and wore basque dresses of calico. Only two of the eighteen children had ever travelled from home as far as Mobile, and the first crop knew not how to read; the second were more fortunate, for a school had lately been established in a settlement about five miles distant, which consisted of fifteen scholars, seven of whom were the children of our host. On the night in question the "schoolmaster was abroad," for he had come on a visit to the family of our host; and when he started for his lodgings, which were three miles distant, he went alone through the pathless woods, carrying a gun in one hand and a pine torch in the other.

On questioning our worthy host about the game in his region, he gave me some interesting particulars. Deer, he said, were very abundant, but were hunted chiefly by torchlight. He knew a small party who in a single week had killed one hundred; and, though he did not seem to think this mode of hunting cruel, he was very severe upon the hunters, because they sometimes killed his cattle instead of the game, by mistaking the shining eyes (the mark shot at,) of the one for the other. He stated that the deer always ranged through the pine woods at night for the purpose of feeding, remaining hidden in the swamps during the day; that a good hunter could always tell, by the noise which the deer made in leaping, after being shot, whether he was mortally wounded or not; and that many of them were also killed by still hunting and driving, but that fire hunting was the most profitable. In speaking of the habits of the deer, he told me that they were much more tame in summer than in the winter, and that he had often killed them wandering about his cleared fields in company with his cattle; that he has known them to feed upon green corn and upon various kinds of soft-shelled nuts, as well as tender buds and wild grass; that he had witnessed some terrible fights between the bucks, and that the

fawns when kindly treated are easily tamed, but very mischievous.

Another denizen of the wilderness that my Mississippi friend has killed in great numbers is the wild turkey. He thinks them exceedingly cunning, but not sufficiently so to be aware of the danger lurking in the baits of corn that are laid for them, and which, with the gun or the trap, secure their destruction by scores. They are also deceived by the call which the hunters make by means of a whistle formed out of the wing bone of the same fowl. They spend their days in the enjoyment of the happiest freedom, and on returning to their roosts at night never fail to have at least one sentinel on duty. In every sphere of their brief lives, however, are they an interesting race, but in no condition are they more interesting to the lover of nature than when a flock of them are making an onslaught upon a decayed stump in whose heart are imbedded a colony of grubs or crickets. The average weight of the female turkeys in Mississippi is estimated at twelve pounds, and that of the male at twenty pounds. The deer and turkeys are the two most profitable kinds of game which are hunted on the upper waters of the Pascagoula; but to those who fancy them—and who does not?—the sport of quail shooting is inexhaustible. Those who enjoy the killing of ugly creatures can here amuse themselves by hunting wildcats, and those who have the good sense to appreciate a roasted opossum can here luxuriate on them to perfection.

The third night of our pilgrimage was spent at Augusta, which I must not attempt to describe, except as one of the worst specimens of a Mississippi village. We reached the place in a cold rain, found the first three houses that we came to deserted; that three grog shops usurped the business of a public house, and that shelter from the storm could only be obtained in one house, into which we begged our way, and the owner of which, excepting the officers of the land and post office, appeared to be the only gentleman in the place. But even this man was a probationer, for the business of *sparring* had brought him there and the scarcity of timber was about to drive

him away. Though living in a log-cabin, he and his truly accomplished wife had gathered around them the luxuries of good beds, a cleanly and well-furnished table, and a piano. The latter article had been not only a source of intellectual gratification to the owners thereof, but of great wonderment to the denizens of the surrounding pine woods. One man, when he first saw it, thought it an ironing table; another took the pedals for pistols, and another mistook it for a fancy chest for keeping nice clothes; and whenever it was played upon, the villagers congregated around the house to hear the music, and on more than one occasion have the simple but kind-hearted people insisted upon giving the lady musician half a dollar for the treat they had enjoyed. Sweet indeed was the tone of this instrument, and the performances as well as voice of our hostess were admirable, but they had not the power to keep us in the village longer than a single night, as we started for home after an early breakfast.

Our fourth night was spent under the roof of a planter who is reputed to be worth a hundred thousand dollars in negroes, mills and cash. His residence was a log-cabin, and one of the worst of its kind, and its furniture in keeping with it. As he was a postmaster and had received a surplus of "Gleason's Pictorial" for distribution, he had faithfully distributed them, with the addition of a little paste, on the walls of his cabin by way of ornament. Two iron spoons here figured at the table, and our temporary wash-basin was in reality a pudding bowl. Little negroes and big were everywhere to be seen, staring wildly at our every movement and pushing themselves into exactly the most disagreeable places. The number of guns that I counted *hung* up along the rafters or stacked up in the only two rooms of the house were thirteen. Pigs, dogs, mules, and geese were also very numerous in the large yard where stood the negro cabins, but in the small room where we attempted to sleep there was a regular mass meeting of domestic insects. After doing all they could to annoy us, they congregated on the large hearthstone, where we kept up a blazing fire, and it required no great exertion of the fancy to see them running

races and performing a variety of other gymnastic feats. On picking up my hat in the morning, into which I had placed my watch and other articles for safe keeping, I found it inhabited by a colony of the "same sort."

On continuing our journey, and just before reaching the Pascagoula, we came to a cluster of neat log-cabins, and were told that here was established a public school, with ninety scholars and two or three teachers, who receive each a salary of six hundred dollars and their board. Having once before crossed the Pascagoula in a scow, we now recrossed it in the same manner, the boat being managed by a half-witted negro, and we had a narrow escape from drowning. The scenery of the river was at this point most uninteresting, but our road soon took us across an extensive and very picturesque swamp. The trees here were many of them immense, and their trunks were often completely enveloped in deep green mosses and air plants, while from their limbs the gray moss hung in folds, reaching frequently to the ground, and the vines in their variety and profusion were truly wonderful; and among the flowers that we noticed in bloom were the daisy, the arbutus, the woodbine, and yellow jasmine. We saw no large game in this grand swamp, but we could readily believe what we were told, that it abounded in bears, wolves, and panthers; and lion-hearted must be the man who can hunt them in such a place, bivouacking, night after night, in the deep gloom formed by the cypress and cotton-wood trees.

Our fifth and last night was spent upon the eastern bank of the Dog river, which we recrossed at sunset, and which is here a very picturesque stream, with black water, white and yellow sandbanks, and skirted with rich vegetation. The cabin and supplies for the table were much poorer than any we had before met with. We slept upon some boards in a windowless and almost doorless room, and the only incident worth recording was that at dead of night we were suddenly awakened by the loud and dreadful howling of a dog, and, on ascertaining his whereabouts, we found him directly under our rude bed, which was his accustomed lair. We had seen Dog river, and heard

the voice of one of its dogs, and long before the dawn we were on our way to Mobile, where we arrived, thankful and happy, in time to enjoy a good dinner with our host of the Battle House.

My last evening in Mobile, as fortune would have it, was spent with Ole Bull. I had met him before at Mr. Webster's table in Washington, and, as I have always been an enthusiastic admirer of him, the few hours that I passed in his company will be long remembered by me with peculiar pleasure. For mentioning the following particulars, gathered from his conversation, I hope he will forgive me. He was born in Bergen, a Norwegian town, and is about forty-five years old. He is tall and slender in person; his countenance is pale but full of thought, and, though wearing a melancholy cast in repose, there is something in his smile truly bewitching. He was educated in his charming art by Paginini, and he was first heard and fostered within the walls of Hamburgh. He said he had seen a great deal of the United States, and admired our people and Government, but he spoke of his misfortunes attending his various colonization schemes in a desponding tone; he had been so often deceived he could hardly trust any man in these latter days. He expressed his partiality for heart-music, and contempt for fashionable music; Mozart and Rosini seemed to be his favorites. He had just been delighting the people of Mobile with a concert, and the instrument that he used was one that he had *made with his own hands in four days*, immediately after his jewelled violin had been unjustly and cruelly taken from him in New York. He talked lovingly about the National Theatre of Norway, which it had been his privilege to establish. He delighted me with a long description of a valley in Norway which had been recently discovered. It was so hidden among rugged rocky mountains, that travellers could only reach it by means of rope ladders, and the inhabitants were very large, very kind, and very simple. He told me that when in summer they went from the valley to tend their flocks upon the mountains, they left their cabins unlocked, and supplied with food for all strangers, who were free to help themselves. He thought

there was something wonderfully grand about the scenery of Norway. How often had he looked upon it and sobbed with overpowering feelings! Indeed, he always did so when he visited his native land. But he was now an exile and a wanderer, he had no home, and there were none to care for him. His devotion to his people seemed to be a chief element of his character, and a more unselfish and affectionate man, it seems to me, I never knew. That his musical powers are wonderful is the verdict of the world.

NEW ORLEANS.

I CAME from Mobile to New Orleans on a New York steamer, which was one of a trio belonging to James L. Day, Esq., of Connecticut, and forming what I consider the most comfortable and best managed line in the United States. The waters of Mobile Bay were muddy, and its low and uninteresting shores were completely covered with drift-wood, far as the eye could reach. At the extensive bar, where the muddy waters became merged into the pure green of the Gulf of Mexico, a fleet of ships was moored; and I was surprised to learn that they seldom or never actually visited the city, from which they obtain their cargoes of cotton. Among our more agreeable fellow travellers, was a large flock of gulls; they followed in our wake until sunset, and I remember noticing with interest the circumstance, when feeding them with biscuits, that the older birds not unfrequently picked up a bit of the bread, and flying aside, dropped it upon the water again, for the benefit of a young bird, which was supposed to be its offspring. What little we saw of the main land, proved the whole coast of Mississippi to be flat and swampy, the long-leaved pine and live-oak disputing with each other the right of possession, while the magnolia and date-palm, the orange and palmetto, are sufficiently abundant to deepen your first impressions as to the torridity of the climate. We had a distant view of the mouth of the Pascagoula river, and from what I had heard of the spot, I regretted my inability to visit it, although my recollections of the sources of the stream were not particularly agreeable. It is said that this river was one of the very first in the State of Mississippi inha-

bited by civilized people, having been settled by the French some twenty years before the founding of New Orleans. On its banks are yet to be seen the ruins of these ancient settlements. The picturesque charms of the Bay into which the stream empties, and the salubrity of the climate, have transformed a number of localities on its shores into watering places for the citizens of Mobile and New Orleans. At the eastern extremity of this Bay, are the ruins of a fortification, built of shell stone, and apparently centuries old, amid which have been discovered fragments of a peculiar kind of earthenware, together with some human bones of gigantic size. According to a local tradition, this fort was built by a tribe of Indians long since extinct, known as the Biloxies, and who, after an unsuccessful battle with a more powerful tribe, marched into the sea and perished as a nation. And at the present day it is asserted, strange music may be heard off this coast, on mid-summer evenings, and those who are not beyond the influence of superstition, believe it to be in some way connected with the extinction of the Biloxi Indians. Balmy was the air and misty the western sky, as we passed out of Pascagoula Bay; but by the "cold light of stars" we glided by a number of beautiful islands, and crossed the lonely and uninteresting Lake of Pont Chartrain, when a railway train, running through a marsh, rank with vegetation, and bright with flowers, took us in half an hour into the Calcutta of the Union—New Orleans.

And now, after a thousand and one persons have recorded their opinions of this city, what can I indite that will be new? Nothing—but I can give in addition to a few leading "fixed facts," my individual impressions, and here they are—First, as to its location. Had I not been told that it is one hundred miles from the Gulf of Mexico, and had I not seen that it occupies a bend in the Mississippi river, I should have imagined it located *nowhere*, since the surrounding country is flat, partly under water and desolate in the extreme. Its foundation stones are from two to five feet lower than the surface of the neighboring river at high water, and were it not for the extensive embankment which protects it, it could not exist in safety a

single hour. As the market and exporting depot for the products of the finest valley in the world, and of three climates, its commercial position is all important, and each succeeding year, it seems to me, can only increase its business and its wealth.

In its general aspect, New Orleans reminds me of Quebec and Montreal, and this is not strange, since they were all founded by the French. The city is divided into three municipalities, the first of which is monopolized by the French and Creole population, and is ancient, gloomy and picturesque, with tile roofs, hanging street lamps, and cozy porticoes; the second municipality is chiefly in the hands of the Yankee race and abounds in handsome houses, substantial blocks of stores and warehouses, and portions of it are very much like the heart of Boston; and the third division of the town, which is sparsely settled, is the home of the Dutch and Irish. It is at all times a busy place, but during the winter it is pre-eminently so, and two single ideas seem to absorb the minds of the entire population—money and pleasure. The commission merchants drive their business with the utmost energy, cheered with the hope of leisurely spending the coming summer with their families at the north or on their plantations, far beyond the reach of yellow fever and cholera; and the petty tradesmen and mechanics, who are generally the permanent residents, do all they can during the day to earn their dollars, which they seldom fail to spend before the next morning, in having a good time at the theatre, the opera, the circus, the concert, the ten-pin alley, the ball room, the billiard saloon, the cafes, or the unnumbered gambling and drinking establishments. The leading hotels of the city (and the St. Charles and St. Louis are the two best) are on the grandest scale, richly furnished, so managed as to gratify every whim of appetite or taste, and like every thing else in this city, extravagant, to the ruination of all but the longest purses.

Here congregate, from all the southern and many of the northern States, beautiful women with small expectations, brought hither by hard-working fathers or brothers, and also

another distinct class called "planters' daughters," who are chiefly distinguished for their white washed faces and immense fortunes consisting of negro property and plantations that have never been surveyed. They sip their coffee or smoke their cigars in bed, breakfast at twelve and dine at six, when parties or fancy balls occupy the night, and ancient gentlemen trot out their daughters on a venture, with pride and pleasure commendable. Everything is stylish, but all things human in fashionable hotel life stand upon a common level, even as does the city itself. The young men about town, the gamblers, the junior members and collecting clerks of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia houses and the adventurers, whom you may have seen dashing down the ball room in the waltz or polka, are the same who swarm in the mammoth drinking saloons, where appetite and alcohol reign supreme. To the eye, human life seems only one continued round of pleasure, but to the mind which looks below the surface, there are a thousand sources of anxiety and anguish, which are sure to have their hour of triumph in solitude and silence, or when death is on the breeze. But afer all, the Crescent City is not alone in its devotion to money and pleasure, and it is time that I should turn to its more peculiar characteristics.

By virtue of its well earned reputation as the "*Wet Grave*," it is of course well supplied with cemeteries. They may be found in all directions, and are among the lions of the town. Owing to the swampy nature of the earth however, such things as graves are nowhere seen, but in their stead we find brick, marble and granite tombs, or oven-like vaults, all constructed above ground. They are arranged by tiers in blocks or squares, with here and there isolated specimens, belonging to the rich and proud, and a walk among them in the narrow avenues, can never fail to make one appreciate the expression and idea suggested by "City of the Dead." Even when flooded with the blessed sunshine, these cemeteries are sad and desolate, and the feelings they inspire are only deepened by the common sight of weeping and praying mourners, and by the images and incense, the flowers and tapers and unmeaning inscriptions

which meet the eye on every hand. By those who have deposited the remains of friends and relatives in these grave houses, they are of course held sacred and perhaps loved, but to those who have hoped, that when they came to die, they might have a clod of the valley for a pillow, and a covering of green turf, within sound of the country church-going bell, these southern cemeteries seem destitute of all comfort and cheerfulness. Upon some of them, money has been lavished with princely liberality, and yet the most touching tomb that I saw was built of brick, very old, all overgrown with moss, and was without an epitaph. To be remembered by the mosses of the earth alone, is indeed an unhappy fate.

Let us now return to the world-renowned Levee of New Orleans, which is the arena where the huge business of this city is transacted. It is at least three miles in length, and broad enough to marshal the armies of the world. Its northern boundary is a continuous line of stupendous warehouses, while it fronts upon the yellow and sullen Mississippi, where, clinging in constant fear, are the sail vessels, the steamboats and the flat-boats, which have come from any corner of the earth to pay their tribute to the chosen seat of commerce. To say nothing of the hourly arrivals of ships from the Gulf of Mexico and of steamboats from the interior, which congregate here by the hundred, only think of the departure in a single day, of twenty large ships and twenty-five steamboats. And then ascend to the upper-deck of one of these vessels and behold the landward scene! Sugar and cotton, cotton and sugar, flour from a hundred rivers, coal, pork and beef from the Ohio, lead and lumber from the upper Mississippi, furs from the Missouri, and cotton and sugar again from the Arkansas and Red rivers, teas from China, fruits from both the Indies, and the manufactures of every civilized nation, all mingled in one apparently boundless mass of conglomerate wealth. And then the negroes, hard working but jovial, in gangs of from five to a hundred, guided in their labors by little flags; the horses and mules and drays, clusters of trafficking planters and merchants, the hotel carriages and omnibusses, the fruit stands, organ grinders,

peddlers of old clothes and shells, beggars and loafers—behold them numbering many thousands, all brought together as upon a single canvas, a *speaking* canvas too, for the ringing of bells, the shouting of sailors and boatmen, the songs of the slaves, (the only really happy people to be seen) with the accompanying hum of active life, conspire to create a *roar* which cannot be easily forgotten. Surely this Levee is one of the wonders of this wonderful age; but it must be seen, and that at high noon, to be fully appreciated.

The Public Squares of New Orleans are also peculiar to this city. They are not numerous nor large nor particularly elegant, but through every month in the year, they bloom with flowers, and on mid-winter afternoons present the gay and lively aspect of northern Parks on the first of June. The churches too, chiefly Roman Catholic, are interesting; the best of them, in style of architecture, and in their decorations, are antique, and remind the untraveled American of what he has read, respecting the Churches of the Old World; and here as well as in the shadow of St. Peter's in Rome, at the proper season, are enacted all the ceremonies of the Carnival. With the markets of the town I was disappointed. In regard to tropical fruits and wild game, they were most abundantly supplied, and aside from their *Frenchy* aspect and odor, they struck me as not unlike the leading markets of the Northern States, and by no means as entertaining to the stranger, as those of Montreal and Quebec. That places of amusement are abundant, has already been intimated, and that the theatres are open and extensively patronized even on Sunday night, proves the prevailing feelings, in regard to religion and morality, to be at the lowest ebb. But nowhere, in this country, can the opera be enjoyed to such perfection as in this city. As to the native population of the Crescent City, I must say that I have not fallen in love with them. Selfishness, vanity, and a limited knowledge of the world, seem to be the distinguishing features of the Creole race, and the Quadroons seem to occupy a debateable ground on the outskirts of the so-called good society. And finally, the great want of this city, is a better reputation; and since nature has

done so much for it, it only requires to exchange what it has, for what it has not.

Intellectual culture should take the place of grossest sensualism, and a scientific system of drainage, the place of a most culpable spirit of neglect, in regard to clean streets.

As an American, it will not do for me to omit a passing allusion to the Battle of New Orleans. The famous field of action lies about four miles from the St. Charles Hotel; it is laved by the Mississippi river, flanked by a cypress swamp, and is at the present time occupied by a planter, who employs himself, all according to law, in "raising cane." The Eighth of January, 1815, was a sad day for Pakenham, and a proud one for Jackson, that most remarkable and fortunate man. The British force consisted of 12,000 regulars, while that of the Americans was composed chiefly of militia boys; but fortune favored the weak; more than two thousand of the enemy were killed or wounded, and less than a hundred of our men were compelled to lick the dust. During that battle it was, that the peculiar qualities of *gun cotton* were discovered and proven. And who can tell but what the Mississippi river obtained its first idea of *crevassing* New Orleans with its floods, from the military crevassa which nearly forty years ago poured the red-hot hail upon the invading army.

Had I the time I might enliven this letter by narrating a variety of local incidents that I have picked up in this city, but one, picturing human nature in bright colors, though with a *sable* pencil (pardon me sensible reader,) cannot be passed in silence. A negro man named Marshall, lately arrived here on his way from California to Claiborne parish in this State. He went to the far West, it appears, some two years ago with his master, who was taken sick last winter, near the Nevada mountains and died. Marshall took the utmost care of his master; was his faithful companion, nurse, and friend, and watched by him unceasingly until he breathed his last. There was nothing left to pay the funeral expenses and doctors' bills. Marshall set to work and labored hard until he managed to scrape together enough to settle these debts—amounting to eight hundred dol-

lars. How few white men, near and dear relatives, would have done so much!

He gathered together his master's clothes and other personal effects, and, with about a thousand dollars that he had made, started home to his master's family, notwithstanding his knowledge that he was free in California, and the many inducements held out to him to remain there. He took the cheapest and most dangerous route back, going in a sailing vessel to Acapulco, and crossing Mexico, on horseback, from the former city to Vera Cruz—a very dangerous route. The American Consuls at both places took so much interest in him as to give him letters of recommendation, and to request of him to let them hear of him. He brought to this city several letters to persons living here or in the country, and which contained gold dust.

The faithful negro started home from this city on a Red River boat. He had letters from various persons in California to gentlemen of this city, recommending him, in the warmest terms, to their notice and protection, which were instantly accorded. An intimate friend of his master, wrote to his family stating that the unfortunate gentleman's last request was that his faithful servant should be emancipated and provided for by them as soon as he reached his home in Louisiana. From this incident, we may learn that the "tyranny of slavery" is not quite so demoralizing as some people imagine. There are *lights* as well as *shadows*, even under the system of slavery.

THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.

SOME seven or eight years have elapsed since I last paid my respects, in person and with my pen, to the Lower Mississippi. I love it now, no better than I did then, for I am principled against loving any perpetually muddy and *remorseless* stream; but my *respect* for the Great River is very much enhanced, on account of its unbounded usefulness. With the Father of Waters I pretend to claim an intimate acquaintance, although I cannot, with one of the "oldest inhabitants" of this region assert, *that I have known it ever since it was a small creek.*

In coming from the Crescent City to Cairo, I drove dull care away, and took all things leisurely. I tested the quality of nearly every kind of steamboats, and went ashore for a day or two at every town that I thought worth visiting. And now for a description of the Eclipse and Illinois steamers, which are at the present time the best representatives of the two better classes of boats navigating the river. An English gentleman, Dr. Marshall Hall, whom I met on the first-named boat, remarked of it that, in his opinion, it was one of the three wonders of the United States—Niagara and the Levee of New Orleans being the other two. The Eclipse is a passenger craft, was built in Louisville, to which city she runs, and at a cost of $160,000. Her tonnage is 1200, her length 369 feet, and she draws, according to circumstances, from six to eleven feet. She makes two trips in a month, at an expense of $12,000 each—the wood alone costing $5000—has two hundred and fifty berths for first-class passengers, and the fare from city to city is thirty-six dollars, distance fourteen hundred miles.

She runs at the rate, up stream, of sixteen miles per hour, and the accommodations in every department vie with those of the very best hotels in the country, for all of which, including the choicest luxuries and light wines, there is no additional charge. The steamer Illinois belongs to another genus. She is a freight and passenger boat, and to the lover of quiet and plain comfort, and on account of her greater safety, is altogether preferable. She was built in Pittsburg, runs to St. Louis, and cost only $60,000. She performs one trip in a month, running about eight miles an hour, and the fare through is only twenty dollars. Her tonnage is rated at 800, while she carries 1500, and the character of her cargoes is diversified beyond conception. On her last trip down she carried of cattle alone nearly four hundred head, and when I was in her, she had, by way of variety, several foreign bulls and blood horses, any quantity of poultry for "home consumption," a pet deer or two which rambled where they listed; and directly under the boilers, which are near the bow of the boat, and all exposed to view, were a number of hogs, rooting quite happily in a bed of sand. She burns wood to the value of $3000 during each round trip, while her total expenses amount to $11,000,—the length of her beat being 1200 miles. Her own length is 303 feet, and she draws from three and a half to seven feet of water. Her table is plain but very neat, and the state-rooms spacious and comfortable; indeed so homelike is everything about her that the captain, a polite and substantial man, has the good sense to live with his family on board, as if in a dwelling on dry land.

That portion of the Mississippi valley lying between New Orleans and Baton Rouge is altogether the *sweetest* section of country in the United States, since it is here that the sugar-cane attains its greatest perfection and the largest quantity of sugar is made. Both sides of the Great river are lined with extensive plantations, and the same may be said of nearly all the bayous in western Louisiana, where are located the venerable, wealthy, and highly interesting French settlements of Attakapas and Opelousas, the last of which has been made

classic by the genius of Longfellow in his "Evangeline." The surface of this whole sugar country is perfectly level, and the soil very rich and inexhaustible. The fields of sugar-cane which annually spring into rank luxuriance are very beautiful, while in all their borders are to be seen cypress swamps, lakes alive with the scarlet ibis and alligator, and live-oak forests that can be surpassed by no part of the world. Certain portions of this region are compared, by their sanguine and happy people, to the paradise of the antediluvian world, and truly with a shadow of propriety. All the residences that you see are pleasant and picturesque, and many of them have a stately bearing; the gardens which surround them, bloom almost perpetually with hedges of rose and hawthorn and with groves of the lemon and orange, and in their vicinity may always be seen the factory-looking sugar houses, with ther towering chimneys, and the neat white-washed cabins of the negroes,—all free from care and happy as they can wish to be. About all the sugar plantations there is a rural charm which never fails to interest the stranger; and though the levees which line the banks of the Mississippi for more than a hundred miles are indispensable as well as curious, the amount of ditching which has to be performed on some of the plantations is astonishing. Many of the estates are enormous, and I have heard of one which contained a thousand acres of land and had netted for its proprietor, in one year, the respectable sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. But to dilate upon the many interesting particulars appertaining to the planting and the gathering of the sugar-cane and to the manifold mysteries of manufacturing and refining sugar, would occupy more time and space than I can now spare; and are not all these things recorded in the Encyclopedias? When performed by daylight and in a fine boat, the sail up this portion of the Mississippi is exceedingly interesting. All the men, women, and children whom you see at the various stopping-places appear happy, and about every spot there is an air of the picturesque. All through the winter the Cherokee rose sports itself luxuriantly on every plantation, and upon green lawns children play with their toys and throw

the ball;—in continuous fields you see the cattle grazing, and droves of horses kicking up their heels; while the negroes, fat, hearty, and red shirted, enliven every scene, as they drag down with their mules, to the shipping-places, the countless hogsheads of sugar and molasses. Of Baton Rouge it can be said, that it occupies the summit of the first bluff that you come to, in ascending the Mississippi; that it is a pretty town with bad hotels; that the State House is a handsome and imposing edifice commanding a very grand view of the Mississippi river and valley, and that it will be long remembered with veneration, for having been the home of Zachary Taylor.

From Baton Rouge I made an excursion of some fifty miles into the interior of the State, eastwardly, and so far as the mere journey was concerned, had a pleasant time. It was about the middle of March, and spring was bursting forth in all the gorgeousness peculiar to this southern clime. The accommodations, however, were most abominable, and though there were three hotels in the village where I spent one night, I was compelled, on taking my departure, to beg a little decent food from a private family. The few sugar plantations that I saw were well conducted, and the planters seemed to be thriving; but the cotton farms, which occurred chiefly in the pine woods, were small and in a neglected condition. The air was everywhere fragrant with flowers, but upon a large proportion of the scanty population was resting the blight of intemperance. At one place where I was forced to lodge, the landlord and his sons made the latter part of the night hideous, by a bacchanalian frolic, the earlier half having been devoted by them, with the family, to a ball which was given in the *Court-house* of the town.

Of the principal towns lying on the Mississippi, between Baton Rouge and this place, I have not much to say. Their names, as everybody knows, are Natchez, Vicksburg, and Memphis. They are all flourishing, supported by cotton, and located upon picturesque bluffs. Of the first, I remember to have heard it asserted that it was the county-seat of the wealthiest country in the Union, and that it numbers among its inhabitants one

planter who is the owner of *four thousand* slaves. Of Vicksburg it may be said, that it is now a much more respectable place than formerly, and that a railroad leads therefrom to Jackson, the capitol of Mississippi, and the most inviting town therein. One incident worth mentioning, connected with it, is to this effect. A noted planter, who had more money than brains, took it into his head to give a grand *Sunday* dinner. He invited a hundred people, not one of whom thought proper to attend. He was disgusted, and by way of exhibiting his spleen, he summoned his slaves to the entertainment, and fed them right royally upon the luxuries which had been prepared. And his next step was, to command his overseers to give each one of his slaves a *strapping*, for fear that they might be spoiled by the indulgence he had shown them. Of Memphis it may be said, that it has recently been honored by the General Government with the donation of a Navy Yard, and is the only one in the country *into which* it would be impossible for a ship to sail, although they might be, and probably will be, *sent out* of it by the hundred. But my love for the olden times, carries me back to the city of Natchez. With "Natchez under the hill," ("now *as* then," a miserable spot,) or Natchez anywhere else, I have nothing to do; but I would recall and record what I remember of the Natchez tribe of Indians. They were worshippers of the Sun, and had a temple in which they kept a perpetual fire, and offered human sacrifices. They were friendly to the first French settlers of the country, but having been badly treated by them, they silently and secretly plotted and accomplished the destruction of great numbers of their enemies, the invaders of their country. The quaint and romantic Charlevoix was their chief historian, and from him we gather the following particulars: They lived, in 1720, in huts built of clay, mixed with straw, and covered with leaves and stalks of maize; their government was despotic, and their chiefs were proud but comparatively humane; their women were prëeminently profligate; they were fond of festivals, and offered in their temples the first fruits of every harvest; they also offered human sacrifices; and on the death of a chief, his warriors, to the number of one hundred,

were put to death, that he might be followed to the "spirit land" with a retinue to do him honor. From other authors we learn, that in process of time they were subdued by the French, their women and children reduced to slavery, and the remnant of their warriors were sent to St. Domingo, or became amalgamated with the Creeks and Chickasaws.

There is one point on the Mississippi river which has been, and still is, subject to earthquakes, and those who have a fancy for such "institutions," would do well to spend a day in the village of New Madrid. Other points of interest that might be mentioned, are the mouths of the Red River and Washita, the Arkansas, the White and the Yazoo rivers. They are all very much alike in their alluvial character, sluggish, and generally muddy, running for the most part through uncultivated wildernesses, abounding in wild game and reptiles, with low and monotonous shores, fringed with the rankest vegetation, and teeming with the more common kinds of fish. Steamboats almost without number, small, savage and dirty affairs, navigate all their waters during the winter, and the amount of cotton which they annually float to market is very large. About each of these rivers an interesting book might be written, and to the lover of wild life and wild scenery, there are no rivers on the Continent that can excel the Red River and Arkansas. The Great Raft of the former, and the Hot Springs in the valley of the latter, will alone repay the traveller for the fatigue and dangers he must experience in visiting them.

To describe anew the scenery of the Lower Mississippi is not my intention. To all intelligent minds, its very name is identified with troubled and muddy waters, low and perpetually crumbling banks and continuous forests, where humanity is barely represented by the wood-chopper or the pioneer farmer; —with swift and flashy and dangerous steamboats, with sawyers and snags, with flat-boats and rafts, and with a restless and ever-moving population, whose traits and pursuits are almost infinite, and who (it needs no prophet's eye to see) are gradually transforming themselves into a body politic, which will eventually become the heart of the richest republican empire upon earth.

THE OHIO RIVER AND OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

EIGHT years ago, when I first sailed both up and down the Ohio, I attempted a description of its scenery and more poetical associations, but gave up the task in despair. I felt then, as I do now, that this river, like all the magnificent rivers of our land, can only be adequately portrayed in a series of chapters, and that in a single letter the tourist must confine himself to generalities, which are always unsatisfactory. But having, as opportunities occurred, heretofore touched upon nearly all the leading American rivers, I must at least devote a paragraph to the Ohio.

It is formed by the union of the Alleghany and Monongahela, which are deservedly the pride of Pennsylvania; while the Kanawha, with its pulpit cliffs, extensive salt works, and grand water-falls; the Cumberland, which flows through an agricultural region of surpassing richness; the Tennessee, with its gateway of mountains and rich country, and the lonely Wabash, all pour their waters into its uniform and placid current, which extends from Pittsburg to Cairo, one thousand miles. Its banks are generally precipitous, rising oftentimes into cliffs or bluffs three hundred feet in height, with bottom-lands of the greatest fertility. The forests, which everywhere cast their shadows upon it, consist of gigantic trees of almost every variety peculiar to the latitude; and the wooded islands which gem its bosom are numberless. The steamboats which ply upon it, vie, in every particular, with those of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi; and upon no river in the world can be found more extensive and beautiful farms, or a happier or

more intelligent population. And what a brotherhood of cities and towns have sprung up all along its banks! They cannot, without a gazetteer, even be enumerated; but the honors of commerce are chiefly enjoyed by Pittsburg, the city of lumber, coal and iron; Cincinnati, the city of pork and wine; and Louisville, also a city of pork, as well as of chivalry and wit. In the second of these cities, it was once my fortune to spend the greater part of a year, and I always hear its name mentioned with pleasure. In my opinion, it is destined to be the largest and most wealthy place in the whole western country. Its founders and leading men came from New England, and in no other city can the indomitable will and elevated moral character of the Puritan blood, be more satisfactorily studied.

But alas! like too many of our superb rivers the more poetical and peculiar characteristics of the Ohio river are daily disappearing before the march of mammon. For this reason it is therefore, that when I would really enjoy the Ohio in its perfection, my mind reverts to those days, when it watered a comparative wilderness. And especially do I love to think of it, as it was seen and described by the great and good Audubon, who not only voyaged upon it at all seasons, but studied his delightful science upon its banks for many years. Then it was, that in the autumn, every tree was hung with long and flowing festoons of different species of vines, their richly colored fruit mingling with the yellow and deep green leaves, in such a manner as to surpass in brilliancy the gardens of the east. In floating down the stream in his skiff, the Naturalist met with no other ripple of the water, than that formed by the propulsion of his boat; and having his family with him, and an abundance of time at command, his enjoyment of the grand and beautiful scenery must have been truly exquisite. The fish that abounded in the stream, and the deer or turkeys that were killed along the shores, afforded him the best of food, and the nights that he spent by his camp fire, in the shadow of the huge buck-eye or sycamore were indeed "grand, gloomy and peculiar. No wonder then that he believed Nature had done more for this region than any other on the globe. Every day had its event, and

though simple in their character, they made a deep impression upon his mind, and are more clearly descriptive of the virgin scenery of the Ohio, than all the set descriptions of all the writing travelers from Basil Hall and Harriet Martineau down to the last Guide Book and Fredericka Bremer. At one time the setting sun and the twilight hour, affected him with strong emotions; and the tinkling of bells told him the tired cattle were returning from their forest rambles to the settlements; and at another time the hooting of the great owl took his fancy captive and his dreams were of unvisited regions and of his future fame. Now the mellow-horn fell sweetly upon his ear heralding a keel boat laden with good things from New Orleans, on its slow passage up the stream, and then the fiddle, and sounds of laughter echoed over the waters from the rude deck of a flat boat, freighted with produce for emigrants, or a raft ornamented with rude flags and horns of the red deer and elk. At all times, the habits of many of the birds he has so charmingly described were studied and recorded. Here, the lonely cabin of the squatter met his eye, giving note of coming civilization; and there, the rude encampment of Indian hunters invited him to a "pow wow." Thanking his Maker for the blessing of existence, he pondered much and gratefully, upon the sufferings which had been previously endured by some of the best blood of good old Virginia in purchasing the safe navigation of the river; and with the toilsome lives of the earlier pioneers, and the daring deeds of the Regulators, who helped to free the country of its scoundrel population, he was quite familiar. When all these things are considered it is not to be wondered at, that, in the evening of his days, when the *golden bowl was breaking*, the noble Audubon, should have have said to others, as he said to me, when once I spent a most happy day under his roof on the Hudson,—"My recollections of the beautiful Ohio, are among the most cherished of my heart, and I would fain die upon its shore." But he died upon the margin of the Hudson. It was well that he should have won his brightest laurels on the banks of the fairest river of the west; and as he was a favorite of nature, and in her eye did live, it was more than well that the noblest river of the east should lave his burial place.

The journey from Pittsburg to Washington was performed by railroad, and the route lay up the Conemaugh, over the Alleghany mountains, down the Juniata and Susquehanna, and so across the country to the Potomac, having travelled, in a little less than four months, a distance of about eight thousand miles. I was accompanied during the entire tour by my wife, and though constantly exposed to the dangers of steamboat and rickety carriage travelling, it is indeed surprising, that not a single accident of moment has occurred to retard us on the way. The same remark is applicable to the long and frequent summer tours that I have performed in the Western, Northern and Eastern States, and through the neighboring British Provinces, and while few lovers of their country have had better opportunities than I, to view its magnificent scenery and study the character of its people, I cannot but hope my gratitude is equal to my rare good fortune.

But I would speak of our rushing journey through Pennsylvania. The Conemaugh is a picturesque stream, and though spring had just made her appearance in its lower valley, we found, as we proceeded that winter was still ruler among its tributaries on the mountains. Along its course we noticed a great number of coal mines, which seemed to be located at all sorts of elevations, and to see the coal trains coming out of the earth like living monsters, and wind downward as waywardly as the mountain streams, was a most curious and interesting spectacle. As the Pennsylvania canal followed our own course, it gave, with its boats and horses, its bridges and rude cabins, a pleasing variety to the panorama. Before reaching the summit of the mountain range, we ran through no less than four tunnels, the last one more than thirty-six hundred feet long, on emerging from which we were overtaken by a snow-storm. The tops of the hills were all covered with the pure element, the cedars and the pines were drooping under its weight, and from the surrounding cliffs hung, in a thousand fantastic forms, immense masses of solid ice. But the locomotive, and the men who managed it, and the conductors, paid no regard to the noble scenery and the storm; and onward and downward sped the train, its very movement reminding one of things unearthly,—

onward with the speed of the wind. And now we have reached the valley of the Juniata. A beautiful stream, and worthy of its fame! It springs from the earth where the red deer gives birth to its fawn; it passes by the hunter's cabin, springs over ledges of rock without number, sweeps through cultivated fields, tumbles over dams, and turns every mill-wheel it happens to meet, usurps the business of the canal, and floats its heavily laden boats, mirrors a great number of hills covered with pine, maple and oak, as well as many farms, all richly cultivated; rushes under picturesque bridges, races with the canal, enriches broad meadows, where cattle are grazing and horses are playing; laves the threshold of rural cabins, with children sporting beside them in wild glee; yields its treasures to the fishermen, wears upon its bosom the most charming of islands, perpetuates in its color the emerald of summer, receives into its flood a hundred laughing brooks, teeming with trout, and finally waters a broad valley, where the yeoman tills his soil in peace, and looks with pride upon his lawn—like hills covered with sheep, while from many a grove is heard the pleasant singing of the birds. Onward, onward in our course. We cross, and at Harrisburg recross the superb Susquehanna, rush with increasing rapidity down the valley of the very beautiful Gunpowder river to Baltimore, and in two hours are at home. And thus endeth "a Winter in the South."

OCCASIONAL RECORDS.

OCCASIONAL RECORDS.

THE SUGAR CAMP.

Among our more agreeable recollections of the wilderness are those associated with the making of *maple sugar*. Our first taste of this sweetest of woodland luxuries was received from the hands of an Indian, into whose wigwam we had wandered from our father's dwelling, on one of the Saturday afternoons of our boyhood. It was many years ago, and long before the frontier of Michigan was transformed into a flourishing member of the national confederacy. Since that time we have not only eaten our full proportion of the luxury in question, both in wigwam and cabin, but we have seen it extensively manufactured by the Indian, as well as the white man; and we now purpose to discourse upon the article itself, and upon a few incidents connected with its manufacture.

Maple sugar is made from the sap of a tree, known by the several names of rock maple, hard maple, and sugar maple, which is found in great abundance in various portions of the Union, but chiefly in the northern States. It is a lofty and elegantly proportioned tree, and its foliage is particularly luxuriant; and, when touched by the frosts of autumn, is pre-eminently brilliant. The wood is also highly esteemed for the beauty of its fibre, which consists of concentrical circles, resembling the eye of a bird; and hence the term *bird's*-eye maple.

Generally speaking, the sugar-making season commences early in April, is universally considered as one of festivity, and seldom continues more than four weeks. The sudden transition of the temperature from winter to spring is essential to its production, for at this season alone does the vital principal of the

tree pass in large quantities from the roots into its branches. Hence it is that, while making this passage, the sap has to be withdrawn; and this is accomplished by making an incision in the tree some three feet from the ground, and receiving the liquid in a vessel prepared for the purpose. And it has been observed that, when a frosty night is followed by a dry and sunny day, the sap flows abundantly, at which times three or four gallons are obtained from a single tree in twenty-four hours. The process employed for converting the sap into sugar is perfectly simple, and consists in boiling it first into a syrup and then into a more tangible substance. Of this sugar there are two kinds, viz., the hard or cake sugar, and that of a friable character, which is produced by constantly stirring the thick syrup when it is becoming cool. The taste of the sap or juice, when taken from the tree, is just sweet enough to be noticed; and though we have never ascertained the quantity commonly obtained from a single tree, we have been told that a very fruitful tree, in a good season, may be made to yield five pounds of the best sugar. To the human palate this juice is not generally agreeable, but wild and domestic animals are said to be inordinately fond of it, and slake their thirst with it whenever they can. Although a sufficient quantity of maple sugar has never been manufactured in this country to rank it among our articles of exportation, it has, for many years past, been about the only sugar used by a large number of people—especially those who live in the more thickly-wooded districts of the States, and those inhabiting the northern and western frontiers of the United States and Canada. In the opinion of all who manufacture the article it is held in high estimation, both as a luxury and on account of its nutrition. In regard to this last quality, we believe it is superior to all other sugars; for we know, from personal observation, that when eaten by the Indian children, during the manufacturing season, they become particularly hearty, though exclusively confined to it as an article of food for weeks at a time.

From the very nature of the business, the making of maple sugar is commonly carried on in an encampment, and we now

purpose to describe the various kinds with which we are acquainted, beginning, as a matter of course, with an Indian camp. We are speaking of the remote past, and of an encampment of Ottawa Indians, in one of the maple forests skirting the western shore of Green Bay. It is in the month of April, and the hunting season is at an end. Albeit, the ground is covered with snow, the noonday sun has become quite powerful, and the annual offering has been made to the Great Spirit, by the medicine men, of the first product of one of the earliest trees in the district. This being the preparatory signal for extensive business, the women of the encampment proceed to make a large number of wooden troughs to receive the liquid treasure, and, after these are finished, the various trees in the neighborhood are tapped, and the juice begins to run. In the mean time, the men of the party have built the necessary fires, and suspended over them their earthen, brass, or iron kettles. The sap is now flowing in copious streams, and from one end of the camp to the other is at once presented an animated and romantic scene, which continues, without interruption, day and night until the end of the sugar season. The principal employment to which the men devote themselves is that of lounging about the encampment, shooting at marks, and playing the moccasin game; while the main part of the labor is performed by the women, who not only attend to the kettles, but employ all their leisure time in making the beautiful birchen mocucks, for the preservation and transportation of the sugar when made; the sap being brought from the troughs to the kettles by the boys and girls. Less attention than usual is paid by the Indians at such times to their meals, and, unless game is very easily obtained, they are quite content to depend upon the sugar alone. If an Indian happens to return from the river with a fish, he throws it without any ceremony into the boiling sap, dipping it out, when cooked, with a ladle or stick; and therefore it is that we often find in the maple sugar of Indian manufacture the bones of a trout, or some more unworthy fish. That even a bird, a rabbit, or an opossum, is sometimes thrown into the kettle instead of a fish is beyond a doubt; and we are not posi-

tively certain that the civilized fashion of eating jelly with roast lamb, may not be traced to the barbarous custom of cooking animals in hot sap. That this sap itself, when known to be clear and reduced to the consistency of molasses, is a palatable article, we are ready to maintain against the world; and we confess that, when not quite so fastidious as now, we have often eaten it in truly dangerous quantities, even in the cabin of an Indian. As we have already intimated, the sugar season is dependent upon the weather; but, even when it is prolonged to four or five weeks, it continues from beginning to end to be one of hilarity and gladness. At such times, even the wolfish-looking dogs seem to consider themselves entitled to the privilege of sticking their noses into the vessels of sap not yet placed over the fire. And in this manner does the poor Indian welcome returning Spring.

It is now about the middle of June, and some fifty birchen canoes have just been launched upon the waters of Green Bay. They are occupied by our Ottawa sugar-makers, who have started upon a pilgrimage to Mackinaw. The distance is near two hundred miles, and as the canoes are heavily laden, not only with mococks of sugar, but with furs collected by the hunters during the past winter, and the Indians are travelling at their leisure, the party will probably reach their desired haven in the course of ten days. Well content with their accumulated treasures, both the women and the men are in a particularly happy mood, and many a wild song is heard to echo over the placid lake. As the evening approaches, day after day they seek out some convenient landing-place, and, pitching their wigwams on the beach, spend a goodly portion of the night carousing and telling stories around their camp fires, resuming their voyage after a morning sleep, long after the sun has risen above the blue waters of the east. Another sunset hour, and the cavalcade of canoes is quiety gliding into the crescent bay of Mackinaw, and, reaching a beautiful beach at the foot of a lofty bluff, the Indians again draw up their canoes, again erect their wigwams. And, as the Indian traders have assembled on the spot, the more improvident of the party im-

mediately proceed to exhibit their sugar and furs, which are usually disposed of for flour and pork, blankets and knives, guns, ammunition, and a great variety of trinkets, long before the hour of midnight. That the remainder of this night is devoted to feasting and dancing, and tumultuous recreation, is a matter of course. But the trader who would obtain from the Indians their more unique articles of merchandise, usually visits the encampment on the following morning, when he is always certain of obtaining from the young women, on the most reasonable terms, their fancy mocucks of sugar, all worked over with porcupine quills; and a great variety of beautifully worked moccasins, and fancy bags, made of the sweet-smelling deer skin. In about a week after their arrival at Mackinaw, the Ottawa Indians begin to sigh for the freedom of the wilderness; and, before the trader has left his bed some pleasant morning, there is nothing to be seen on the beach at Mackinaw but the smoking embers of a score or two of watch-fires.

We would now conduct our readers into the sugar camp of a Frenchman. It is situated in one of the maple forests of Michigan, on the banks of the River Raisin, and within half a mile of the rude, comfortable dwelling of the proprietor. Very much the same process is here pursued in making the sugar that we have already described, only that a large proportion of the labor is performed by the men and boys, the women participating in the employment more for the purpose of carefully packing away the sugar when made, and having a little romantic sport in the way of eating hot sugar in the aisles of the church-like forest. The season of winter with our Frenchman has been devoted almost exclusively to the pleasures of life, and the making of sugar is the first and probably the only really lucrative business which he ever transacts. By the term lucrative we mean a business which allows him to lay aside a little spare money; for, generally speaking (like the class to which he belongs in the north-west,) he is perfectly satisfied if the agricultural products of his small farm yield him a comfortable living. Maple sugar and maple molasses are considered by our friend and his family as among their greatest luxuries; and

while he makes a point of taking a goodly quantity to market, he never fails to keep a plentiful supply of both under his own roof. In transporting his sugar (as well as all other marketable articles,) to the neighboring towns, he employs a rude two-wheeled vehicle, made exclusively of wood, and drawn by a Canadian pony. On his first visit to the town after the sugar season is ended, he will be accompanied by his entire family, decked in their more tidy garments; and, before his return home, you may be certain that the Catholic priest, whose church he regularly attends, will receive a handsome present of the newly-made sugar, with perhaps a small keg of the delicious maple syrup or molasses. And thus does the Frenchman of the frontier welcome the return of spring.

But we have spent some pleasant days in the sugar camps of the Dutch yeomanry on the eastern and southern side of the Catskill Mountains, and we must not omit to pay our respects to them. The very best sugar is made in this region, and much of it into solid cakes of various sizes, from one pound to twenty. It is manufactured here both for home consumption and the market, and the price which it has usually commanded during the last ten years has been about one "York shilling" per pound. The labor in this region is about equally divided between the women and the men, and considerable attention is devoted to the cultivation of the maple-tree. In cooling their sugar, or rather in performing the business called "sugaring off," the Dutch employ immense wrought-iron pans, which are undoubtedly a great improvement upon the Indian and French fashions, which are simply no fashions at all, since the kettles employed to boil the sugar are used to "cool it off."

But the Dutch of whom we are speaking, those especially who are more wealthy than their neighbors, have a very sensible mode of winding up their sugar-making labors by giving what they term a "*Sugar-bee*," or party. The elements which go to make up one of these rustic entertainments it would be difficult to describe. We may mention, however, that every body is invited, old men and their wives, young men and maidens; that the principal recreation is that of dancing to

the music of a fiddle; that a most sumptuous and excessively miscellaneous feast is spread before the multitude; that the people assemble in the afternoon, and generally succeed in getting home an hour or two *after* the break of day. That an abundance of maple sugar is met with on these occasions will be readily imagined, and we may add that, in those districts where temperance societies are unpopular, the sugar is taken considerably adulterated in whisky.

The last sugar-bee to which we had the pleasure of being invited, while once sojourning among the Catskills, was given by an old Dutchman who resided on the side of a mountain, some *ten* miles from our temporary abode. We started for his house about sundown, in a large lumber-wagon, which was packed by no less than eight buxom damsels and four young men besides ourself. Although a perfect stranger to nearly all the party, we were received as an old friend. The damsels were in high glee; we had a reckless driver and a span of capital horses, and of course the young men were not at all backward in their deportment. The first half of the road was very good, and, as we rattled along, the songs, uncouth and shrill, which were sung, awakened many a mountain echo. But while all this was going on, and other things which we have not time to mention, the sky became overcast, and in a short time it began to rain, and a most intense darkness settled upon the woods. Our driver became bewildered, and the first that *we* knew was that *he* had lost the road, and that our horses had halted directly in front of a huge stump. Having thus unexpectedly been brought to a stand, the male members of the party proceeded to reconnoitre, and one of them fortunately discovered a light at the distance of half a mile. Towards this light did the entire party direct their march, and about twelve o'clock succeeded in reaching a log-cabin, which was inhabited by an old hunter; and as the guests of this man the party, in a very disagreeable mood, spent the remainder of the night. Long before the mists had left the valleys on the following morning, the party had worked its way out of the woods, and for a week afterwards we were frequently complimented for the important part that we had taken in the last *sugar-bee*.

We cannot conclude this article without remarking that maple sugar of rare quality is manufactured in the States of Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine; but as we have never visited that section of the Union in the spring we cannot, from personal observation, speak of the New England sugar camps. That the maple sugar usually offered for sale in the Boston and New York markets is chiefly brought from this section of country we know to be a fact, and it is one which forcibly illustrates the true idea of Yankee enterprise.

P. S.—Since writing the above, we have had the pleasure of reading an interesting description of a *maple sugar camp*, by the eminent ornithologist, Mr. Audubon, from which we gather the following particulars, viz., that the juice of the sugar maple was to him a most refreshing and delicious beverage; that it takes ten gallons of this juice to make one pound of grained sugar; that the best of the syrup is made at the close of the sugar season; and that the sugar maple is found in abundance from Maine to Louisiana, invariably growing on rich and elevated grounds.

ACCOMAC.

UPWARDS of two hundred years ago, the long peninsula, now divided into the counties of Accomac and Northampton, in Virginia, was known by the Indian name of *Acohawmack*. An extensive tribe of aborigines who occupied the country, bore the same title, and the meaning of the word is said to be, *People who live upon shell fish*. Next to a scanty record embodied in Captain John Smith's History of Virginia, the earliest printed account of this region may be found at the conclusion of a pamphlet written by one Colonel NORWOOD, of England, wherein he describes "*A Voyage to Virginia in* 1649." At the conclusion of his perilous voyage across the Atlantic, it was the author's misfortune to be wrecked upon one of the islands on the eastern shore of Accomac, and that, too, in the stormy month of January. To comment upon Norwood's well written and very interesting pamphlet, is not now our object; but we will remark, in passing, that this document, taken in connection with the county records of the peninsula, which extend as far back as the year 1632, and also with the ancient graveyards of the region, would furnish material for an exceedingly valuable and entertaining volume, and we are surprised that some enterprising antiquarian of Virginia has not, long before this, taken the matter in hand. It is our province to speak of *Accomac* (by which we mean the ancient dominion known by that name) as it appears to the traveller of the present day.

What the distance may be from Washington to the northern line of Accomac we cannot imagine, but we know that if the morning cars to Baltimore are punctual, and you are fortunate

enough to meet the Whitehaven steamboat at Baltimore, at 8 o'clock, you may enjoy your next breakfast at Horntown, a few miles south of the Maryland line, and within the limits of Accomac. On board of the steamer which brought us down the bay, there was rather a scarcity of passengers, but among them were some intelligent gentlemen, from one of whom we gathered the following items of information. The entire length of the Chesapeake Bay, from Havre de Grace to Norfolk, is two hundred miles; in width it varies from five to twenty-six miles, and in depth from four to twenty-four fathoms. Its shores are low and level, with occasional bluffs, however, and its waters clear and of a greenish hue. It contains a great number of islands, some of which are exceedingly fertile, but destitute of all picturesque beauty. During the autumn and winter its shallower waters are filled with almost every variety of waterfowl; it is said to yield a larger quantity of oysters than any other section of the globe of the same size; and it is also famous for the abundance and quality of its shad, striped bass or rock-fish, its drum, sheeps-head, and a species of sea-trout. On approaching the Wicomoco river, an island of one thousand acres was pointed out to us, called Bloodsworth Island, which is the property of two men, who reside upon their domain, a pair of veritable hermits, who live upon fish and waterfowl, instead of cultivating their soil. Our attention was also directed to a neighboring island, which seemed to be in a state of high cultivation, and we were told that the owner thereof had refused the handsome price of one hundred dollars per acre for the entire island. With regard to Deal's Island and Dames Quarter, in this vicinity of the bay, we heard the following anecdote. The *original* name of the first was "Devil's Island," and that of the second, "Damned Quarter," as any one may see by referring to some of the older maps. Once upon a time, as the story goes, a Connecticut skipper, in his smack, chanced to make his course up the Chesapeake, and as he was a stranger in this region, he hailed nearly every vessel or boat he met, with a lot of questions. "What island is that?" inquired the Yankee, of a downward bound brig. "*Devil's Island*," was the brief reply; where-

upon the stranger's conscience was a little disturbed. About an hour afterwards, "What island is that?" again vociferated the skipper; and a Chesapeake fisherman replied, "*Damned Quarter.*" At this intelligence, the Yankee was so much alarmed that he immediately made a sudden tack, and with his helm "hard up" started for the outlet of the bay, and was never heard of more in southern waters.

The peninsula of Accomac, as nearly as we can ascertain, varies in width from eight to twelve miles, and is not far from seventy miles long. Generally speaking, it is almost as level as the sea, the highest ground not attaining a greater elevation than some twenty feet. The soil is of a sandy character, and the forests, which are quite extensive, are composed chiefly of pine and oak. The country is almost entirely destitute of running streams, and nearly all the inlets, especially on the bay side, are lined with extensive marshes, where snakes, turtles, and lizards are particularly abundant. Along the sea side of Accomac lie a succession of sandy islands, which render the navigation dangerous, and between which and the main shore the water is shallow and far from clear. Two of the above islands, Assateague and Chingoteague, are inhabited by a peculiar people, of whom I shall have something to say in another place. The only villages in this district, properly so called, are Drummontown and Eastville; they are the county seats, and though bearing an ancient appearance, they contain some good houses, and are well worth visiting. You can hardly travel eight miles, in any direction, without coming to a post-office, which glories in a village name, and therefore appears on paper to much better advantage than in reality. In some parts of the country we frequently noticed houses which seemed to have been abandoned by their owners, as if the soil in the vicinity had been completely worn out, and could not be profitably cultivated. These household ruins, together with the apparent want of enterprise, which one notices everywhere, conspire to throw a gloom over the traveller's mind, thereby preventing him, perhaps, from fully appreciating the happiness which really prevails among the people. And these (as is the case, in fact,

with every nook and corner of the world,) constitute the principal attraction of Accomac; for man by nature is a lover of his kind, and "we have all one human heart by which we live."

If we were called upon to classify the Accomacians, we would divide them into the gentry, the miscellaneous fraternity, and the slave population. The gentry are a comparatively small class, but the principal landholders of the district. They come of good old English families, and are highly intelligent and well educated. The houses they occupy are homely in appearance, but well supplied with all the substantials that can add to the pleasures of country life. They seem to think more of comfort than display, and are distinguished for their hospitality to strangers. The miscellaneous faternity, to which we have alluded, is more extensive. A very large proportion of them obtain their living from the sea, annually bringing up from its bed an immense quantity of oysters and clams, which they sell to the fishermen of Philadelphia and New York; but these fishermen not only send to market large quantities of fish, but during the autumn and winter months they make a good deal of money by killing waterfowl, which abound on all the shores of the peninsula. The more legitimate fishermen of Accomac, who number between thirty and forty voters, reside on the neighboring islands of Chingoteague and Assateague. They are an exceedingly hard, rude, and simple-hearted race, and a little more at home on the water than on the land. The dangers to which they wilfully expose themselves are truly astonishing, and almost lead one to suppose that they are web-footed. We have been told of one individual who, for want of a boat, once swam a distance of three miles in midwinter, merely for the purpose of examining the wreck of a brig which had been abandoned by its owners; and we have heard of others who had been upset at sea, a distance of ten miles from shore, but who have regained their mother earth with the ease and carelessness of wild geese. In the miscellaneous fraternity may also be included the mechanics of the country, and all such people as stage-drivers, dram-shop keepers, peddlers, and other kindred birds.

The slave population of this district is decidedly the most extensive, and, if we are to judge by their general deportment, and by what they say, they are undoubtedly by far the happiest class on the peninsula. We questioned them occasionally with regard to what we have been educated to look upon as a hard lot, but we never saw but one individual who succeeded in rousing our sympathies, and before he finished talking to us, we discovered that he was a scamp of the first water, and therefore not worthy of credit. Every negro in this section of country has the evening hours to himself, as well as the entire Sabbath, and, instead of being "lashed" into obedience, is constantly treated with the utmost kindness. Many of them, who choose to labor for themselves, have free permission to follow any employment they please; and we know of several individuals who earn thirty dollars per month by voluntary labor, and whose services are valued by their masters at only ten or fifteen dollars; so that the servant pockets fifty per cent. of his monthly earnings. But what proves more conclusively than anything else, that the black man's bondage is not unbearable, is the fact that they are the most moral and religious people of the country. They are, at the same time, the most polite and the most kindly spoken people that we have met with in our wanderings; and we verily believe that they would not break the imaginary chain which now binds them to their masters. We confess that we have a natural repugnance to the word *bondage*, but our dread of a mere idea cannot make us deaf to the eloquence of what we have *seen*. It is true, that our experience has not been extensive, but we cannot see that the slaves, so called, of this region, are any more to be pitied than the children of any careful and affectionate parent. A goodly number of the blacks in this region are free; and we know of one individual who is not only free, but the owner of no less than three farms.

And now, with regard to those traits which the Accomacians possess in common. In religion they are Methodists and Baptists, and in politics they belong to the rank and file of the unterrified Democracy. Those who are at all educated are highly educated; but of the twenty-five thousand souls who

inhabit the peninsula, we suppose that not more than one thousand could distinguish the difference between the English and the Chippewa alphabet. In the two counties of Accomac and Northampton, the idea of even a weekly newspaper was never dreamed of. The people are fond of amusement, which consists principally of dancing and card-playing parties, and the Saturday of each week is usually appropriated as a holiday. Any event which can bring together a crowd is gladly welcomed, so that court days, training days, election days, the Fourth of July, Christmas day, New Year's day, and Thanksgiving day are among the white days of the unwritten calendar of the Accomacians. The roads of the country are all by nature very good, and the people exceedingly fond of going through the world as pleasantly as possible; so that each man who can own a horse is sure of owning a gig, and many of them are particularly unique and tottleish, something like a scow-boat in a gale of wind.

But the crowning peculiarity of this nook of the great world has reference to the custom of raising and taming wild horses. Like everything poetical connected with the habits of our people, this custom is rapidly becoming obsolete, and will soon be remembered merely as an idle and romantic tale. The very idea of having to do with wild horses excited our fancy the moment we heard the custom alluded to; and we made every effort to collect reliable information upon it, as it existed half a century ago. As good fortune would have it, we found out an intelligent and venerable gentleman, who supplied us with many interesting particulars. The "oldest inhabitant" to whom we allude, is the Rev. DAVID WATTS, of Horntown, who is now in the 82d year of his age, and the substance of his information is as follows:—

In the Atlantic Ocean, off the north-eastern shore of Accomac, lies a long and sandy island known by the name of Assateague. The distance from one extremity to the other is perhaps ten miles, and in reaching it you have to cross a bay that is perhaps eight miles wide. At the present time, there are only four families residing upon the island, one of them having

charge of the lighthouse, the remaining three being devoted to the fishing business. From time immemorial it has been famous for its luxuriant grass, and from the period of the Revolution down to the year 1800, supplied an immense number of wild horses with food. When these animals were first introduced upon the island has not been ascertained, but it is said that they were the most abundant about half a century ago. At that period there was a kind of stock company in existence, composed principally of the wealthier planters residing on the main shore. The animals were of the pony breed, but generally beautifully formed and very fleet; of a deep black color, and with remarkably long tails and manes. They lived and multiplied upon the island without the least care from the hand of man, and, though feeding entirely on the grass of the salt meadows, they were in good condition throughout the year. They were employed by their owners, to a considerable extent, for purposes of agriculture, but the finer specimens were kept or disposed of as pets for the use of ladies and children. The prices which they commanded on the island varied from ten to twenty dollars, but by the time a handsome animal could reach New York or New Orleans, he was likely to command one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars.

But by far the most interesting circumstance connected with the wild horses of Assateague had reference to the annual festival of penning the animals, for the purpose, not only of bringing them under subjection, but of selling them to any who might desire to purchase. The day in question was the 10th of June, on which occasion there was always an immense concourse of people assembled on the island from all parts of the surrounding country; not only men, but women and children; planters who came to make money, strangers who wished to purchase a beautiful animal for a present, together with the grooms or horse-tamers, who were noted at the time for their wonderful feats of horsemanship. But a large proportion of the multitude came together for the purpose of having a regular frolic; and feasting and dancing were carried on to a great extent, and that too upon the open sandy shore of the ocean,

the people being exposed during the day to the scorching sunshine, and the scene being enlivened at night by immense bonfires, made of wrecked vessels or drift wood, and the light of the moon and stars. The staple business of these anniversaries, however, was to tame and brand the horses, which were usually cornered in a pen, perhaps a hundred at a time, when, in the presence of the immense concourse of people, the tamers would rush into the midst of the herd, and not only noose and halter the wild and untamed creatures, but, mounting them, at times, even without a bridle, would rush from the pen and perform a thousand fantastic and daring feats upon the sand. Few, if any, of these horsemen were ever killed or wounded while performing these exploits, though it is said that they frequently came in such close contact with the horses as to be compelled to wrestle with them, as man with man. But, what was still more remarkable, these men were never known to fail in completely subduing the horses they attempted to tame; and it was often the case that an animal which was as wild as a hawk in the morning could be safely ridden by a child at the sunset hour.

On his return from Accomac, which was visited at the special request of Joseph Gales, Esq., the writer went over to the good old-fashioned town of Norfolk and paid his respects to the famous Dismal Swamp in its vicinity. A most happy name is this, for a most unhappy looking place. It lies on the dividing line between Virginia and North Carolina, extending north and south a distance of thirty miles, and east and west about a dozen miles. It is an area of low submerged land, covered with a dense forest of pine, juniper and cypress, and all its more striking features, such as the green mosses which cover the fallen trees and cling around the roots of all, the grey mosses which hang from the branches of the cypress trees, the lonely lake and the water birds, reptiles and wild beasts which abound in every nook and corner, are in strictest keeping with the prevailing idea of gloom and desolation. And then, again, as is most natural, the stories and legends associated with the Dismal Swamp are anything but cheerful. The most authentic

and pathetic one of all, and one which the poet Moore has made the theme of a fine lyric, is to this effect:—a young man who lost his mind on the death of the girl whom he loved, disappeared from his friends and was never heard of afterwards. As he had frequently said, in his delirium, that the girl was not dead but gone in a canoe to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed that he wandered into that dreary wilderness in search of the maid, and had died of hunger or from exposure in some of its dreadful morasses. But mammon has cut a canal through a portion of even the Dismal Swamp, and it cannot be long before every vestige of its primeval poetry will be forever gone.

THE FUR TRAPPERS.

THE unique brotherhood of men to whom we now direct the attention of our readers have always depended upon the fur trade alone for their support, and as the various fur companies of North America have flourished and declined, so have the trappers multiplied or decreased in numbers. The French, who were the founders of the fur trade on this continent, established themselves here in 1606, and the trapping fraternity may therefore claim the honor of having existed nearly two centuries and a half. To estimate the precise number of individuals composing this class at the present time would be an impossibility, occupying as they do a section of country extending from the Pacific Ocean to Hudson's Bay.

By the laws of our country they have ever been looked upon as aliens from the commonwealth of civilization, and by the Indian tribes as trespassers upon their natural and inherited privileges. The blood of the white man, though frequently considerably adulterated, invariably runs through their veins, and the great majority trace their origin to a French, Scottish, or Irish ancestry, it being an established and singular fact that trappers of pure American blood are exceedingly rare. Those of the far north commonly have the dark eyes and hair of the Canadian Frenchman, and those of the south-west the flaxen hair and broad brogue of the Scotchman or Irishman. The motives generally found to have influenced them in entering upon their peculiar life are exceedingly various, but among the more common may be mentioned a deeply-rooted love for the works of Nature in their primeval luxuriance, want of sufficient

intelligence to prosecute a more respectable business, and a desire to keep out of the way of certain laws which they may have transgressed in their earlier days. They are usually men with families, their wives being pure Indian, and their children, of course, half breeds. They have what may be termed fixed habitations, but these are rude log cabins, located on the extreme frontiers of the civilized world. In religion, as a class, they are behind their red brethren of the wilderness, and their knowledge of books is quite as limited. Generally speaking, they spend about nine months roaming alone through the solitude of the forests and prairies, and the remaining three months of the year with their families or at the trading posts of the fur companies. As their harvest time is the winter, they are necessarily men of iron constitutions, and frequently endure the severest hardships and privations. Understanding as they do the science of trapping and the use of the gun more thoroughly than the Indian, they eclipse him in the business of acquiring furs, and from their superior knowledge of the civilized world, limited though it be, they realize much greater profits, and hence it is, that they are not only hated by the Indian but also by the traders. Their manner of dressing is ordinarily about half civilized, their buckskin hunting shirts and fur caps, of their own manufacture, appearing almost as picturesque as the blankets and plumes of the Indian himself. Like the Indians, too, they prefer richly-fringed leggins to pantaloons, and embroidered moccasins to shoes. To be perfectly free from every restraint both of body and mind, is their chief ambition, and to enjoy the freedom of the wilderness is their utmost happiness. Those who follow their trade among the mountains are commonly banded together in parties of half a dozen. They perform their long journey altogether upon horseback, and when among the mountains are as expert in scaling precipices, surmounting waterfalls, and buffeting snow-storms as the more hardy of the Indian tribes. They are expert horsemen, ride the best of animals, and take great pleasure, not only in decking themselves with ornaments, but also in caparisoning their horses in the most grotesque yet picturesque manner. The hardihood

of these animals may be mentioned as something remarkable, for it is said that their only food during the winter months consists of what they can obtain from their own unaided exertions by burrowing in the snow, and stables are to them entirely unknown. As to the animals which all of them make it their business to capture, it may be mentioned that chiefest among them all is the beaver; but a goodly portion of their income is derived from the furs and peltries of the martin, otter, musk-rat, bear, fox, mink, lynx, wolverine, raccoon, wolf, elk, and deer, and the robes of the huge buffalo.

But let us describe the life of the trapping fraternity somewhat more minutely, in doing which we shall give an illustrative sketch of the career of a single individual, describing his departure from home, his sojourn in the wilderness, his return home, and his manner of spending his brief summer furlough.

It is a bright October morning, and about the threshold of the trapper's cabin there is an unusual stir. While the trapper himself is busily engaged in examining and putting in order his traps, packing away his powder and lead, with a number of good flints, giving the lock of his old rifle a thorough oiling, and sharpening his knives; his wife is stowing away in his knapsack a few simple cooking utensils, a small bag of tea and a little sugar, several pairs of moccasins and coarse woolen socks, and a goodly quantity of the sinewy material used in making snow-shoes. The fact that our friend is about to separate from his family for the most part of a year, makes him particularly kind to those about him; and, by way of manifesting his feelings, he gives into his wife's possession what little spare money he may have left in his pocket out of his earnings of the previous year, and allows his children to make as much noise as they please, even refraining from scolding them when they kick and abuse his favorite hunting dogs. All things being ready, night comes, and the trapper permits himself to enjoy another sleep in the midst of his household, but long before the break of day he has whistled to his dogs, and, with his knapsack on his back, has taken his departure for a stream that rises among the Rocky Mountains. If his course lies

though a forest land he continues to travel on foot, taking his own leisure, killing a sufficient quantity of game to satisfy his wants, and sleeping at night upon his skins, under a canopy of leaves. If extensive water courses lie within his range, he purchases a canoe of some wandering Indians and plays the part of a navigator; and if he finds it necessary to cross extensive prairies, he obtains a pony, and, packing himself and plunder upon the animal, plays the part of an equestrian. When the first blast of December, accompanied by a shower of snow sweeps over the land, it finds our trapper friend snugly domiciled in a log shanty at the mouth of the river where he purposes to spend the winter, trapping for beaver.

And now all things are ready, and the trapper has actually entered upon his winter avocation. He has reconnoitered the valley in which he finds himself, and having ascertained the localities of the beaver, with their houses and dams, he forthwith manages to shoot a single male beaver, and having obtained from his glandulous pouch a substance called *castoreum*, he mixes it with a number of aromatics, and in three or four days he is supplied with a suitable bait and proceeds to set his traps. As the senses of the beaver are exceedingly keen, the business of the trapper requires experience and great caution, and he glides through the forests almost with the silence of a ghost; but, when a master of his calling, he seldom leaves a beaver village until, by his cunning arts, it has become depopulated. The war of extermination, as already intimated, begins at the mouth of the river, and with our friend, will only cease when he has reached the fountain-head, or the season for trapping comes to an end. The coldest winds may blow and the woods may be completely blocked with snow, but the trapper has mounted his snow-shoes, and day after day does he revisit and re-arrange his traps. If night overtake him when far removed from his shanty (which may be the case more than half the time,) he digs himself a hole in some sheltered snow bank, and, wrapped up in his blanket by the side of his solitary fire, spends a strangely comfortable night. When not engaged with his traps, he employs his time in drying and dressing his furs; or, as

fancy may dictate, he shoulders his gun and starts out for the purpose of capturing a deer, a bear, or some of the beasts which are wont to howl him to sleep at the midnight hour. Venison and bear meat constitute his principal food, but he is particularly partial to the tail of his favorite beaver. The only human beings with whom he has any social intercourse during the long winter, are the poor wandering Indians who chance to visit him in his cabin; and at such times, many are the wild adventures and strange legends which they relate to each other around the huge fire of the trapper. And he now enjoys to perfection the companionship of his dogs. Companions, it is true, of another sort sometimes gather around his lonely habitation to relieve his solitude; for the snowy owl hoots and screams at night from the huge pine branch that reaches over his cabin, or perhaps an unmolested deer manifests its love of companionship by browsing the twigs in broad daylight almost at his very threshold. But now fair weather cometh out of the north, and the trapper begins to think that he has secured such a supply of furs as will guarranty him a comfortable support during the coming summer, and one by one he gathers in his traps. The crack of his rifle is now heard more frequently echoing through the woods, for he cares not to obtain more beaver skins even if he could, and he would obtain a sufficient number of miscellaneous furs to render his assortment complete. Heavy spring rains have set in, the water courses are nearly released from their icy fetters, and on issuing from his cabin, after a night of conflicting dreams, he finds that the neighboring stream has become unusually full. A single glance at its turbid waters is enough. He cuts down a suitable tree and builds him a canoe, and in this he stows away his furs and all his other plunder, and, seizing his paddle, he jumps into his seat, and with a light heart starts for his distant home.

The rains are over and gone, and although our voyager has already been ten days upon the waters, he has yet at least a thousand additional miles to travel. Rapids without number are to be passed, many a laborious portage must be made around huge waterfalls, and at least two months must elapse

before he can moor his little barge in the haven where he would be. Day follows day, and his course is onward. All along his route the forest trees are bursting their buds and decking themselves with the livery of the vernal season, while the grasses and flowers of the prairies are striving to overreach each other as they loom into the pleasant sunshine. And then, too, the heart of our voyager is cheered by the singing of birds. When night comes, and he has lain himself down by his watch-fire on the shore, in some litle cove, he is lulled to sleep by the murmuring music of the stream. If, on a pleasant day when he is fatigued, he happen upon an Indian encampment and finds that an extensive ball-play or an Indian horse race, or any important medicine ceremony is about to occur, he tarries there for a few hours, and then, as his mind dwells upon the grotesque and laughable scenes he has witnessed, resumes his voyage in a more cheerful mood. Day follows day, and the stream upon which he is now floating is broad and deep, and sweeps onward as if rejoicing with pride for having triumphed over the obstacles of the wilderness, and is rapidly approaching the fields and the abodes of civilization. It is now the close of a day in the leafy month of June, and our voyager is gliding noiselessly into the quiet cove beside his cabin, and, uttering a loud whistle or whoop and firing his gun, his wife and children hasten to the shore, and—the trapper is at home!

The summer time, in the opinion of our trapper friend, is the season of unalloyed enjoyment, for it is then that he gives himself up to the gratification of all his desires. Having disposed of his furs and peltries at the nearest trading post for a few hundred dollars in cash, or its equivalent in merchandise, he deems himself independently rich, and conducts himself accordingly. In a fit of liberality, he orders his wife and children into his canoe and takes them upon a visit to the nearest frontier village or city, where he loads them with gewgaws, and the family spend a few days. The novelty of this visit soon passes away, and our trapper with his family are once more domiciled in their cabin. A week of inactivity then follows, and the trapper becomes as restless as a fish out of

water. He is troubled with a kind of itching palm, and away he goes upon a vagabondizing tour among the hangers-on about the trading establishments, recounting to all who will listen to him his adventures in the wilderness, and spending the remainder of the summer after the manner of the idle and the dissipated. But the first frost brings him to his senses, and the trapper is himself again—for he is thinking of the wilderness.

ROCK CREEK.

It was a delightful autumnal morning in Washington City, and we had called upon a friend (who, like ourself, is a lover of nature,) and proposed that we should spend a day in the woods, whereupon he whistled for his handsome greyhound, and with our sketch-books in hand, we departed. We turned our faces towards *Rock Creek*, which rises in the central portion of Montgomery county, Maryland, and after running a distance of some fifteen miles, finally empties into the Potomac, between Washington and Georgetown. And now, before going one step further, we wish to inform the reader that it is not our intention to give a complete description of this charming stream: to accomplish that task faithfully it would be necessary for us to write a thousand poems and paint at least a thousand pictures, every one of which should be a gem. We purpose only to record the more prominent impressions which have been left upon our mind by the excursion to which we allude.

We struck the creek just without the limits of the city, and the first object that attracted our attention was "Decatur's tomb." This memorial of a departed naval hero occupies the summit of a picturesque hill, and is shaded from the sun by a brotherhood of handsome oak trees. It is built of bricks (which are painted white,) and resembles in shape a small Grecian temple without its columns, and is without any inscription. The remains of the commodore were originally deposited here, but his ashes have subsequently been removed to Philadelphia and deposited in his family vault. The land upon which this tomb is located is called Kalorama, and belongs to an estate

originally owned by Joel Barlow, which fact is alone sufficient to give it a reputation; but it is somewhat more interesting to know that it was upon this spot of earth that Robert Fulton first tried his experiments while studying the science of steam navigation. This was at the time when Barlow and Fulton were on the most intimate terms of friendship, and Kalorama was Fulton's principal home. A gentleman residing in Georgetown informs us that he can well remember the time when an old wooden shed was standing in the vicinity of Rock Creek, where Fulton tried many of his experiments; and we are also informed that the parlour walls of Kalorama was once ornamented with fresco paintings executed by Fulton at the request of his friend Barlow. Subsequently to that period and while yet a member of Barlow's family, Fulton kept an account book, in which he recorded all his business transactions, and that curious and valuable relic of the departed engineer is now in the possession of a citizen of Washington, Joseph Gales, Esq., by whose politeness we are privileged to gratify our antiquarian readers with a brief description of the account book in question. It is of the size of an ordinary mercantile cash-book, and although only half filled with writing, it contains a record of business transactions occurring during the years 1809,–'10,–'11,–'12,–'13, and '14. It seems to have been kept with very little regard to method, but nevertheless contains a a great variety of items which are quite valuable in a historical point of view. On a fly-leaf for example, we have the following record:—

"1813. The dry-dock finished at the steamboat works in Jersey City on the 14th October. On that day, at 1 o'clock, the original North River steamboat entered for the first time, and I believe is the first vessel that has been in a dry-dock in the United States."

With regard to the name of the "original North River steamboat," we are not certain: but on the same leaf with the above, we find the following memorandum:—

"*Car of Neptune*—length of her bottom 157 feet; do. on deck 171 feet 6 inches; extreme width of the bottom 22 feet: do. on deck 26 feet."

And here, in passing, we will mention a few particulars respecting this *first* steamer and her *first* trip from New York to Albany, communicated to the public by one of her *first* passengers, John Q. Wilson, Esq., of the latter city. She had twelve births and they were all occupied, the fare being seven dollars, and the passage was performed in thirty-two hours. A quaker friend of Mr. Wilson hearing that he intended to venture upon the passage accosted him: "John, will thee risk thy life in such a concern? I tell thee, she is the most *fearful wild fowl living*, and thy father ought to restrain thee." Fulton himself was on board and his clear and sharp voice was heard above the strange noises of the machinery, and though he heard, on every hand, before starting, the jeers of the skeptical, he thought of the future and was not dismayed.

With a view of showing the profitableness of the steam-boating business in the olden times, we append the following:—

"Total number of passengers in the Raritan for 1809:

202	to Elizabethtown Point, at	4s.	each, . . .	$101 00
1,480	to Amboy, at	8	do. . . .	1,480 50
692	to Brunswick, at	12	do. . . .	1,038 75
90	way		. . .	55 20
	Total receipts			2,675 45

"Of this sum one-sixth, equal $445 90, to patentees."

Of the various persons with whom Fulton seems to have had extensive dealings, the principal one was Robert R. Livingston, from whom large sums of money were frequently received. The principal items under the head of 1813 (which seems to have been a very busy year), give one an idea of the extent of FULTON'S business, and is as follows:—

"Steamboats building and engaged:

2	from New Orleans to Louisville and St. Louis, Mississippi	$60,000
1	"Pittsburgh to Louisville, Ohio	25,000
1	"Richmond to Norfolk, James River	35,000
1	"Washington to Malbourg, Potomac	20,000
1	on Long Island Sound, from New York to Hartford	40,000
1	" East River ferry boat to Brooklyn	20,000
1,	Petersburg	25,000
1,	Elizabeth	30,000
1,	Robert Fulton	26,000
1,	Charleston	30,000
1,	Cape Fear	22,000
	Total	$332,000"

Another record which we find under the same head is this:

"Waters under the direction of B. H. Latrobe, or such of them as he shall have a steamboat on and in actual operation by January, 1815. Such as shall not have the funds raised for one boat within one year from May 1, 1813, shall be at the disposal of Livingston and Fulton.

"1st, Potomac, from Georgetown to Potomac Creek.

"2d, for the sounds from Charleston to Savannah.

"3d, from Pittsburg to Louisville.

"4th, the Cumberland from Nashville to Louisville.

"5th, the Tennessee to Louisville.

"For raising companies, funds, and establishing these, he has to have of each one-third of the patentee's rights."

Under the head of 1812, we find a statement giving the expenses of a North River steamboat (what one we know not,) which amounted to $610 per month, the boat making seventy-six trips. And as to wages, we gather that the captain received $50 per month; pilot, $35; engineer, $35; seamen and

firemen, $20 each; cook, $16; servants, $14; and chambermaid, $8.

Another record readeth as follows:—

"*Gentlemen of influence in Cincinnati, Ohio.*—Jacob Burnet, Esq., Martin Baum, Esq., Jesse Hunt, General Findley, General Gano, Mr. Stanly."

The following we find under the head of "Notes on Steamboats:"—

"The Comet, constructed in Pittsburg in the spring of 1813, for Mr. Smith, is 52 feet long and 8 feet beam, cylinder 6¼ inches diameter, 18 inches stroke, vibrating motion, no condenser or air-pump. The water wheel in the stern, 6 feet diameter, 8 paddles, 2 feet 6 inches long and 11 inches wide. The boiler 14 feet long, 2 feet 6 inches wide, with a flue high, steam from 50 to 60 pounds to the inch square, 20 to 30 double stroke a minute. *This is Evans's idea of steam power by high steam. It was the Marquis of Worcester's* 120 *years ago; and Mr. Watts* 30 *years ago tried and abandoned it.*"

Another curious memorandum, which is without a caption, is as follows:—

"10,000 acres of pine land on Egg Harbor River, the property of Ebenezer Tucker, of Tuckerton, Burlington county, known by the name of Judge Tucker. Should this land produce only ten cords to an acre, it will be 1,000 to 100 acres, or 100,000 cords. The steamboats from New York will use 1,500 cords a year, or, for New York and Albany, 3,000 cords; thence 20 years would consume the wood of 6,000 acres, in which time, the first cut would grow up, and thus this 10,000 acres would perpetually supply the steamboats."

The longest record in this account book (like all the others,) is in Fulton's own handwriting, and entitled "*Livingston and Fulton vs. Lake Champlain boat.*" It occupies four closely written pages, is dated October 12, 1810, and signed by Robert

R. Livingston. It is an interesting document, but as the volume in question is about to be presented to the New York Historical Society, I will leave it with that honorable body to give it to the public in some of their publications.

But enough of this episode. Though Rock Creek may have been the birthplace of Fulton's steamboat idea, yet it is certain that, with all his fiery monsters at our command, we could never ascend this beautiful stream without the use of our legs, and we will therefore rejoin our companion and continue our pedestrian pilgrimage.

Our next halting-place, after we left Kalorama, was at an old mill, located in the centre of a secluded glen. With the humming music of its wheels, with the polite attentions of the *floury* miller, and the rustic beauty of his cottage and children, we were well pleased, but with the natural loveliness of the place we were delighted. A greater variety of luxuriant foliage we never before witnessed in so limited a nook of the country. From one point of view a scene presented itself which was indeed exquisite. We were completely hemmed in from the great world, and, in addition to the mill and the cottage, we had a full view of the stream, which was spanned by a rustic foot bridge, upon which a couple of children were standing and throwing pebbles in the water, while a few paces beyond a man was pulling to the shore a small boat laden with wood. On either hand, a number of proud-looking oaks towered against the sky, and by the water's edge in the distance stood a stupendous silver willow, literally white with age; and, to complete the picture, we had in one place a mysterious brick ruin, and in the foreground a variety of mossy rocks, upon which, in a superb attitude, stood our beautiful greyhound, watching a little army of minnows sporting in a neighboring pool. And with what great name does our reader imagine this beautiful place is associated? None other than that of the late John Quincy Adams, who became its purchaser many years ago, and to whose estate (as we believe,) it now belongs. And many a time, in other days, has that distinguished statesman spent the morning under the dome of the capitol in political debate, and the afternoon of the

same day in this romantic glen, listening to the singing of the birds, which had built their nests in the branches of his own trees.

The roads which crossed the channel of Rock Creek, and frequently run for a long distance along its winding vale, are distinguished for their loneliness, and of course well adapted to please the poetic mind. Along many of them you might walk for miles without meeting a human being, but then you would be sure to frighten many a rabbit, and destroy the gossamer hammocks of unnumbered spiders. While passing along the road which took us from Adams' Mill further up the stream, we chanced to overtake a small negro boy (who was almost without any rags on his back, and whose straw hat looked as if the cows had feasted upon its brim,) with whom our companion held the following dialogue:—

"Boy, where are you going?"

"I'm gwine down to Mr. Pierce's."

And here—taking out his pencil, holding up his sketch-book, and looking very fiercely at the darkie—our friend exclaimed, "I'll sketch you, you rascal."

Whereupon the poor boy uttered a most frightful yell, and ran away in the greatest consternation, as if we had been a pair of murderers.

Our next stopping-place was at a cider mill, where an old negro, with the assistance of a mule, was grinding apples, and another man was pressing the sweet juice into a mammoth tub. A lot of boys, who were out on a chestnut gathering excursion, had discovered the mill, and having initiated themselves into the good graces of the darkies, were evidently enjoying a portion of Mr. Horace Greeley's celebrated "good time."

But it is now about noon, and we have reached that spot upon Rock Creek known as Pierce's Plantation. Here we found the ruins of an old saw-mill, and while transferring a portrait of it to our sketch-book, with its half decayed dam, and two or three hoary sycamores and elms, we discovered a boy in the act of fishing. We bowed to him as to a brother angler, and looking into his basket, we found snugly lying

there no less than half a dozen handsome fall* fish, weighing from six ounces to a pound each. These we of course purchased, and then inquired of the boy if he knew of a house in that vicinity where we could likely have the fish cooked. He replied in the affirmative, whereupon we sent him to the dwelling he mentioned for the purpose of warning the inmates of our approach. On our arrival there we were warmly welcomed, and in due time we had the satisfaction of enjoying as finely cooked fish as ever tickled the palate of Izaak Walton or Sir Humphrey Davy. Not only were we waited upon with marked politeness, but were treated with an abundance of delicious currant wine and new cider, and for all this truly southern hospitality we could make no return, excepting in the way of gratitude.

But, pleasant as was our reception and repast at this Rock Creek cottage, our own mind was more deeply impressed with the exquisitely charming appearance of the cottage itself and surrounding buildings. It struck us as one of the most comfortable and poetical nooks that we ever beheld. It seemed to have everything about it calculated to win the heart of a lover of nature and rural life. Though situated on the side of a hill and embowered in trees, it commands a pleasing landscape; and as it was built upwards of one hundred years ago, it is interesting for its antiquity. Surmounted as it is with a pointed roof, green with the moss of years, and flanked by a vine-covered porch, the vegetation which clusters around it is so abundant that you can hardly discover its real proportions. And all the out-buildings are in strict keeping with the cottage itself. It is, upon the whole, one of the most interesting nooks to be found anywhere within an hour's ride of the capitol; and we can fully understand what a certain wealthy gentleman *felt* when he made the remark that this Rock Creek cottage was the only place he had ever seen which he would prefer to his

* The Fall Fish of Rock Creek is evidently identical with the Dace of Walton; it is really a beautiful and sweet fish, and well deserves its local reputation.

own, albeit his own residence is one of the most costly and beautiful in the District of Columbia.

The scenery of Rock Creek for several miles above the Pierce Plantation, is chiefly distinguished for its simple and quiet beauty. The whole vale in fact is remarkably luxuriant, and probably contains as great a variety of foliage as can be found in the same space in any section of the country. For miles and miles do the trees come together as if for the purpose of protecting the murmuring stream from the kisses of the sunlight, and even in September, birds and flowers are quite abundant; for here it is (it would seem) that summer lingers longest in the lap of autumn. And such vines, too, as cluster along the margin of this stream! The net-work which they have formed over the innumerable tiny waterfalls and the dark pools, is graceful beyond compare; and while happy children go there at times to gather the luscious grapes, we are certain that the little people of fairyland are well content with their allotted privilege of using the swing of the vine, while in the enjoyment of their midnight revels.

But we find that we are getting to be decidedly too poetical for our own safety and the comfort of our readers, and as the sun has long since passed the meridian, it is time that we should think of returning home. And, besides, as we shall return to the city by a different route from the one we came, we purpose to introduce to our readers one or two more "places of note" which are identified with Rock Creek.

And first as to the Rock Creek church, which lies somewhere between one and two miles eastward of the stream from which it derives its name. The original Rock Creek chapel was founded in the year 1719, and the bricks employed in its construction were brought from England. It became a parish church in 1726, at which time the glebe land (as at the present time, I believe) amounted to one hundred acres. It was rebuilt in the year 1768, the design having been made, it is said, by Washington, and many improvements added in the year 1808. The first rector of the church was the Rev. George Murdock, who officiated for thirty-four years; his successors were Rev. Alex-

ander Williamson, Rev. Thomas Read, Rev. Alfred Henry Dashiels, Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Rev. Henry C. Knight, Rev. Levin I. Gills, Rev. Edward Waylen, and the present incumbent, Rev. William A. Harris. Of Mr. Read it is recorded that he presided over the church for forty years, during the whole of which time he was absent only *thirty* months; and with regard to Mr. Waylen, it may be stated that he compiled an interesting history of the Parish, which was published in 1845.

The appearance of Rock Creek church, as it now stands, is simply that of an old-fashioned but very comfortable brick church. It occupies the summit of a gentle hill, and is completely surrounded with a brotherhood of fine oak and chestnut trees. On every side of it tombs and grave-stones are quite abundant, and some of them are so very old as to be almost entirely hidden in the earth. Although we spent nearly an hour in this city of the dead, deciphering the various epitaphs, we only stumbled upon one which attracted our particular attention; it was a simple stone slab, covered with moss, upon which was this touching record:—

"Grant, Lord, when I from death do wake,
I may of endless life partake.
J. R.
1802."

And now, suppose our readers tarry with us for a few moments at the residence of a certain retired banker, which lies only a short distance from the Rock Creek church. With the elegant mansion and highly cultivated grounds, everybody must of necessity be pleased, for we believe that a more tasteful and superb place is not to be found in the country. It caps the summit of the loftiest hill in the vicinity of Washington, and while in one direction it commands a view of the Alleghany Mountains, in another lies spread out a complete panoramic view of the metropolis of the land, with a magnificent reach of the Potomac extending a distance of at least forty miles. To comment upon the spirits who preside over the mansion to

which we have alluded is not our purpose, but we may mention in passing that among the numerous productions of art which adorn the interior, are two capital pictures by Morland, and a very fine landscape by Gainsborough. But enough. The sun is already near the horizon, and even now the latter half of our walk home must be by the light of the moon. And so much for a vagabondizing day on Rock Creek.

A VIRGINIA BARBECUE.

THE word *barbecue* is said to be derived from a combination of two French words, signifying *from the head to the tail*, or rather, "according to the modern," *the whole figure, or the whole hog*. By some, this species of entertainment is thought to have originated in the West India Islands. However this may be, it is quite certain that it was first introduced into this country by the early settlers of Virginia; and though well known throughout all the Southern States, it is commonly looked upon as a "pleasant invention" of the Old Dominion. The idea was evidently conceived by a rural population, and in a district where villages and the ordinary public buildings of the present time were few and far between. For purposes of business or pleasure, the people found it necessary, or advisable, to meet together in masses, at stated periods; and as these meetings were made a kind of rural festival, and as the animals served up on such occasions were commonly roasted entire, it was not unnatural that the feast should eventually have become known as a barbecue.

Of the genus barbecue, as it exists at the present time, we believe there are only two varieties known to the people of Virginia, and these may be denominated as social and political. The social barbecue is sometimes given at the expense of a single individual, but more commonly by a party of gentlemen, who desire to gratify their friends and neighbors by a social entertainment. At times, the ceremony of issuing written invitations is attended to; but, generally speaking, it is understood that all the yeomanry of the immediate neighborhood,

with their wives and children, will be heartily welcomed, and a spirit of perfect equality invariably prevails. The spot ordinarily selected for the meeting is an oaken grove in some pleasant vale, and the first movement is to dispatch to the selected place a crowd of faithful negroes, for the purpose of making all the necessary arrangements. If the barbecue is given at the expense of half a dozen gentlemen, you may safely calculate that at least thirty servants will be employed in bringing together the good things. Those belonging to one of the entertainers will probably make their appearance on the ground with a wagon load of fine young pigs: others will bring two or three lambs, others some fine old whisky and a supply of wine, others the necessary table-cloths, plates, knives and forks, others an abundance of bread, and others will make their appearance in the capacity of musicians. When the necessaries are thus collected, the servants all join hands and proceed with their important duties. They first dig a pit, four feet wide, two or three deep, and as long as they require, into which they throw a quantity of wood, for the purpose of obtaining therefrom a bed of burning coals. This done, the more expert kitchen negroes proceed to roast (by laying them upon sticks across the fires) the various animals prepared for the occasion. In the meantime, all the other arrangements are progressing, such as spreading the white cloths upon the temporary board tables, and clearing a place for dancing. The guests begin to assemble about ten o'clock, and by noon there is hardly a tree within hailing distance of the centre of attraction, to which a horse is not fastened. The assembly is quite large; and white dresses and scarlet shawls are as numerous as the summer flowers upon the neighboring hills. Old men are here with their wives and daughters, in whose veins floweth the best of aristocratic blood; young husband with their wives; unmarried gentlemen with a bevy of laughing girls under their charge; and children of every age, from the wild and boisterous boy to little girls just old enough to totter after a butterfly. One, or perhaps two hours, are then spent by the multitude in playing rural games, in social converse, in telling stories, or in discus-

sing the news of the day. Finally, the pigs and lambs have all been roasted, and the feast is ready; whereupon there followeth as busy and satisfactory a scene as can well be imagined. After it is ended, the negroes come into rightful possession of all the tables and the abundance of good things left over; and, having quietly invited a number of their friends, with their families, they proceed to enjoy their portion of the entertainment, which is generally concluded by a regular negro frolic, with banjo and fiddle, in a neighboring grove. In due time, after the more substantial feature of the barbecue has been enjoyed, the musicians are summoned to their allotted places, and the entire party of ladies and gentlemen proceed to trip the light fantastic toe. The exercise continues for hours, and white-haired men and little girls are seen wending their way through the intricate mazes of the country dance and the Virginia reel. As the sun nears the horizon, the more advanced members of the party quietly take their departure, leaving a cloud of dust behind them on the road. By the time the last day-flower has closed its petal, the young men and maidens have entire possession of the barbecue ground; and having wound up the last reel by the light of the newly-risen moon, they dismiss the musicians, gather together their hats and shawls, and with many a song and jest return to their several homes.

With regard to the political barbecue, we have to remark that it differs from the one already described only in the following particulars: It is generally gotten up by the leaders of one of the political parties, and speeches take the place of dancing, although ladies in considerable numbers are in attendance. Previous to the appointed day for the political barbecue, a placard is nailed to all the barn doors and blacksmith shops in the district or county where it occurs, to the effect that "several distinguished speakers will be present on the occasion," and that the people of all parties are invited to be present. If the entertainers on this occasion are of the Whig party, the first speech is delivered by a Whig orator, and it is no uncommon sight to see this gentleman standing literally *on the stump*. After he has taken his seat, he is usually followed

by a brother orator of the Democratic party; and so, alternately, are the principles of the prevailing parties fully discussed. Generally, the greatest decorum exists, not only among the speakers but among the listeners; and if severe remarks are dropped in the heat of debate, they are not commonly considered of sufficient consequence to create a breach between personal friends. There are times, however, when even the political barbecue is concluded by a dance; but as the crowd is then particularly miscellaneous, the hilarity which usually prevails is apt to be a little too boisterous. When given in the autumn, new cider usually takes the place of more stimulating drinks (so far as the multitude are concerned, at any rate,) and when this is the case, it is very seldom that any improprieties occur. But a genuine Virginia barbecue, whether of a political or social character, is a rural entertainment which deserves far more praise than censure, and we know of none which affords the stranger a better opportunity of studying the character of the yeomanry of the Southern States.

RATTLESNAKES.

We believe that we have seen a greater number of these reptiles, in our various journeyings, and been more intensely frightened by them, than any other scenery-loving tourist or angler in the country, and hence the idea of our present essay. We shall record our information for the benefit of the general reader, rather than for the learned and scientific; beginning our remarks with what we know of the character of that really beautiful and magnanimous, but most deadly animal, which was adopted as the revolutionary emblem of our country, as the eagle is now the emblem of the Republic.

The rattlesnake derives its name from an instrument attached to its tail, consisting of a series of hollow scaly pieces which, when shaken, make a rattling or rustling noise. The number of these pieces or rattles are said to correspond with the number of years which the animal has attained, and some travellers assert that they have been discovered with thirty rattles, though thirteen is a much more common number. It is one of the most venomous serpents, and yet one that we cannot but respect, since it habitually makes honorable use of the singular appendage with which it is gifted. It never strikes a foe without first warning him of his danger. In form it is somewhat corpulent, has a flat heart-shaped head, and is supplied with fangs, varying from a half-inch to an inch in length, which lie hidden horizontally in the flesh of the upper jaw, and are capable of being thrown out like the blade of a knife. The venom emitted by it is so deadly that it has been known to cause the death of a human being in a very few hours, and to destroy a dog or cat

in less than twenty minutes, and yet we have met with some half-dozen individuals in our travels who have been bitten by the rattlesnake without being seriously injured. Horses and cattle are known to become exceedingly terrified at its appearance, and generally speaking, when bitten, die in a short time, and yet we once saw a horse which was only troubled, in consequence of its bite, by a disease resembling the scurvy. The hair dropped off from the skin of the quadruped, and he looked horribly, if he did not feel so. As to the effect of this poison upon hogs, it has frequently been proven to be perfectly harmless, and we know it to be the custom in certain portions of the country, for farmers to employ their swine for the express purpose of destroying the rattlesnakes infesting their land. The effect of the rattlesnake's bite upon itself is said to be generally fatal. In regard to the antidote of this poison, we are acquainted with only one, besides that of stimulants used in some parts of the country, which is the plant commonly called the rattlesnake weed. Both the leaf and the root are employed, and applied internally as well as externally. This plant grows to the height of six or eight inches, has one stock and a leaf resembling in shape the head of the rattlesnake, and is almost invariably found in those sections of the country where the reptile abounds.

The courage of rattlesnakes is by no means remarkable, and it is but seldom that they will dispute the right of way with a man who is not afraid of them. They are sluggish in their movements, and accomplish the most of their travelling during the nocturnal hours. They feed upon almost every variety of living creatures which they can overpower. They are not partial to water, but when compelled to cross a river or lake, they perform the feat in a most beautiful manner, holding their heads about one foot from the surface, and gliding along at a rapid rate. They are affectionate creatures, and it is alleged that when their offspring are very young, and they are disturbed by the presence of man, the mothers swallow their little ones until the danger is past, and then disgorge them alive and writhing.

Another of their peculiarities consist in the fact, that they

may be entirely disarmed by brandishing over their heads the leaves of the white ash, which are so obnoxious to their nervous system as to produce the most painful contortions of the body. When traveling at night in search of food, or for purposes of recreation, as it may be, they have a fashion of visiting the encampments of hunters, and it has been ascertained that the only way of keeping them at a respectable distance is to encircle the camp with a rope, over which they are afraid to crawl;—and it has frequently happened to hunters, in a snake country, that on awaking after a night of repose, they have discovered on the outside of their magic circle as many as a dozen of the charming creatures, carefully coiled up and sound asleep. It is also related of this snake, that it has the power of throwing off or suppressing a disagreeable effluvium, which is quite sickening to those who come within its range. If this be true it occurs chiefly in the month of August, when the weather is sultry and the snake is particularly fat. That this snake has the power of *charming*, as some writers maintain, may be true, but we know not of an authenticated instance. That it may have a very quiet way of stealing upon its prey seems to us much more plausible—but upon this fact we are non-committal. As to their power of *hissing*—that also is an undecided question. In regard to their manner of biting we can speak with more confidence. They never attack a man without first coiling themselves in a graceful manner, and instead of jumping they merely extend their bodies, with the quickness of thought, towards their mark, and if they do not reach it, they have to coil themselves again for a second effort, and when they hit a man at all, it is generally on his heel, for the bruising of which they have the authority of the Scriptures. Although they possess the power of inflicting almost instantaneous death, they seldom attack man excepting in self-defence. When about to bite, their eyes sparkle like fire, their bodies become bloated with rage, their heads and necks alternately flatten and distend, and their lips contract and expand, so that their appearance is then most horrible.

But while the rattlesnake is a formidable enemy to man, the

deer and the blacksnake seem to be at enmity with him. Whenever a buck discovers a rattlesnake in a situation which invites an attack, he loses no time in preparing for battle. He approaches to within ten or twelve feet of the snake, then leaps forward and aims to sever the body with his sharp hoofs. The first onset is commonly successful; if otherwise, the buck repeats the trial till he cuts the snake in twain. The rapidity and fatality of his skilful manœuvre leave but a slight chance for his victim either to escape or inject poison into his more alert antagonist.

The rattlesnake also finds a dreaded opponent in the blacksnake. Such is its celerity of motion, not only in cunning, but entwining itself around its victim, that the rattlesnake has no way of escaping from his fatal embrace. When the black and rattlesnakes are about to meet for battle, the former darts forward at the height of his speed, and strikes at the head of the latter with unerring certainty, leaving a foot or two of the upper part of the body at liberty. In an instant he encircles him in five or six folds; he then stops and looks the strangled and gasping foe in the face, to ascertain the effect produced upon his corseted body. If he shows signs of life, the coils are multiplied, the operator all the while narrowly watching the countenance of the helpless victim. Thus the two remain some thirty minutes, when the executioner slackens one coil, noticing at the same time whether any signs of life appear; if so, the coil is resumed and retained, until the incarcerated snake is entirely lifeless.

The rattlesnake is peculiar to the American continent. Four varieties alone are known to naturalists, three of which are found in the United States, and one in South America. In the States bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, they attain the length of seven and eight feet, and a diameter of three or four inches; the males having four fangs, and the females only two. These are characterized by a kind of diamond figure on the skin, and are partial to the low or bottom lands of the country. Those found in the Middle and Northern States are called the common or banded rattlesnakes, and are altogether the most abundant

in the Union. They vary in length from two and a half to four feet, and are partial to mountainous and rocky districts. There is also a very small, but most dangerous variety, called the ground rattlesnakes, which are found on the sterile and sandy prairies of the West, and to a limited extent in the barren districts of the South. In Canada they are almost unknown, and even in the more thickly settled States of the Union, they are rapidly becoming extinct. As to their value, it may be stated, that their oil and gall are highly prized in all sections of the Union, for medicinal purposes, and by the Indians and slave population of the South, their flesh is frequently employed as an article of food, and really considered sweet and nourishing.

The attachment of the Aborigines to this famous reptile is proverbial: among nearly all the tribes, even at the present day, it is seldom disturbed, but is designated by the endearing epithet of *grandfather*. It is recorded, however, by the early historians, that when one tribe desired to challenge another to combat, they were in the habit of sending into the midst of their enemy the skin of a rattlesnake, whereby it would appear to have been employed as an emblem of revenge. And as to the origin of the rattlesnake, the old men among the Cherokees relate a legend to the following effect, which, the reader will notice, bears a striking analogy to the history of our Saviour. A very beautiful young man, with a white face, and wrapped in a white robe, once made his appearance in their nation, and commanded them to abandon all their old customs and festivals, and to adopt a new religion. He made use of the softest language, and everything that he did proved him to be a good man. It so happened, however, that he could make no friends among them, and the medicine men of the nation conspired to take away his life. In many ways did they try to do this—by lashing him with serpents and giving him poison, but were always unsuccessful. But in process of time the deed was accomplished, and in the following manner. It was known that the good stranger was in the habit of daily visiting a certain spring, for the purpose of quenching his thirst and bathing his body. In view of this fact, the magicians made a very beautiful war-

club, inlaid with bone and shells, and decorated with rattles, and this club they offered to the Great Spirit, with the prayer that he would teach them how to destroy the stranger. In answer to the prayer, a venomous snake was created and carefully hidden under a leaf by the side of the spring. The stranger, as usual, came there to drink, was bitten by the snake, and perished. The Cherokee nation then fell in love with the snake, and having asked the Great Spirit to distinguish it, by some peculiar mark, from all the other snakes in the world, he complied, by transferring to its body the rattles which had made the club of sacrifice so musical to the ear, and so beautiful to the eye. And from that rattlesnake are descended all the poisonous snakes now scattered through the world.

We commenced this article with the determination of not writing a single paragraph (for the above legend, after a fashion, is historical,) which could be classed with the unbelieving things called "Snake Stories," but the following matter-of-fact, though disconnected anecdotes, may not be unacceptable to our readers.

We were once upon a fishing expedition among the mountains of North Carolina, with two other gentlemen, when it so happened that we concluded to spend the night in a deserted log cabin, belonging to one of the party. By the light of a large fire, we partook of a cold but comfortable supper, and after talking ourselves into a drowsy mood, we huddled together on the floor, directly in front of the fire-place, and were soon in a sound sleep. About midnight, when the fire was out, one of the party was awakened by a singular rattling noise, and having roused his companions, it was ascertained beyond a doubt, that there were two rattlesnakes within the room where we were lying. We arose, of course, horrified at the idea, and as we were in total darkness, we were afraid even to move, for fear of being bitten. We soon managed, however, to strike a light, and when we did so, we found one of our visitors on the hearth, and the other in the remotest corner of the room. We killed them, of course, with a most hearty relish, and in the morning another of the same race, just without the threshold of the cabin. The

reptiles had probably left the cabin just before our arrival, and on returning at midnight, had expressed their displeasure at our intrusion upon their abode, by sounding their rattles.

On another occasion we were of a party of anglers who killed a rattlesnake on one of the mountains overlooking Lake George, (where this reptile is very abundant,) and after its head had been cut off and buried, one of the party affirmed that there was not a person present who could take the dead snake in his hand, hold it out at arm's length, and give it a sudden squeeze, without dropping it to the ground. A wager was offered, and by the most curious and courageous of the party was accepted. He took the snake in his hand and obeyed the instructions, when the serpentine body suddenly sprang, as if endowed with life, and the headless trunk struck the person holding it, with considerable force upon the arm. To add that the snake fell to the ground most suddenly, is hardly necessary. We enjoyed a laugh at the expense of our ambitious friend, but the phenomenon which he made known, remains to this day unexplained. Since that time we have been led to believe that there is not one man in a thousand who would have the fortitude to succeed in the experiment above mentioned.

A paper recently read before the Boston Society of Natural History, by Dr. W. J. Burnett, on the character and habits of the rattlesnake, contains among others, the following interesting particulars. The Doctor had been experimenting on two or three specimens of this animal, and announces the discovery of numerous embryo poisonous fangs in the jaws of the snake, immediately behind the outward fangs. The use of these hidden weapons of destruction appears to be, to supply the place of the biting fangs of the serpent, when they get broken off or worn out in service. It also appears that the long fangs, (two in number,) which are used in inflicting the deadly bite of the rattlesnake, are naturally shed every few years, when they are not injured by accident or wear, and the reserve fangs are sufficiently numerous to meet the worst emergencies. From minute microscopical examination of the structure of these teeth, Dr. B. concludes that there are two canals in each fang, only one

of which conveys the poison to the wound. Respecting the character of the poison itself, the Doctor remarks as follows:

There is good reason to believe that its action is the same upon all living things, vegetables as well as animals. It is even just as fatal to the snake itself as to other animals, for one specimen that we have heard of, after being irritated and annoyed in its cage, in moving suddenly, accidentally struck one of its fangs into its own body, when it soon rolled over and died, as any other animal would have done. Here, then, we have the remarkable, and perhaps unique physiological fact, of a liquid secreted directly from the blood, which proves deadly when introduced into the very source (the blood) from which it was derived.

In order to scrutinize, by the aid of a microscope, the operation of this deadly agent on the blood, Dr. Burnett stupified one of the fiercest of his snakes, by dropping chloroform upon his head.

Twenty-five or thirty drops being allowed to fall on his head, one slowly after the other, the sound of his rattle gradually died away, and in a few minutes he was wholly under the agent. He was then adroitly seized behind the jaws, with the thumb and finger, and dragged from the cage, and allowed to partially resuscitate; in this state a second person held his tail, to prevent his coiling around the arm of the first, while a third opened his mouth, and with a pair of forceps pressed the fang upwards, causing a flow of poison, which was received on the end of the scalpel. The snake was then returned into the cage.

Blood was next extracted from the finger, for close microscopical examination. The smallest quantity of the poison being presented to the blood between the glasses, a change was immediately perceived; the corpuscles ceased to run together, and remained stagnant, without any special alteration of structure. The whole appearance was as though the vitality of the blood had been suddenly destroyed, exactly as in death from lightning. This agrees also with another experiment performed on a fowl, where the whole mass of the blood appeared quite liquid, and having little coagulable power.

Dr. Burnett is of opinion, that the physiological action of the poison of a rattlesnake in animals is that of a most powerful sedative, acting through the blood on the nervous centres. He supports this position by the remarkable fact, that its full and complete antidotes are the most active stimulants, and alcohol, in the form of rum or whiskey, is the first. This remedy is well known at the South, and there are some twenty-five authentic cases on record, proving that a person suffering from the bite of a rattlesnake, may drink from one to two quarts of clear brandy, and eventually recover.

A WESTERN PIONEER.

It was about twenty years ago, on a bright November morning, that a large covered wagon, drawn by four horses, came to a halt in front of the office of the Receiver of Money for the Public Lands in the village of Monroe, territory of Michigan. The wagon in question contained implements of husbandry, a plentiful stock of provisions, and all the household furniture of a family consisting of an old man and his wife, three sons, and two daughters; and their outside possessions were comprised in a small but miscellaneous herd of cows, oxen, sheep, and hogs. The head of this family was a New York farmer in indigent circumstances, who had conceived the idea of making himself a home in what was then the wilderness of Michigan. All the money he had in the world was one hundred dollars, and with this he purchased at the land-office a tract of eighty acres of uncultivated land, which he had never seen, but upon which he was about to locate with his family. The honest and independent deportment of this emigrant enlisted the feelings of the Receiver, and he accordingly extended an invitation to him and his party to spend the night under his roof. The invitation was accepted, and after a "lucid interval" of comfortable repose, and cheered by a warm breakfast, the emigrating party respectfully took leave of their entertainer, and started upon their dreary pilgrimage.

The distance they had to travel was one hundred and eighty miles. As the roads were new and rough, they plodded along, day after day, at a slow rate, and with much difficulty; took their meals in the open air, and spent their nights under a tent,

with only a few heavy quilts to protect them from the dampness of the ground. While upon this journey they were overtaken by cold weather, and, in fording one of the many streams which crossed their route, the venerable emigrant had one of his legs frost-bitten, which resulted, after much delay and trouble in sending for a physician, in its amputation. His life was spared, however, and in due time, in spite of the calamity which had befallen them, the emigrants were encamped upon their "land of promise."

Having thus reached the end of their journey, the first thing to be done was to erect a suitable dwelling wherein to spend the winter; and, the father of the family having been rendered almost helpless by his misfortune, the labor of building it devolved exclusively upon his sons, the youngest of whom was a mere boy. Animated by a most noble spirit, they fell to work without any delay, and in the course of ten days had accomplished their first task, and were the masters of a comfortable log-cabin. It stood on the sandy knoll of an "oak opening," and in the immediate vicinity of a sparkling rivulet. The only evidences of civilization which surrounded them were the stumps, and chips, and decaying branches which covered the site of their labors; but the emigrants had a home, and though a rude and apparently comfortless one, they were satisfied, if not happy.

The winter days passed rapidly away; and, while the disabled emigrant did little more than keep himself warm by his huge wood-fire, his sons were felling the trees on every side and doing their utmost to enclose their domain. And at night, when gathered at the evening meal, or in a circle around their hearth, and the newly-cut wood was hissing under the influence of the bright flame, they would talk over the pleasures of other days, experienced in a distant portion of the land, and cherish the hope that the future had even more happiness in store. Within their cabin was to be found the spirit of genuine religion, and as the hopeful music of woman's voice was there, and their hearts were bound together by the cords of a holy family love, they were indeed happy.

It was now the spring-time of the year, a warmer tint was in the sky, and the wilderness was beginning to blossom like the rose. The birds were building their nests, and their sweet minstrelsy was heard throughout the air; and there, too, was the tinkling of bells, for the cattle sought their food in the remote dells, and returned at the sunset hour, with their udders teeming full. The brush and waste wood of the "girdled clearings" were gathered into heaps and burnt—in the daytime forming fantastic columns of smoke, and at night making the midnight darkness, save where the flame was particularly brilliant, more profound. And then the plough was brought forth, and made to try its strength in turning up the virgin soil. Our emigrant friend has now entirely recovered from his late disaster, and, having manufactured for himself an artificial leg, he begins to think it time for him to lend a helping hand towards accelerating the improvements of his "farm." The smell of the ploughed field has given him a thrill of pleasure, and he determines to try what he can accomplish in the way of planting corn. This effort proves successful, and, as he becomes accustomed to the use of his new member, he takes the lead in most of the farming operations, and thinks no more of his past sufferings than of the fact that he is what many people are pleased to term a poor man.

As industry and virtue are almost invariably followed by prosperity, we must not wonder at the future career of our Western pioneer. Five years have passed away, and, as his crops have been abundant, we find him the possessor of half a thousand acres of valuable land instead of one hundred. He has also gathered the means to build himself a new frame house; and, as the "harvest is past and the summer ended," his barns are filled to overflowing. On every side are spread out extensive fields, and his hired men may be counted by the dozen. They have gathered in the crops, and, after a brief furlough, a portion of them will take possession of the barns, and devote themselves to the flail, while the remainder will enter some neighboring woodland with their axes, and proceed in their laborious work of destruction. Winter comes, and still the sounds of the flail and the axe are heard in the barn and in the

forest. The coldest of winds may blow, and the snow may fall so as to bury the fences, but what matter? The genius of health reigns supreme. All the day long, and at night, huge fires are blazing in the dwelling of the pioneer; his larder is filled with an abundance of the good things of life, and his numerous cattle are more comfortably housed than himself when he first came into the wilderness. Spring has returned once more, and a new life has not only been instilled into the earth, but also into the blood of man.

It is now the delightful season of midsummer, and we see before us, basking in the sunshine, a domain of two thousand acres of land, in the highest state of cultivation. Capping the summit of a hill stands a spacious and elegant mansion, surrounded with outhouses, and bespeaking the possessor to be a man of opulence and taste. In one direction, fading away to a great distance, lie a succession of fields waving with golden grain; in another, hill beyond hill of the deep green and graceful corn; in another we see a magnificent meadow, with hundreds of cattle and horses and sheep quietly grazing or sporting in their glee; and in another direction an almost impenetrable forest, where the black-walnut, the white-wood, the oak, and the hickory strive to excel each other in the respective attributes of beauty and might. And this is the home and the domain of the Western pioneer. Less than a mile distant from his mansion stands a charming village, from which arises a single spire, pointing to the Christian's home. The pastor of that church is the youngest son of our friend the pioneer. Within said village, too, may be seen an "Eagle Hotel," and a "New York Store," which are both the property of his two elder sons. At their expense, a public school has also been established within the village. The country around is intersected with good roads, along which the heavily-laden wain pursues its snail-like course, and the mail coach rattles along with its panting horses, nine passengers on the inside, and a deep coating of dust on the boot and everything outside. Plenty and peace have taken possession of the land, and the pioneer of other days has become the nabob of the present time.

PLANTATION CUSTOMS.

We profess to be neither a defender nor an advocate of slavery, but circumstances having brought us into frequent communication with the colored population of the Southern States, we have the satisfaction of knowing that our opinions, concerning their condition, whether correct or not, are the result of personal observation. We do indeed consider the institution an evil, but we consider the fanaticism of the North a much greater evil. By birth and education a Northern man, we willingly acknowledge that we started upon our first journey through the Southern States, harboring in our breast an unreasonable number of prejudices against the institution already mentioned. The tables, however, are now completely turned. Aside from the abstract idea which has ever and will ever trouble us, we have seen but little to mourn over and regret, but rather observed much, touching the happiness of the negro and especially his customs, which we cannot but commend and admire. Instead of commenting upon these customs in a general manner, we propose to give an idea of them by describing two specimens—the negro manner of spending the Christmas Holidays, and the prominent features of one of their Corn Huskings.

The scene of our first description is a plantation in the interior of South Carolina. Within hailing distance of the planter's mansion is a collection of picturesque cabins, where are domiciled his negroes, numbering in all about one hundred souls. It is early morning and the day before Christmas. The slaves have obtained their accustomed holiday, which is to last until

the close of the year, and they are now on the point of carrying to the market of some neighboring town the products they may have obtained from their allotted plots of ground during the bygone season. All the means of conveyance belonging to the plantation have been placed at their disposal, and the day has arrived when they are to receive in hard money, or merchandise, the fruit of their own industry, irrespective of their obligations to their masters. The excitement among them is unusual, and is participated in by all—men, women, and children. All things being ready, the sable fraternity are upon the move, and as they enter upon a road winding through a succession of picturesque woods, we will glance at some of the characters belonging to the cavalcade. The leader thereof is probably the most industrious and frugal of the whole brotherhood, and he is taking to market, in a double wagon drawn by two horses, some two or three bales of cotton, which he will dispose of for one hundred and fifty dollars. The next vehicle is also a wagon, and in it are two or three old women, who have under their especial protection an assortment of poultry which it is their intention to exchange with the village merchant for any little conveniences that they may need, or any fancy articles that they may desire. Directly behind these we have a noisy party of girls and boys, who are footing their way to market more for the frolic or freedom of the thing than any desire to obtain money, albeit we doubt not that some of the boys may have stowed away in one of the wagons an occasional fox or coon skin which have accidentally come into their possession by means of their cunningly-devised traps. In another wagon, drawn by a pair of mules, we notice a load of articles, including a supply of rudely-wrought agricultural implements, a few bags of corn and other grain, and a neatly-dressed hog, with his hoofs pointing to the sky. We now have a venerable negro, mounted upon an equally venerable horse, his only saddle consisting of a large bag of choice seeds, which he has been permitted to glean from his master's fields at the end of the harvest. And coming in the rear, is the miscellaneous portion of the procession, who ramble along, so far as their ap-

pearance is concerned, somewhat after the manner of a party of bedlamites, but as joyous and light-hearted as if they were the lords instead of the serfs of creation. And so much for the appearance of our friends on their way to market.

The thousand and one incidents which occur at the town, interesting and unique as they are, we will leave to the imagination of our readers. Towards the close of the day the party return to their cabins upon the plantation, and although some of the more indiscreet may have imbibed an undue quantity of the intoxicating beverage, the majority of them are as circumspect in their deportment as could be expected. And then, on their arrival home, commences the long-anticipated frolic of Christmas Eve. The banjoes and fiddles are brought forth, and devoting themselves most heartily to the pleasures of dancing, singing, and discussing the acquisitions made during the day, the hours of night are soon numbered, and the revelry is only concluded by the approach of day.

Two hours after sunrise on Christmas morning they are all out of their beds and moving about with considerable activity, considering their loss of sleep, and a new order of things is about to occur. The house servants, and such of the field hands as think their services may be needed, place themselves in the way of the master and mistress of the plantation, and cheerfully perform any necessary work which may be allotted to them. This done, they return to their cabins, and plan the various means of enjoying themselves. Those old women, and others who are religiously disposed, jump into a wagon and drive to some neighboring church to hear the story of the Saviour. Others, who have relatives belonging to another plantation, start off upon a friendly visitation. Some, who have a passion for shooting, and have either borrowed or purchased the necessary fusees, depart upon an excursion into the woods; while others, who are particularly covetous, and have already experienced the satisfaction of owning a little property, remain about the premises for the purpose of accomplishing some newly-conceived scheme, which will most likely result at no distant day in their purchasing their freedom. As Christmas is passed,

so are the remaining days of the week, an arrangement having been made among the negroes, that a portion of them should take turns with another portion, so that the necessary labor of the plantation might not be neglected. At the commencement of the year, the regular order of business is resumed upon the plantation, and so continues with occasional interruption until another Christmas arrives, to the entire satisfaction, both of master and slave.

The rural custom denominated *corn husking* or *corn shucking*, is peculiar to the Southern States. It occurs at night, in the autumn of the year, is participated in by negroes alone, and has for its main object the husking and the gathering into barns of the yellow maize or corn. And the locality of our present description is a plantation in the State of Georgia.

Intelligence having previously been circulated throughout the district, that a husking is to occur on a certain night, at a certain plantation, the first step is to prepare for the contemplated meeting. The corn yielded by the present harvest is hauled in from the surrounding fields, and deposited in huge heaps, immediately around the crib or barn into which it is eventually to be deposited. The roof of the crib having been built so as to be easily removed, and for the purpose of allowing the corn to be thrown into the building from a considerable distance, it is accordingly transferred to some out-of-the-way place, there to remain until re-appropriated to its legitimate use after the husking is ended. The next step is to bring together at convenient points around the barn and the stacks of corn, huge quantities of light wood, which is to be employed for the several purposes of tempering the night air, affording necessary light, and rendering the approaching scene as cheerful as possible. And while all these preparations are being made by the men, others of quite as much importance are occupying the attention of all the women belonging to the plantation, whose business it is to prepare the feast which necessarily follows the husking; while the children are probably spending their time in clearing away the rubbish from a level spot of ground in the vicinity of the bonfires, where it is more than

probable we may yet have the pleasure of witnessing a negro dance.

Night has settled upon the world, and the whole space enclosed by the planter's mansion and his almost innumerable outhouses, is filled with a hum of talking and laughing voices—the loud talking and the hoarse laughing of perhaps two hundred negroes, exclusive of women and children. The torch is now applied to the piles of dry wood, and by the brilliant light of the several fires the *huskers* move to their allotted places around the corn house and seat themselves upon the ground. They are divided into what might be termed four divisions (occupying or flanking the several sides of the house,) each one of which is "*headed*" by one of the smartest men in the company, whose province it is not only to superintend his division, and with the assistance of several boys to throw the corn, as it is husked, into the crib, but to take the lead in the singing which, among the blacks, always accompanies the business of husking corn. A signal is given, and the whole party fall to work as if their very lives depended upon their handling a specified quantity of the white and yellow grain. At the same instant commences a mingled sound of shouting and singing voices, which presently swell into a loud and truly harmonious chorus, and the husking scene is in its prime. The very fires seem elated with the singular but interesting prospect which they illumine, and shoot their broad sheets of flame high into the air. Song follows song, in quick succession, and in every direction piles of beautiful corn seem to spring out of the earth as if by magic, and with the quickness of magic are transferred into the great receptacle, which is itself rapidly becoming filled. Rude indeed are the songs they sing, the words are improvised and the ideas are simple, but there is a pathos and harmony in the chorus which fails not to delight the ear. Amusing stories are occasionally told, and then resoundeth far over the quiet fields sleeping in moonlight, boisterous peals of laughter. One, two, three, and perhaps four hours have elapsed, and it is now midnight, when the announcement is made by some patriarch of the company that the corn is all husked, and the crib is

nearly full. One more song is called for, during the singing of which the roof is replaced upon the corn house, and after congregating around the fires, partly with a view of comparing notes as to the amount of labor performed, but more especially for the purpose of drying the sweat from their sable faces, the entire party of huskers move to the spacious kitchen attached to the planter's mansion.

And here an entirely new scene presents itself to our view. Board tables have been spread in every available corner, and even in the more sheltered portions of the adjoining yard, and everywhere is displayed a most sumptuous entertainment, consisting not only of the substantials of life, strangely served up in the form of a thick soup, but abounding even in luxuries. Good whisky and perhaps peach brandy is supplied in reasonable quantities, and the women, having finished their allotted duties, now mingle with the men, and the feasting company presents as merry and happy a picture of rural life as can well be imagined. Each negro devotes himself to his particular mess, and somewhat after the manner of the aborigines. Jokes of questionable elegance and delicacy are uttered to a considerable extent, and many compliments paid to the "*lib'ral and magnan'mous massa ob dis plantation.*" On such occasions, as might not be supposed, acts of decided impropriety seldom occur, and it is not often that a sufficient quantity of spirit is imbibed, either materially to injure the health or produce intoxication. In this particular, even the "*down-trodden*" slaves, as they are called, may often set a worthy example for the imitation of those who occupy a more elevated rank in society.

We now come to describe the concluding scene of the corn-husking entertainment, which consists of a dance upon the spot cleared away by the boys in the vicinity of the late fires, which are replenished for further use. The scraping of fiddles and the thumping of banjos having been heard above the clatter of *spoons*, *soup-plates*, and *gourds*, at the various supper tables, a new *stampede* takes place, and the musicians are hurried off to the dancing ground, as if this were deemed the climax of earthly

happiness. "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined." But there seemeth no need of the poet's advice on the present occasion, for the sable congregation now assembled, seem animated with an almost frantic excitement. The dance is the famous "*Virginia Reel*," and at least a hundred individuals have formed themselves in their proper places. No sooner do the instruments attain the necessary pitch, than the head couples dash into the arena, now slowly and disdainfully, now swiftly and ferociously, and now performing the *double shuffle* or the *pigeon-wing*. Anon they come to a stand, while others follow, and go through the same fantastic performances, with the addition perhaps of an occasional leap or whirl. The excitement is becoming more intense than ever, and it is evident that those whose business it is to stand still, are actually dancing in their shoes. Louder than ever wails the music—order is followed by confusion—and in the madness of the dance there is no method. The brilliant watch-fires cast a ruddy glow upon the faces of the dancers, and when, as it sometimes happens, an individual chances to wander without the circle, his leaping and uncouth figure pictured against the sky, resembles more the form of a lost spirit than a human being. Music, dancing, shouting, leaping, and laughing, with other indescribable antics, are mingled together in a most unique manner, constituting a spectacle only equalled by the midnight dances of painted savages. For hours does this frolic continue, and perhaps is only brought to an end by the crowing of a cock, or the first glimpse over the eastern hills, of coming day. And then comes the breaking up of the assembly, so that by the usual breakfast hour, the negroes have reached the several plantations to which they belong, and after spending rather an idle day, are ready for any other *husking* to which they may be invited, and which their masters will permit them to attend.

DEATH IN THE WILDERNESS.

MIDWAY between the St. Louis River and Sandy Lake, in the territory of Minnesota, is to be found one of the largest and most forbidding of tamarack swamps. It has always been a thing of dread, not only to the Indians, but also to the traders and voyageurs, for directly across its centre runs the portage trail leading from the waters of Lake Superior to those of the Upper Mississippi. For a goodly portion of the year it is blocked up with snow, and during the summer is usually so far covered with water as only occasionally to afford a little island of coarse vegetation. It is so desolate a place as to be uninhabited even by wild animals, and hence the pleasures of travelling over it are far from being manifold. In fact, the only way in which it can be overcome during the vernal months is by employing a rude causeway of logs for the more dangerous places; and as it happens to be directly on the route of a portage over which canoes and packs of furs are annually transported to a considerable extent, we cannot wonder that it should frequently be the scene of mishaps and accidents. We distinctly remember to have seen evidences to prove this, when once crossing the swamp, for all along the trail were the skeletons of canoes, which had been abandoned by their owners, together with broken paddles and remnants of camp furniture. But the most interesting object that we witnessed in this remote corner of the wilderness was a rude wooden cross, surmounting a solitary grave. And connected with this grave is the following story, obtained from one who assisted at the burial.

It was a summer day, and many years ago, when a stranger made his appearance at the Sault St. Marie. He reported himself as coming from Montreal, and anxious to obtain a canoe passage to the head waters of the Mississippi. He was a Frenchman, of elegant address, and in easy circumstances, so far as one could judge from his stock of travelling comforts. His name and business, however, were alike unknown, and hence a mystery attended him. Having purchased a new canoe and a comfortable tent, he secured the services of four stalwart Chippeways, and started upon his western pilgrimage. He sailed along the southern shore of Lake Superior, and as its unique features developed themselves to his view one after another, he frequently manifested the gratification he experienced in the most enthusiastic manner, thereby increasing the mystery which surrounded him. Wholly unacquainted with the language spoken by his companions, he could only converse with them by signs; and though they could not relate to him the traditions associated with the sandstone cliffs, mountains, and beautiful islands which they witnessed, they did everything in their power to make him comfortable. They entered his tent and built his watch-fire at night, supplied him with game and fish, and, during the long pleasant days, when skimming over the blue waters, entertained him with their romantic but uncouth songs. In due time, they reached the superb and most picturesque St. Louis River, surmounted its waterfalls by means of many portages, entered and ascended one of its tributaries, and finally drew up their canoe at the eastern extremity of the portage leading over the tamarack swamp.

The spot where the voyageurs landed was distinguished for its beauty, and as they arrived there in the afternoon, they concluded that a better place could not be found to spend the night. The tent of the stranger was therefore erected, and while the Indians busied themselves in preparing the evening meal, the former amused himself by exploring the immediate vicinity of the encampment. He wandered into a neighboring swamp, for the purpose of obtaining a few roots of the *sweet flag*, of which he was particularly fond, and on his return to

the tent, ate an unreasonable quantity of what he had collected. On that night he was taken sick, and while endeavoring to account for heart-burning and severe pains that he experienced, he pulled out of his pocket a specimen of the root he had eaten, and handed it to the Indians. They were surprised at this movement, but on examining the root they found it to be a deadly poison, whereupon they managed to inform the stranger that he had made a great mistake, and would probably loose his life. This intelligence was of course received with amazement and horror, and the unhappy man spent a most agonizing night. At daybreak he was a little better, and insisted upon immediately continuing his journey. The voyageurs obeyed, and packing up their plunder, started across the portage in single file. The excitement which filled the mind of the stranger seemed to give new energy to his sinews, and he travelled for about an hour with great rapidity; but by the time he reached the centre of the tamarack swamp his strength failed him, and he was compelled to call a halt. Upon one of the green islands, already mentioned, the Indians erected his tent, and, with all the blankets and robes belonging to the company, made him as comfortable as possible. The hours of the day were nearly numbered; the stranger had endured the severest agony, and he knew that he was about to die! He divested himself of his clothes, and, with all his papers and other personal property, motioned that they should be placed in a heap a few paces from the door of his tent. His request was obeyed. He then handed them all the money he had, and despatched all his attendants upon imaginary errands into the neighboring woods, and when they returned they found the heap of clothes and other property changed into heaps of ashes. They supposed the sick man had lost his reason, and therefore did not deem his conduct inexplicable. They only increased their kind attentions, for they felt that the stream of life was almost dry. Again did the stranger summon the Indians to his side, and pulling from his breast a small silver crucifix, motioned to them that they should plant upon his grave a similar memento; and hiding it again in the folds of his shirt, cast a lingering and

agonizing look upon the setting sun, and in this manner breathed his last.

By the light of the moon the Indians dug a grave on the spot where the stranger died, into which they deposited his remains, with the crucifix upon his breast. At the head of the grave, they planted a rude cross made of the knotty tamarack wood, and after a night of troubled repose, started upon their return to the Sault St. Marie, where they finally recounted the catastrophe of their pilgrimage. And such is the story that we heard of the lonely cross in the northern wilderness surmounting the remains of the nameless exile.

THE CANADIAN RECLUSE.

Of the many singular characters which we have met with in our various travels, we remember none with more pleasure, and even wonder, than the hero of this chapter. In company with three friends, we were upon a fishing cruise along the northern shore of the river St. Lawrence, above the Saguenay, and having on a certain afternoon steered our little craft into a cove at the mouth of a brook, for the purpose of obtaining fresh water, we were surprised to find ourselves in the immediate neighborhood of a rude but comfortable log cabin. Curiosity led us to visit the cabin, and introduce ourselves to the proprietor. We did so, and were not only warmly welcomed, but were invited to tarry with our new acquaintance until the next day, and, had we not accepted the invitation, the following particulars would not now be made public.

The individual under consideration was a Frenchman, and a native of Quebec. He was above the medium height, about forty years of age, graceful in his manners, active in mind and body, and altogether just the character to rivet the attention of the most casual observer. He was wholly ignorant of the world, having never been out of his native city, excepting when he took up his abode in this out-of-the-way corner of the country, where, at the time we met with him, he had been secluded for nearly twenty years. He had a wife (but no children,) who was as much like himself in appearance and character as nature could well allow her to be. He was illiterate, but possessed an attachment to botany which was truly remarkable. His cabin had only two lower rooms and one garret, and yet the

best of the three was exclusively appropriated to a collection of plants, gathered from the neighboring hills and mountains, and numbering several hundred varieties, together with large moose horns, furs, and other forest curiosities. He knew not the generic name of a single specimen, and yet he could expatiate upon their beauty in the most interesting manner, showing that he loved them with intense affection. To the discovery and cultivation of plants he told us he was in the habit of devoting more than half of his time, whereupon we asked him from what source he obtained his living. He informed us that, having inherited the large tract of land upon which he resided, he had come here for the purpose of getting a living out of *that*. On casting our eyes about, and finding nothing for them to rest upon but mountains of solid rock, where even pine trees hardly had the courage to grow, we thought his reply somewhat mysterious. He smiled at our perplexity, and then told us that he had two or three profitable salmon fishing-grounds within a mile of his house, which were rented to Quebec fishermen, and yielded him all the necessaries of life, and that he obtained his fresh meats with his own hands from the forest.

Had we been inclined to doubt any of the assertions of our friend in regard to his good living, all such doubts would have been most assuredly dispelled by what we witnessed and enjoyed before closing our eyes on the night in question. Having taken us to the fishing-ground lying nearest to his cabin, for the purpose of letting us see how the salmon were taken in the circular set nets (into which they swam on their way up stream when the tide was high, and from which they were taken by hundreds when the tide was low,) he picked out a splendid twenty pound fish, and piloted us back again to his dwelling. He then excused himself from further waiting upon us, and begging us to amuse ourselves by *examining his plants*, or doing anything else we pleased, he informed us that he must assist his wife in preparing our supper. We bowed our most willing assent, and as the sun was near setting, we ascended a neighboring knoll for the purpose of enjoying the extensive prospect which presented itself to view.

We were looking towards the south, and across that portion of the noble St. Lawrence where it is without an island, and its shores are twenty-five miles apart. The retinue of clouds around the setting sun were remarkably brilliant, and were distinctly mirrored on the tranquil bosom of the river. In the distance we could barely discover the southern shore, forming a long narrow line of purple; about a dozen miles to the eastward one solitary ship lay floating, at the mercy of the tide, and in the foreground was the cabin of our entertainer, partly hidden from our view by a few stunted trees, and apparently hemmed in by inaccessible mountains, while before the cabin lay extended some half-dozen immense mongrel dogs, which were the only living creatures, besides ourselves, tending to animate the lonely scene. Silently communing with our own hearts, we watched with peculiar interest the coming forth, one after another, of the beautiful stars, and we could not but think of our distant homes, and of the ties which bound us to the absent and loved. One moment more, and we heard a loud halloo, which came from the lungs of our Canadian friend, who informed us that supper was ready, whereupon we descended to the cabin at a pace bordering upon a run.

And such a supper! Our host presided; and while two of his guests were seated on either side, the hostess occupied the opposite end of the table from her husband. She could not speak a word of English, and of course uttered all her apologies in French; and though the husband pretended to talk English, we begged him to remember that his guests all understood French, and that he had better converse as nature dictated. No objections were made, and we proceeded to business. The table was literally loaded; and, whilst the matron poured out a capital cup of coffee, the host overwhelmed the plates of his guests with various kinds of meat, most of which were fried or broiled almost to a crisp. We gave vent to our curiosity by inquiring the names of the dishes we were eating. From this moment, until the truly delicious feast was ended, the talking was all performed by the Canadian botanist, and the substance of his remarks may be stated as follows:—

"That meat, in the blue platter, gentlemen, was cut from the hind-quarters of the biggest *black bear* ever seen among the mountains. He weighed over four hundred pounds, and was as savage as he was fat and big. I was climbing along the edge of a hill, about a week ago, for the purpose of securing a small yellow flower that I had discovered hanging from a rock, when the bear in question came running out of the mouth of his den, and saluting me with a long scratch on the back, I gave him a stab in the belly, and tumbled myself down the offset in the most hasty manner imaginable. I always take my gun with me when I go into the woods, and when I reached the bottom of the hill I looked out for the bear, and, discovering him on a stump some twenty yards off, I gave him a shot, and he made at me with the fires of revenge and rage in his eye. I climbed up a small tree, and while the rascal made an unsuccessful attempt to follow me, I reloaded my gun, and sent another charge directly into his mouth, which gave him a bad cough, and in a short time he staggered a few paces from the tree, and fell to the ground quite dead. *I then went back to the cliff to secure my yellow flower*, and during that afternoon, by the aid of my pony, dragged the bear to my cabin.

"In that dish, with a piece broken from the edge, gentlemen, you have a mixture of *moose tongue*, *moose lip*, and *moose brains*. I spent nearly a month moose-hunting last winter, in company with a couple of Indians, and though the snow was deep, the crust hard, our snow-shoes in good order, our dogs brave and strong, and moose were numerous, we only killed about sixteen. I only brought home the heads (while the Indians were satisfied with the skins and haunches;) but I was more than paid for all my trouble, in the way of hard travelling and cold sleeping, for, in one of the moose-yards that we visited, *I found a specimen of pine which I had never seen before*. It was very soft and beautiful, and I think the book men of England would give a good deal of money if they could have it in their great gardens.

"As to that meat in the white dish, which you all seem to eat with such a relish, I think you will be surprised to learn

that it is nothing but *beaver's tail.* To my taste it is the sweetest meat in the world, and I am only sorry that this valuable animal is becoming so very scarce in this section of country. My present stock of beaver's tail came from the shore of Hudson's Bay, and, though I bought it of an Indian, I had to pay him as much for the tails as the fur company paid him for the skins of his animals. I never trapped for beaver myself, but I have for otter, and often have great sport in killing seals, which are very abundant in the St. Lawrence, and afford to the Indians pretty good food during the hard winters. The only thing that I have against the beaver is, that he has a fashion, I am told, *of cutting down for his house such beautiful trees as the birch, mulberry, willow, and poplar, before they are half grown.*

"As to the salmon upon which you have been feasting, gentlemen, you know as much about that particular individual as I do, since you saw him while in his native element. The men who hire my fishing grounds pay me so much for every fish they take, and sell them at a great profit in Quebec, and even in Montreal. From the fisheries on this shore the people of Canada are exclusively supplied with salmon, and when we have had a good season our merchants manage to send over to the United States, in a smoked condition, a good many thousand. As to taking them with those pretty little flies, which you gentlemen always carry in your pocket-books, I never could understand how you manage to deceive so sensible a fish as the salmon. Of one thing I am certain; if you expect to take any of the salmon in this region with those little lines and hooks, you will be much mistaken. You will have to go down to the Saguenay, where I am told the fish do not know any better than to be deceived by your cunning arts. But if I were ever to follow fishing as you do, it seems to me that instead of red, yellow, and blue feathers, I should cover my hooks *with the bright berries and buds which you may find upon some trees even during the fishing season.*"

This last remark of our host convinced us that he was indeed possessed with a ruling passion, and we of course gratified ourselves by humoring him to the length of our patience. He not

only monopolized the conversation during supper, but he did most of the talking until bed-time. We spent the night under his roof, sleeping upon bear-skins, spread on the floor; and after an early breakfast, we bade him adieu, and pursued our course down the St. Lawrence.

TRIP TO WATCH HILL.

Once on a time just as the sun had risen above the eastern hills, which look down upon the Thames, at Norwich, Connecticut, the prettiest sail-boat of the place left her moorings, and with a pleasant northerly breeze started for the Sound. Her passengers consisted of six gentlemen, all equipped in their sporting jackets, and furnished with fishing tackle, and their place of destination was Watch Hill, which is a point of land in Rhode Island, extending into the Atlantic, a few miles from Stonington. We were on a fishing frolic, as a matter of course; and a happier company, I ween, were never yet afloat, for the sport of a morning breeze. What with the story, the jest, the iced lemonade and exquisite cigar, the minutes glided by as swiftly and unobserved as the tiny waves around us. Now we met a solitary fisherman, towing for bass, and as we hailed him with a friendly shout, and passed by, he began to talk in an undertone, and his voice did not die away until we had turned a point. What would I not give for an accurate record of that old man's life! Anon, we witnessed the soothing picture of a well-conducted farm, with its green-girt cottage, spacious barns, neat and flowing fields, and its horses and oxen, cows, sheep, hogs, and poultry. Now we saw some noble men, such as Vernet delighted to paint, hauling the seine, and, as the "fruit of all their toil" were thrown upon the sand, their flipping forms reflected back the sunlight, reminding us of—anything the reader may be pleased to imagine. Now, we were overtaken and tossed about by a steamer bound to New Haven; and then we sailed in company with a boat, a sloop, and schooner; meeting others

beating up, from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. And the termination of this pleasing panorama was composed of Gale's Ferry, the commanding town, fort, and momument of Groton, together with the city of New London, among whose anchored shipping floated the saucy Revenue Cutter, and at whose docks were chained a goodly number of storm beaten whalers.

Having taken in "our stores," and obtained from the fish-market a basket of bait, we again hoisted sail, "bound first to Commit Rock," and "binding" ourselves to capture all of the watery enemy which might tempt the power or dexterity of our arms.

When about three miles from New London, all eyes were attracted by a beautiful craft on our lee, laden with a party of ladies and gentlemen. "They're going towards a reef!" exclaimed our captain; and no sooner had the words escaped his lips, than the stranger struck, and stove a hole through her bottom. We were just in time to save the party from a watery grave; and when we had landed them in safety on the beach, we were well repaid for our trouble by the consciousness of having done a good act, and by the thankful words and benignant smiles of the ladies fair. A dozen minutes more and we were within oar's length of the fishing rock. "All ashore, that's coming!" shouted our mate as he stood on the rock, when we all leaped out, and plenty of line being given her, the boat swung to, and "like a cradled thing at rest," floated upon the waves. Then commenced the sport. The breeze was refreshing, and the breath of the salt sea-foam buoyed up our spirits to a higher pitch, and gave new vigor to our sinews. The youngest of the party was the first who threw his hook, which was snapped in the twinkling of an eye. Another trial, and a four-pound blackfish lay extended upon the rock. Another and another, until four-score, even-numbered, came following after. Tired of the sport, two of the party entered the boat, and hoisted sail for a little cruize. Half an hour had elapsed, when the steady breeze changed into a gale, capsizing within hailing distance a fishing boat with two old men in it. Hang-

ing on, as they were, to the keel of the boat, (which having no ballast, could not sink,) their situation was extremely dangerous, as there was not a vessel within two miles. The poor men beckoned to us to help them; but as our boat was gone, we could not do so. For one long hour did they thus hang "midway betwixt life and death," exposed to the danger of being washed away by the remorseless surge, or swallowed up, as we were afterwards told, by a couple of sharks, which were kept away only by the hand of Providence. This incident tended to cool our ardor for fishing, and as we were satisfied with that day's luck, we put up our gear, during which time the boat arrived, and we embarked for the Hill. We made one short turn however, towards the boat which had picked up the fishermen, as we were anxious to tell them why we did not come to their relief. We then tacked about, and the last words we heard from our companions were: "Thank you—thank you—God bless you all," and until we had passed a league beyond Fisher's Island, our little vessel "carried a most beautiful bone between her teeth."

At sunset we moored our little boat on the eastern shore of Paucatuck Bay. On ascending to the Watch Hill hotel, we found it to be a large, well-furnished house, and our host to be a fat and jolly Falstaff-ish sort of man, just suited to his station. At seven o'clock we sat down to a first rate blackfish supper, then smoked a cigar, and while my companions resorted to the bowling alley, I buttoned up my pea-jacket, and sallied forth on an "exploring expedition." As I stood on the highest point of the peninsula, facing the south, I found that the light-house stood directly before me, on the extreme point, that a smooth beach faded away on either side, the left hand one being washed by the Atlantic, and that on the right by the waters of Fisher Island Bay, and that the dreary hills in my rear were dotted by an occasional dwelling. The breeze had died away, and the bright, full moon was in the cloudless sky. Many sails were in the offing, and also the Providence and Stonington steamboats bound to New York. The scenery around me, and the loveliness of the sky, with its galaxy of stars,

caused me to forget myself, and I wandered far away upon the shore now gazing with wonder and admiration into the cerulean vault of Heaven, or into the still deeper blue of the mighty sea, and now repeating one of the sacred songs of the sweet singer of Israel. Now, a thousand images of surpassing loveliness darted across my vision, as I thought of God—of an eternal life in heaven—of love, divine and human; and then there came a weight upon my spirit, as I remembered the powers of darkness, and the miseries engendered by our evil passions. In that communion with the mysteries of the universe, strongly blended as they were, I felt that I could wander on without fatigue, until the whole earth should be trodden by my pilgrim feet. But the chilly air and the fading night warned me to retrace my steps, and in an hour I had reached my home.

When the sun arose from his ocean-bed on the following morning, surrounded by a magnificent array of clouds, I was up, and busily engaged preparing for a day's fishing,—first, and before breakfast, for bluefish, then for blackfish, and lastly for bass. While my companions were asleep, I went out with an old fisherman, and by breakfast time had captured thirty bluefish, weighing about two pounds a piece. The manner of catching these is to tow for them with a long line, the bait being a piece of ivory attached to a strong hook. They are a very active and powerful fish, and when hooked, make a great fuss, skipping and leaping out of the water.

At nine o'clock our party were at anchor on a reef about one mile off, and for the space of about two hours we hauled in the blackfish as fast as possible, many of them weighing eight to ten pounds a piece. For them you must have a small straight hook, and for bait, lobsters or crabs. A broiled blackfish, when rightly cooked, is considered one of the best of salt water delicacies.

But the rarest of all fishing is that of catching bass, and a first-rate specimen I was permitted to enjoy. About eleven o'clock, I jumped into the surf-boat of an old fisherman, requesting him to pull for the best bass ground with which he was acquainted. In the mean time my friends had obtained a large

boat, and were going to follow us. The spot having been reached, we let our boat float, wherever the tide and wind impelled it, and began to throw over our lines, using for bait the skin of an eel six inches long. Those in the neighboring boat had fine luck, as they thought, having caught some dozen five-pounders, and they seemed to be perfectly transported because nearly an hour had passed and I had caught nothing. In their glee they raised a tremendous shout, but before it had fairly died away, my line was suddenly straightened, and I knew that I had a prize. Now it cut the water like a streak of lightning, although there were two hundred feet out, and as the fish returned I still kept it taut; and after playing with him for about forty minutes, I succeeded in drowning him, then hauled up gradually, and with my boat hook landed him in the boat safe and sound. The length of that striped bass was four feet two inches, and his weight, before cleaned, fifty-eight pounds. You can easily imagine the chop-fallen appearance of my brother fishermen, when they found out that "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." At three o'clock in the afternoon, a piece of that fish tended to gratify the appetite which had been excited by his capture.

Satisfied with our piscatorial sports, we concluded to spend the rest of the day quietly gathering shells upon the beach; but causes of excitement was still around us. No sooner had we reached the water's edge, than we discovered a group of hardy men standing on a little knoll, in earnest conversation, while some of them were pointing towards the sea. "To the boat! to the boat!" suddenly shouted their leader, when they all descended with the speed of Swiss mountaineers, and on reaching a boat which had been made ready, they pushed her into the surf, and three of them jumped in, and thus commenced the interesting scene of hauling the seine. There was something new and romantic to us in the thought, that the keen and intelligent eye of man could even penetrate into the deep, so far as to designate the course of travel of the tribes of the sea. And when the seine was drawn, it was a glorious and thrilling sight to see those fishermen tugging at the lines, or leap into the surf,

which sometimes completely covered them, to secure the tens of thousands of fish which they had caught. There was a grace and beauty about the whole scene, which made me long for the genius of a Mount or Edmonds.

A little before sunset, I was again strolling along the shore, when the following incident occurred. You will please return with me to the spot. Yonder, on that fisherman's stake, a little sparrow has just alighted, facing the main. It has been lured away from the green bowers of home by the music of the sea, and is now gazing, perhaps with feelings kindred to my own, upon this most magnificent structure of the Almighty hand. See! it spreads its wing, and is now darting towards the water —fearless and free. Ah! it has gone too near! for the spray moistens its plumes! There—there it goes, frightened back to its native woodland. That little bird, so far as its power and importance are concerned, seems to me a fit emblem of the mind of man, and this great ocean an appropriate symbol of the mind of God.

The achievements of the human mind "have their passing paragraphs of praise, and are forgotten." Man may point to the Pyramids of Egypt, which are the admiration of the world, and exclaim, "Behold the symbol of my power and importance!" But most impotent is the boast. Those mighty mysteries stand in the solitude of the desert, and the glory of their destiny is fulfilled in casting a temporary shadow over the tent of the wandering Arab.

The achievements of the Almighty mind are beyond the comprehensions of man, and lasting as his own eternity. The spacious firmament, with its suns, and moons, and stars; our globe, with its oceans, and mountains, and rivers; the regularly revolving seasons; and the still, small voice continually ascending from universal nature, all proclaim the power and goodness of their great original. And everything which God has created, from the nameless insect to the world of waters,—the highway of nations,—was created for good,—to accomplish some omnipotent end. As this ocean is measureless and fathomless, so is it an emblem, beautiful but faint, of that wonderful Being,

whose throne is above the milky-way, and who is himself from everlasting to everlasting. But see, there is a heavy cloud rising in the west, the breeze is freshening, flocks of wild ducks are flying inland, and the upper air is ringing with the shrill whistle of the bold and wild sea-gull, whose home is the boundless sea; therefore, as my friend Noble has somewhere written, "the shortest homeward track's the best."

Still in the present tense would I continue. The witching hour of midnight has again returned. A cold rain-storm has just passed over, the moon is again the mistress of a cloudless sky, but the wind is still raging in all its fury.

"I view the ships that come and go,
Looking so like to living things.
O! 'tis a proud and gallant show
Of bright and broad-spread wings,
Making it light around them, as they keep
Their course right onward through the unsounded deep."

Dana.

God be with them and their brave and gallant crews. But, again:

"Where the far-off sand-bars lift
Their backs in long and narrow line,
The breakers shout, and leap, and shift,
And send the sparkling brine
Into the air; then rush to mimic strife;
Glad creatures of the sea, and full of life."—*Ibid.*

But I must stop quoting poetry, for as "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," I should be forever writing about the sea. Heavens! what a terrible song is the ocean singing, with his long white hair streaming in the wind! The waving, splashing, wailing, dashing, howling, rushing, and moaning of the waves is a glorious lullaby, and a fit prelude to dream of the sea.

At an early hour on the following day, we embarked for home, but a sorry time we did have of it, for the winds were very lazy. We were ten hours going the distance of twenty-two miles. It was now sunset, and we were becalmed off Gale's

Ferry. Ashore we went, resolved to await the coming of the Sag Harbor steamboat, which usually arrived about nine o'clock, and by which we were, finally, taken in tow. Snugly seated in our boat, and going at the rate of eighteen miles an hour, we were congratulating ourselves upon an early arrival home, and had already begun to divide our fish. But, alas! at this moment the painter broke; the steamer, unconscious of our fate, still sped onward, while we sheered off towards the shore, *almost disgusted* with human life in general—for our boat was large, and we had but one oar. But what matter? We were a jolly set, and the way we gave three cheers, as a prelude to the song of "Begone Dull Care," must have been startling to the thousand sleeping echoes of hill, forest, river, and glen.

Having crept along at snails' pace about one mile, we concluded to land, and, if possible, obtain a place to sleep, and something to eat; for not having had a regular dinner, and not a mouthful of supper, we were half starved. With clubs in our hands, to keep off hobgoblins and bull-dogs, we wended our way towards a neighboring farm-house, where we knocked for admittance. Pretty soon, a great gawky-looking head stuck itself out of an upper window, to which we made known our heartfelt desires, receiving, in return, the following answer:—"My wife is sick—hain't got any bread—you can go in the barn to sleep if you want to;" and we turned reluctantly away, troubled with a feeling very nearly allied to anger. "Come, let's off in this direction," exclaimed one of the party, "and I'll introduce you to my old friend, Captain Somebody;"—and away we posted, two by two, across a new-mown field. Presently, our two leaders were awe-stricken by the sudden appearance of something white, which seemed to be rising out of the earth, beside a cluster of bushes, and the way they wheeled about, and ran for the river, (accompanied by their fellows, whose fright was merely sympathetic,) was "a caution" to all unbelievers in ghosts and other midnight spectres.

At last we halted to gain a little breath; an explanation was made; and our captain forthwith resolved to *investigate* the matter. He now took the lead, and on coming to the myste-

rious spot, discovered *an old blind white horse*, who had been awakened by the noise, and, following the instinct of his nature, had risen from his lair, to be better prepared for danger. I doubt whether the echoes are yet silent, which were caused by the loud and long peals of laughter which resounded to the sky. Being in a strange land, without chart or compass, we could not find the mortal dwelling-place of Captain Somebody, and so we changed our course of travel.

We stopped at another house, farther on, but to save our lives we could not obtain an interview, although we entered the hen-coop, and set the hens and roosters a cackling and crowing—the pig-pen, and set the hogs a squealing—while a large dog and two puppies did their best to increase and prolong the mighty chorus. If our farmer friend did not deem himself transported to Bedlam, about that time, we imagine that nothing on earth would have the power to give him such a dream. Our ill-luck made us almost desperate, and so we returned to the boat, resolved to row the whole distance home, could we but find an extra oar.

It was now eleven o'clock, and the only things that seemed to smile upon us were the ten thousand stars, studding the clear, blue firmament. Anon, a twinkling light beamed upon our vision; and, as we approached, we found it to proceed from a little hut on an island, where the Thames lamp-lighter and his boy were accustomed to pass the night, after their work was done. Having again concluded to land, we received a hearty welcome, as the host proved to be an old acquaintance of our captain and mate. "Have you anything to eat?" was almost the first question of every tongue. "No, nothing but this barrel of crackers, and some cheese," exclaimed the man of light. "And we," shouted one of our crew, "have plenty of fish,—can't we have a chowder?" "Ay, ay; a chowder, a chowder it shall be!" were the words which rang aloud to the very heavens. A wherry was dispatched to the main-land, to the well-known habitation of the old fisherman, for the necessary iron pot and bowls, and for the potatoes and onions, which were dug for the occasion; also for the pork, the pepper, and

salt; all which, added to our biscuit and black-fish, nicely cleaned and prepared, constituted a chowder of the very first water. There was one addition to our company, in the person of the old fisherman; and our appearance, as we were seated in a circle on the floor, each with a bowl of thick hot soup in his hands, constituted a picture rich and rare. After we were done, it was acknowledged by all, that a better meal had never been enjoyed by mortal man. In about thirty minutes from this time, the odd one of the company bade us "good night," and the midnight brotherhood resigned themselves to sleep. The last sounds I heard, before closing my eyes, were caused by the regular opposition steamboats from New York, as they shot ahead almost as "swift as an arrow from a quivering bow."

The first faint streak of daylight found us on board our boat, homeward bound, wafted on by a pleasant southerly breeze. At the usual hour, we were all seated at our respective breakfast tables, relating our adventures of the excursion just ended.

A WEEK IN A FISHING SMACK.

On a pleasant Monday morning, in other days, I started from Norwich, Connecticut, bound to New London, and from thence to any other portion of the world where I might have some sport in the way of salt-water fishing. In less than an hour after landing from the steamboat, I had boarded the handsome smack Orleans, Captain Keeney, and by dint of much persuasion, secured a berth on board to accompany him on a fishing voyage. In addition to my previous preparation, I had only to purchase a Guernsey shirt and tarpaulin; and by the time I was regularly equipped, the sails were hoisted, and we were on our course for Nantucket. An intimate acquaintance was soon formed between myself and crew, which consisted of the master, two sailors, and the cook. The whole time that I spent in their company was six days, as I reached home on the following Saturday evening. The incidents that I met with were somewhat new, as a matter of course, and I employed a few moments of every evening, during my absence, in briefly recording the events of the past day; and that medley I now put together as a literary chowder.

Monday Evening. My observations to-day have been limited to our little vessel, in consequence of a dense fog, which drenched us to the skin, and seems likely to continue us in this state of preservation. I have obtained some information, however, concerning the character of an interesting class of men, which may be new to you. Smack-fishermen are a brave, hardy, honest, and simple-hearted race, and, as my captain tells me, spend nine-tenths of their time "rocked in the cradle of the

deep." Their vessels, or smacks, are generally of about forty tons burden; the number of those which supply New York and Boston with fish is said to be near a thousand, and they are all at home anywhere on the coast between the Kennebeck and the Delaware. Of the perils which these fishermen endure, and the privations they suffer, how little is known or thought by the great world at large! Yet I believe there is as much genuine happiness in their lives, as in those of any other class. Their fathers were fishermen before them, and as they themselves have mostly been born within hearing of the surf, they look upon the unsounded deep as their fitting home, their only home, and would not part with it for a palace or a crown. Four is the usual number of a smack's crew, and the master is invariably called a skipper. Most of them are worthy husbands and fathers, whose families are snugly harbored in some convenient seaport, with enough and to spare of the good things of life. They are a jovial set of men, hailing each other upon the ocean as friends, and meeting upon land as brothers. Each skipper thinks his craft the handsomest and swiftest that floats, and very exciting are the races they sometimes run. Their affection for their own vessel is like that of the Arab for his steed, and like the Arab, too, they have been known even to weep over the grave of a favorite craft.

The kinds of fish which they mostly bring to market are shad, salmon, lobsters, mackerel, cod, bluefish, haddock, blackfish, porgees, bass, and halibut. The first three are generally purchased of local fishermen, but all the rest are caught by themselves. The haunts of the blackfish are rocky reefs, those of the bass and bluefish in the vicinity of sandy shoals or tide rips, and those of the remainder in about fifteen fathom water. These are the varieties they capture by way of business, but when in a frolicksome mood, they frequently attack a swordfish, a shark, or black whale; and thrilling, indeed, and laughable withal, are the yarns they spin concerning these exploits.

As to their mode of living, while at sea, it is just what it should be, and what they would have it, although it would be "positively shocking" to a Bond Street gentleman of leisure.

But they always possess a good appetite, which is what money cannot purchase, and without which the greatest delicacy in the world would be insipid or loathsome. Fish, sea-biscuit, corned beef and pork, potatoes, onions, and pancakes, constitute their provisions, and what besides these would a reasonable man desire? It is with a mixture of some of these, that a *chowder* is concocted, and where can anything more delicious be found, even at the tables of the Astor and Tremont? And with these ingredients, moreover, they manage very well to keep body and soul together, unless a storm on a rock-bound coast happens to make a sudden separation.

I have just been on deck, and must say that I resume my pen with a heavier heart. The fog has not dispersed in the least, a regular gale of wind is blowing from the north, and the waves, seemingly in a revengeful mood, are tossing our bark about, as if the skipper, like the Ancient Mariner, had shot another albatros. But like a fearless man, as he is, he stands at the helm, watching the sails with a steady eye, and the men with their storm-jackets on are standing by, muttering something about the coming darkness, and a reef somewhere on our lee. Never before have I so distinctly understood the force of the Psalmist's simile, when he compares a wave to a drunken man reeling to and fro. Both have it in their power to cause a mighty mischief, and both become exhausted and perish,—one upon a sandy beach, and the other, sweeping over the peninsula of time, finds a grave on the shore of eternity. Heavens! how the wind whistles, and the waters roar! Ay, but a still small voice do I hear, and I lay me down to sleep, with a prayer upon my lips, and a feeling of security at my heart, as I place implicit confidence in Him who holdeth the ocean in the hollow of his hand.

Tuesday Evening. I was awakened out of a deep sleep this morning by the following salutation from the skipper, as he patted me on the shoulder. "It's a beautiful morning, and you ought to be up;—the fog is gone, and the wind is down; won't you come up and take the helm awhile, so that the boys and I may obtain a little sleep before reaching the fishing-ground,

which will be about ten o'clock?" I was delighted to accept the invitation, and in a very short time the sailors were asleep, and I in my new station, proud as a king, and happy as a boy. Would that I could describe the scene that fascinated my eyes as I lay there upon the deck, with one hand resting on the rudder, and my other hand grasping a Claude glass! I felt as I once felt before, when standing on the famous precipice of Niagara, that then, more than ever, I desired God to be my friend. I also felt, that I could remain upon the ocean forever. More earnestly than ever did I long for a complete mastery of the pictorial art. The fact of being out sight of land, where the blue element announced that the ocean was soundless, filled my soul with that "lone, lost feeling," which is supposed to be the eagle's, when journeying to the zenith of the sky. The sun had just risen above the waves, and the whole eastern portion of the heavens was flooded with exquisite coloring from the deepest crimson to the faintest and most delicate purple, from the darkest yellow to an almost invisible green; and all blended in forms of marvellous loveliness. A reflection of this scene was also visible in the remaining quarters of the horizon, and it is before me now. Around me the illimitable deep, whose bosom is studded with many a gallant and glittering ship,

——— that have the plain
Of ocean for their own domain.

The waves are lulling themselves to rest, and a balmy breeze is wandering by, as if seeking its old grandfather, who kicked up the grand rumpus last night; whereby I learn, that the offspring of a "rough and stormy sire," are sometimes very beautiful and affectionate to the children of men. But look! even the dwellers in the sea and of the sea are participating in the hilarity of this bright summer morning! Here, a school of herring are skipping along like a frolicsome party of vagabonds as they are,—and yonder a shark has leaped out of the water, to display the symmetry of his form and the largeness of his jaw, and looking as if he thought, "that land-lubber would make me a first rate breakfast;" there, a lot of porpoises are

playing "leap-frog," or some other *outlandish* game; and, a little beyond them, a gentleman sword-fish is swaggering along to parts unknown, to fight a duel in cold blood with some equally cold-blooded native of the Atlantic; and now, a flock of gulls are cleaving their course high overhead, bound to the floating body perhaps of a drowned mariner, which their sagacity has discovered a league or two away:—and now, again, I notice a flock of petrels, hastening onward to where the winds blow and the waves are white. Such are the pictures I beheld in my brief period of command. It may have been but fancy, but I thought my little vessel was trying to eclipse her former beauty and her former speed. One thing I know, that she "walked the water like a thing of life." I fancied, too, that I was the identical last man whom Campbell saw in his vision, and that I was then bound to the haven of eternal rest. But my shipmates returning from the land of Nod, and a certain clamor within my own body having caught my ear, I became convinced that to break my fast would make me happier than anything else just at that time, and I was soon as contented as an alderman at five P. M. About two hours after this, we reached our fishing-place, which was twenty miles east of Nantucket. We then lowered the jib and topsail, and having luffed and fastened the mainsheet, so that the smack could easily float, we hauled out our lines and commenced fishing, baiting our hooks with clams, of which we had some ten bushels on board. Cod fishing (for we were on a codding cruize,) is rather dull sport; it is, in fact, what I would call hard labor. In six hours we had caught all the skipper wanted, or that the well would hold, so we made sail again, bound to New York; and at supper-time the deck of our smack was as clean and dry as if it had never been pressed save by the feet of ladies. At sunset, however, a fierce southerly wind sprang up, so that we were compelled to make a harbor; and just as I am closing this record, we are anchoring off Nantucket, with a score of storm-beaten whalers on our starboard bow.

Wednesday Evening. The weather to-day has been quite threatening, and the skipper thought it best to remain at our

moorings; but with me the day has not been devoid of interest; for, in my sailor garb, I have been strolling about the town, studying the great and solemn drama of life, while playfully acting a subordinate part myself. This morning, as it happened, I went into the public graveyard, and spent an hour conning over the rude inscriptions to the memory of the departed. In that city of the dead I saw a number of the living walking to and fro, but there was one who attracted my particular attention. He was a sailor, and was seated upon an unmarked mound, with his feet resting upon a smaller one beside it, his head reclined upon one hand, while the other was occasionally passed across his face, as if wiping away a tear. I hailed him with a few kind questions, and my answer was the following brief tale:—

"Four years ago I shipped aboard that whaler, yonder, leaving behind me, in a little cottage of my own, a mother, a wife, and an only boy. They were all in good health, and happy; and, when we were under sail, and I saw from the mast-head how kindly they waved their handkerchiefs beside my door, I, too, was happy, even in my grief. Since that time I have circumnavigated the globe, and every rare curiosity I could obtain, was intended for my dear ones at home. Last Saturday our ship returned, when I landed, hastened to my dwelling, and found it locked. The flagging in my yard attracted my notice, and I thought it strange that the rank grass had been suffered to grow over it so thickly. The old minister passed by my gate, and running to him, I inquired for my family. 'Oh, Mr. B.,' said he, 'you must bless the Lord;—he gave them to you, and he hath taken them away.' And as the thought struck me, my suffering, sir, was intense. And there they are, my wife and child, and, a step or two beyond, my poor old mother. Peace to their memories!"

Such is the substance of the simple story I heard in the Nantucket graveyard, and I have pondered much upon the world of woe which must have been hidden in the breast of that old mariner.

This island of Nantucket is in many particulars, an interest-

ing place. It is said to derive its name from the *Nauticon* Indians, its original proprietors. It was discovered by Bartholomew Gosnold, in 1602, but not settled until fifty years after. It is fourteen miles long, and contains about thirty thousand acres of level and poor land, which every year is washing away. Like its sister island, Martha's Vineyard, it produces grapes in abundance; but as everybody knows, it is supported by the whale fishery. The first whale ever killed by its inhabitants, was killed in 1672, within the limits of the present harbor, but the regular business which has made the island wealthy and celebrated, did not commence until 1690.

After dinner to-day, I strolled into the company of some fishermen who were going after bass and bluefish, and in a short time I had captured, with my own hands, two big bass and some dozen bluefish—which I packed in ice as a present for New York friends.

At my present time of writing, which is near ten o'clock at night, we are weighing anchor, and the skipper tells me we shall be in New York by to-morrow's sunset. An hour before coming on board this evening, I lounged into a sailor boarding-house, and mingled as freely with a company of whalemen there, as if I had ever been a member of the craft. I heard a great deal that interested me, and was sorry that I could not remain longer. There were some in that company lately arrived from every portion of the world, and yet they were engaged in the same business, and had journeyed on the same mighty highway of nations. One was descanting upon the coral islands of the torrid zone; another upon the ice-mountains of the Arctic Sea; a third was describing the coast of California; and another the waters that lave the eastern shore of Asia. The more I listened to these men, the more did the immensity of ocean expand before my mind, and in the same proportion was I led to wonder at the wisdom of the Almighty.

I have just been on deck, and find that we are on the way to our desired haven, wafted by a steady and pleasant breeze. Our course is between Martha's Vineyard and Rhode Island,

which is a route studded with islands and seaports, that now appear in the cool starlight like enchantment.

Thursday Evening. Instead of coming through the Sound last night, we headed our vessel outside of Long Island, and after a delightful sail, have realized our skipper's promise, for we are now floating beside the market in New York. The reason assigned for taking the outside course was, that the fish would keep better, on account of the greater coldness of the water. Nothing of peculiar interest has happened to us to-day, except the meeting with a wreck off Sandy Hook. It was the hull of a large ship, whose name we could not discern. It had a very old appearance, and from the moss and sea-weed that covered it, we supposed it must have been afloat for many months, the plaything of the waves. "Man marks the earth with ruin," but who is it that scatters such splendid ruins upon the ocean? And a thousand remorseless surges echo back the answer: "To us belong the glory of those deeds." If that wreck had language, what a strange, eventful history would it reveal! Its themes would be,—home and all its treasures lost; the sea, and all its dangers; the soul, and all its agonies; the heart, and all its sufferings. But when we multiply all this as fast as time is multiplying it, we cannot but realize the idea, that human life is but a probationary state, and that sorrow and sighing are our earthly inheritance.

Friday Evening. After portioning out my fish this morning, and sending them to my friends, I put on my usual dress, and having obtained a six hours' furlough, set off towards Broadway, where, between the reading rooms and the studios of a few artists, I managed to spend my time quite pleasantly. At noon, we embarked for home, and had a delightful time, passing through the East River, and that pleasing panorama from the city to the Sound never appeared more beautiful.

It is now quite late, and I have been on deck all the evening alone. In a thoughtful mood I fixed my eyes upon the stars, and my spirits were saddened by the continual murmur of the sea. Of what avail, thought I, is all this excitement? Is it to be my destiny to sail for a few brief years longer upon the

ocean of life, and, when the death-tempest overtakes me, to pass away unloved and unremembered? If not an honored name, can I not leave behind me one—that will be cherished by a few, to whom I have laid bare my heart, when I was younger and happier than I am now?

Saturday Evening. We anchored off New London to-day, in time for me to take the evening steamer for Norwich. When I parted with my "shipmates," I shook each one affectionately by the hand, and thought that I might travel many years without finding a brotherhood of nobler men. I reached home as the eight o'clock bells were ringing, and was reminded that another week of precious time was forever gone. That it must be remembered as an unprofitable one, I cannot believe, for I feel that my soul has been enlarged and my heart humbled, by listening to the teachings of the mighty deep.

A CHIP FROM BLOCK ISLAND.

Of all the islands that lie off the coast of the United States, the most interesting, to my mind, is Block Island. Nantucket, in a commercial point of view, is of more importance, and Martha's Vineyard, I remember perhaps with more pleasure, because I first visited it by the advice of Daniel Webster; Long Island may well be proud of Montauk Point, but its proportions are too vast; the sandy islands off the Southern States abound in a greater variety of game, but in many particulars none of them can compare with Block Island. It lies at the junction of Long Island Sound and Narragansett Bay, and is washed by those waters of the Atlantic which are perpetually blue. It is twenty-one miles from Montauk Point, twenty-five from Watch Hill, thirty from Newport, and about fifty from Martha's Vineyard. Its dimensions are eight miles by three, and every year is diminishing its size. At its northern extremity, where stands a double light-house, a sandy bar shoots out for a mile and a half, under water, upon the end of which, the oldest inhabitants of the island allege that they have gathered berries. Clay bluffs, rising to the height of one and two hundred feet, alternate with broad stretches of white beach in forming its shores; its surface is undulating to an uncommon degree, and almost entirely destitute of trees, the highest hill lying south of the centre, rising more than four hundred feet; and by way of atoning for its want of running streams, it has two handsome lakes, one of which is of fresh water and the other of salt water; the former shallow and abounding in yellow perch, and the latter, which covers some two thousand

acres, being sixty-five feet deep and well supplied at all times with white perch and good oysters.

The original name of Block Island was *Monasses*, a word of the Narragansetts—to which tribe of Indians it once belonged. The white man who discovered and first landed upon it was a Dutch navigator, named Adrian Block, whose name it now bears. This event occurred upward of two hundred years ago, and soon thereafter the Puritans took a fancy to it, and having sent over from Plymouth a delegation of leading men, negotiated a purchase from the Narragansetts chiefs. From this good stock do the present inhabitants of Block Island claim to have descended. In 1658, the General Court of Massachusetts granted all their right and title to the island to John Endicott and three others. In 1672, it was made a township by the name of New Shoreham; and in 1690, the French made a descent upon it and carried off some of its people. The present inhabitants purport to number in all about fifteen hundred souls, and with very few exceptions are a race of hardy fishermen and sea-faring men. In what is called worldly wisdom they are perhaps fifty years behind the present progressive age. From their isolated position they are peculiar in their habits, and, caring nothing for the world at large, and possessing an abundance of the necessaries of life, they are clannish and independent to a degree quite remarkable. Among their eccentricities may be mentioned that of dining at *eleven* o'clock. Their whole domain is cut up into small farms, upon all which are planted comfortable dwellings, and hardly any of the able-bodied men are without a small landed estate. The houses are usually surrounded with stone walls, and instead of gates or bars, the stile is in common use; and in the vicinity of nearly every dwelling is a slight frame-work upon which their fish are dried in the sun. In religion they are Baptists, associated and free-will, having a unique old church; and if the majority are not devout men, they respect all sacred things. They are temperate in their habits, and not addicted to the vanity of dancing and other nightly fandango doings which are so common among the poorer classes of all countries.

In their intercourse with each other, they are particularly amiable and obliging, never spending money for labor, but helping each other on all occasions for naught; but they are apt to deport themselves among strangers as if jealous of their time and property. The richest among them are perhaps worth ten thousand dollars, while few are worth less than one thousand dollars; and when their funds are not packed away in old bags, they are found deposited in the banks at Newport. All their provisions, excepting flour, tea, coffee, and sugar, they produce on their own lands, and their own private looms furnish them with clothing. Nearly all the inhabitants are natives of the island,—some of them indeed who are more than fifty years old, boast that they never spent a night upon any other spot of earth,—and the some half dozen individuals who have become naturalized are called "emigrants." The rudiments of a common school education they all possess, and though, like sensible men, they seem to care little for politics and despise politicians; yet they are prompt in performing their election duties, and on more than one occasion have they decided the elections of their State. The present Lieutenant Governor of Rhode Island, was once a fisherman, and is a native and resident of Block Island. The people have no newspaper and are content with a weekly mail.

Though the chief business of this island is fishing, and all the inhabitants are fishermen, yet its agricultural resources are not to be despised. The soil is naturally good, though there is not an acre of *level* land on the whole island,—but by a free use of sea-weed it is made extremely rich and productive. Better potatoes and corn I have never seen in the United States, —the latter article they grind in windmills,—and all garden vegetables are abundant and of superior quality. Various kinds of grass grow luxuriantly. The horses are small but tough, the oxen large and used for every variety of draughting, and the cows and hogs and sheep of good common stocks. The bogs which are scattered over the island, supply the inhabitants with fuel, and the smoke of a peat fire, in spite of its poetical associations, is by no means aromatic. Poultry of all kinds is ex-

ceedingly plentiful, and the geese, turkeys, and chickens, which are so highly praised on the tables at Newport, are taken to that place from Block Island by the ton.

With regard to the treasures of the sea, I am informed that they are taken throughout the year. Codfish, both in winter and summer, large bluefish during the summer and autumn, bass in the autumn, tautog in summer, and lobsters in the spring and autumn. When the fishing-smacks are on hand from New York and other cities, the fish are transferred in a fresh state from the Block Island boats to the smacks, which often pay their way with merchandise instead of cash; and when this is not the case, the cod and bluefish are dried and pickled for exportation.

The only sporting fish to be found here, is the bluefish; and when snugly seated in a Block Island boat, with two intelligent Islanders to talk with, and a stiff breeze blowing, the man who cannot be happy, for an afternoon, must be hard to please. During the two last hours that I had the pleasure of spending in this manner, I caught with an ivory squid twenty-five bluefish, the largest weighing fourteen pounds, and the smallest five. I have been surprised to learn, when trolling for these fish, that the fishermen could tell when a school was coming by the sense of *smell* alone. It would appear that when these fish have been feeding, they sink to the bottom and remain quiet; but just before starting after a new supply of food, they disgorge what may be left in their stomachs, and it is this oily substance which forms what is called a *slick*, and emits the smell alluded to. The bluefish is a very voracious creature, feeding upon everything it can master; but then it finds a master in the porpoise, and when these make their appearance, the bluefish vanish to the depths profound. At ordinary times, however, they are to be seen skipping along the surface by millions, and it is a common sight to see a fleet of fifty of the Island boats trolling at one time. On such occasions, they frequently sail five or six miles from shore; and if a returning whale ship happens to come in sight, (and this is a frequent occurrence,) and has a pilot-flag at her mast, the races to board the ship

are sometimes exciting. The victorious man—for all Block Islanders are pilots—after boarding his ship, sends his boat home by his partner, and after taking the ship to her desired haven or the main coast, receives a fee of thirty or forty dollars, and trusts to chance for a passage home.

The only craft which the people of Block Island recognize as worth possessing is a smallish affair, deep, sharp at both ends, with two masts and two small sails. Nothing could be more simple, nothing ride the waves more gracefully, and nothing more safe; they are all built on the island, after a model one hundred and fifty years old, and out of lumber imported from the main shore. They sometimes venture one or two hundred miles out to sea, and experience very rough weather, and yet it is stated that not a single one has ever been lost when managed by an experienced man. But while the *shipping* of Block Island is first-rate of its kind, I am compelled to speak of its harbor as most indifferent. It lies on the eastern side of the island, and "faces the *loudest* music" of the Atlantic, and all that Nature has done for it is to pile up a few boulders at the end of a small point of sand. In calm weather a few piles, kept down by stones, answer the partial purpose of a wharf, but when a storm approaches, every boat afloat is hauled up high and dry, and all sea business is suspended. At such times, to arrive or depart from Block Island is equally impossible; and then it is that the stranger there, by lounging around the fish-houses with the fisherman, has a capital chance to hear them spin their uncouth but pleasant yarns.

The majority of people who have hitherto visited Block Island for pleasure have made it a stopping-place when out upon a yachting-cruise; but matters are now so arranged that you may go from Newport in the mail-boat (a Block Islander) during the summer, on every Thursday, wind and weather permitting, and from Stonington on Tuesday and Friday of every week, in a comfortable sloop commanded by Captain Fitch, an experienced and obliging sailor. On arriving at the island, your luggage, if in as many pieces, will be taken up to the hotel by half a dozen fishermen, who, in their kindness, make

no demand for their services. When in the mood, and you understand it is not for pay, they will treat you with great respect; but the moment you begin to attempt the patron, they begin to be suspicious and treat you with coldness. The one hotel which receives all strangers, is a much more comfortable affair than you would expect in such a place. The position is commanding, and though the rooms are small, the beds are clean, and the table bountiful, neat, and tasteful. The landlord's name is Card, and all who have ever paid him a visit agree in calling him a *trump*. The view of the ocean from his house is truly magnificent; and while you have on the one hand a superb beach for surf-bathing, and where more than one old whale has been stranded, you have on the other a rocky shore where many hours may be pleasantly spent gathering the delicate plants that are nourished by the sea, or in sending the fancy to revel among the mountains and valleys of the wonderful world of waters. But for the scenes that can only be described by such words as day-break, sunrise, twilight, and moonlight, I know of no place that can surpass the Block Island Hotel.

The climate of Block Island is severe but healthful. Fogs are at times heavy and continuous, and the winter storms have been described to me as terrific. On questioning one of the ancient mariners about the health of the island, he replied as follows:—"We never die, sir; we dry up and are blown away."

And now for a legend appertaining to this curious and interesting island. With all their intelligence the inhabitants are somewhat superstitious, and I can safely assert that I have never conversed with a single native who did not, in some degree at least, believe in the *Fire Ship*, about which there are a thousand and one stories in circulation. The story, in its most common form, seems to be a blending of authentic facts, with atmospheric appearances and a belief in the supernatural. I tell the tale as it was told to me, and I may add, in passing, that I have in my possession some articles of old china-ware, which many people on Block Island believe, without a doubt,

to have been brought from the ship in question. But to the legend.

Many, many years ago a ship called the *Palantine* sailed from Holland, with a large number of Dutch passengers, bound to a new home in North America. Soon after leaving port, it became generally known that many of the passengers were wealthy, and had a large amount of gold and silver in their possession. Three weeks elapsed, when the captain and his crew conceived the idea of enriching themselves by plundering and murdering the inoffensive and unsuspicious persons in their power. They first reported their provisions spoilt, but managed to sell hard biscuits for a guinea each. This process was at length suspended, and then disease and famine had full sway. The winds were favorable, all were not yet dead, and lo! the ship was floating off Block Island.

The few passengers who still survived might still live to tell their tale of woe, and so the ship must be destroyed, with all her living freight. The captain and his crew piled their ill-gotten wealth in their two yawls, and having scuttled and set fire to the ship, they embarked for the neighboring island, where they landed, just as the great mass of flame sank hissing into the deep. The pirates told the islanders a plausible story, and for many months they lived in a house which is still pointed out to the curious stranger—but is a mere ruin. The pirates quarreled, separated, and left for parts unknown. For many years thereafter, the house was deserted by all persons of flesh and blood, but thickly peopled with ghosts,—with pale women in white, old men reduced to skeletons, and children with bloody faces, and whenever they made their appearance at the witching time of night, there were heard the most frightful cries of anguish. In process of time, however, the spectres all disappeared; but of late years, whenever a great storm is about to lash the ocean into fury, the *Fire Ship* is distinctly seen in the offing; her hull a mass of cinders, and her sails, sheets of pure flame. Many old men have looked upon this phantom many times, and some of them allege that they have seen the sufferers imploring Heaven for succor, and heard their shrieks of despair.

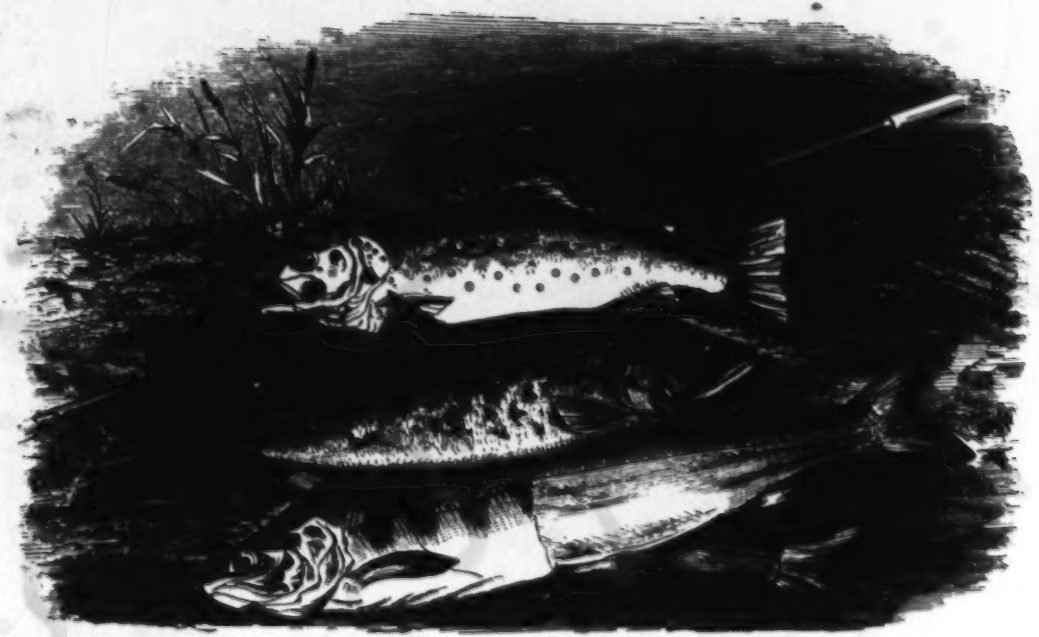
SALMON FISHING.

I like the society of fish, and as they cannot with any convenience to themselves visit me on dry land, it becomes me in point of courtesy to pay my respects to them in their own element.—William Scrope.

Of the genuine salmon, we believe there is but one distinct species in the world; we are sure there is but one in the United States. From its lithe beauty, its wonderful activity, and its value as an article of food, it unquestionably takes precedence of all the fish which swim in our waters.

The variety of which we speak is a slender fish, particularly solid in texture, and has a small head and delicate fins. The upper jaw is the larger, while the tip of the under jaw in the female has an upward turn. The back is usually of a bluish color, the sides of a silvery hue, and the belly pure white, while along the centre of its body runs a narrow black stripe. The scales are small, and the mouth is covered with small, but stout and pointed teeth. A few dark spots are dispersed over that part of the body above the lateral line, and the females usually exhibit a larger number of these spots than the males. The tail of the young salmon is commonly forked, while in the adult fish it is quite square. To speak of the salmon as a bold biter, and a handsome fish, or of his wonderful leaping powers, would be but to repeat a thrice-told tale.

And now for a few words on some of the habits of the salmon. He is, unquestionably, the most active of all the finny tribes, but the wonderful leaps which he is reported to have made are all moonshine. We have seen them perform some



GROUP OF GAME FISH.

superb somersets, but we never yet saw one which could scale a perpendicular waterfall of ten feet. That they have been taken above waterfalls three or four times as high we do not deny; but the wonder may be dispensed with, when we remember that a waterfall seldom occurs, which does not contain a number of resting-places for the salmon to take advantage of while on his upward journey.

Contrary to the prevailing opinion, we contend that the salmon is possessed of a short memory. While fishing in a small river on a certain occasion, owing to the bad position in which we were placed, we lost a favorite fly, and it so happened that in about one hour afterwards a fish was taken by a brother angler, in whose mouth was found the identical fly that we had lost.*

This fish is a voracious feeder, and an epicure in his tastes, for his food is composed principally of small and delicate fish, and the sea-sand eel; but it is a fact that the *surest* bait to capture him with is the common red worm.

The salmon is a shy fish, and as he invariably inhabits the clearest of water, it is always important that the angler's movements should be particularly cautious; and in throwing the fly, he should throw it clear across the stream, if possible; and after letting it float down for a few yards he should gradually draw it back again, with an upward tendency.

Like all other fish that swim near the surface of the water, the salmon cannot be eaten in too fresh a condition; and, judging from our own experience, they may be eaten three times a-day, for a whole season, and at the end of their running time they will gratify the palate more effectually than when first brought upon the table.

The process of spawning has been described by various writers, and the general conclusion is as follows. On reaching a suitable spot for that purpose, the loving pair manage to dig a furrow some six feet long, in the sand or gravel, into which the male ejects his milt, and the female her spawn; this they cover

* This is by no means an uncommon circumstance.—*Ed.*

with their tails, and leaving this deposit to the tender mercies of the liquid elements, betake themselves to the sea whence they came. This spawning operation usually occupies about ten days, and takes place in the autumn; and when the spring-time comes the salmon are born, and, under "their Creator's protection," are swept into the sea, where they come to their natural estate by the following spring, and ascend their native rivers to revisit the haunts of their minnowhood. And it is a singular fact, that the salmon leaves the sea in an emaciated condition, acquires his fatness while going up a river, and subsequently return to the sea for the purpose of recruiting his wonted health and beauty.*

The salmon is a restless fish, and seldom found a second time in exactly the same spot; but his principal travelling time is in the night, when the stars are shining brightly and all the world is wrapt in silence.

The salmon come up from the sea during a flood or a freshet, and in ascending a river, they invariably tarry for a short time in all the pools of the same. Their object in doing this has not been clearly defined; but is it unreasonable to suppose that they are influenced by the same motives which induce a human traveller to tarry in a pleasant valley? The only difference is, that when the man would resume his journey he waits for a sunny day, while the salmon prefers a rainy day to start upon his pilgrimage. The best places to fish for salmon are the shallows above the deep pools; and it is a settled fact, that after you have killed a fish, you are always sure to find in the course of a few hours another individual in the same place. It would thus seem that they are partial to certain localities. Another thing that should be remembered is, that salmon never take the natural fly while it is in a stationary position, or when floating down stream; hence the great importance of carrying the artificial fly directly across the stream, or in an upward oblique

* The propagation of salmon at Galway and elsewhere by artificial means, which is now carried on most successfully, will throw much light on the habits of this fish.

direction. When you have hooked a salmon, it is a bad plan to strain upon him in any degree, unless he is swimming towards a dangerous ground, and even then this is an unsafe experiment. The better plan is to throw a pebble in front of him, for the purpose of frightening him back, and you should manage to keep as near his royal person as practicable. Another peculiarity of the salmon is the fact that (excepting the shad,) it is the only fish which seems to be perfectly at home in the salt sea, as well as in the fresh springs among the mountains. It is also singular in the color of its flesh, which is a deep pink, and the texture of its flesh is remarkably solid: the latter circumstance is proved by the fact that you cannot carry a salmon by the gills, as you can other fish, without tearing and mutilating him to an uncommon degree.

In olden times there was hardly a river on the eastern coast of the United States, north of Virginia, which was not annually visited by the salmon; but those days are for ever departed, and it is but seldom that we now hear of their being taken in any river south of Boston. They frequented, in considerable numbers, the Susquehanna, the Delaware, and North rivers, but were eminently abundant in the Connecticut and the Thames. On the former stream it used to be stipulated by the day-laborer, that he should have salmon placed upon his table only four times in the week; and we have been told by an old man residing on the latter stream, that the value of three salmon, forty years ago, was equal to one shad—the former were so much more abundant than the latter. But steamboats and the din of cities, have long since frightened the salmon from their ancient haunts, and the beautiful aborigines of our rivers now seek for undisturbed homes in more northern waters. Occasionally even at the present time, the shad fishermen of the Merrimac and Saco succeed in netting a small salmon; but in the Androscoggin, Kennebec, and Penobscot, they are yet somewhat abundant, and these are the rivers which chiefly supply our city markets with the fresh article.

As the ice melts away in the spring, says Dr. J. V. C. Smith, in his interesting little book on the Fishes of Massachusetts,

they rush to the rivers from the ocean; and it is an undeniable fact, confirmed by successful experiments, that they visit, as far as possible, the very streams in which they were born. When undisturbed, they swim slowly in large schools near the surface; yet they are so timid, that if suddenly frightened, the whole column will turn directly back towards the sea. It has also been proven that a salmon can scud at the surprising velocity of thirty miles an hour. The young are about a foot long when they visit the rivers for the first time; and at the end of two years, according to Mr. Smith, they weigh five or six pounds, and attain their full growth in about six years. When running up the rivers they are in a fat condition; after that period, having deposited their spawn, they return to the sea, lean and emaciated. In extremely warm weather, and while yet in the salt water, they are often greatly annoyed by a black and flat-looking insect, which is apt to endanger their lives. As soon, however, as they reach the fresh water, this insect drops off, and they rapidly improve.

The streams which these fish ascend are invariably distinguished for their rocky and gravelly bottoms, for the coldness and purity of their water, and for their rapid currents. Those which afford the angler the most sport are rather small and shallow, and empty into tide-water rivers; while in these they are chiefly taken with the net. The tributaries of the Androscoggin, Kennebec, and Penobscot, having all been blocked up with mill-dams, the salmon is only found in the principal estuaries; and as these are large and deep, they are of no value to the angler, and will not be many years longer even to the fishermen who capture them for the purpose of making money. So far as our own experience goes, we only know of one river, within the limits of the Union, which affords the angler good salmon fishing, and that is the Aroostook, in Maine. We have been informed, however, that the regular salmon is taken in many of those rivers, in the northern part of New York, which empty into Lake Ontario, and the upper St. Lawrence, but we are compelled to doubt the truth of the statement. Such may have been the case in former times, but we think it is not so

now. Salmon are not taken at Montreal, and it is therefore unreasonable to suppose that they ever reach the fountain-head of the St. Lawrence; this portion of the great river is too far from the ocean, and too extensively navigated, and the water is not sufficiently clear. That they once ascended to the Ottawa river and Lake Ontario we have not a doubt, but those were in the times of the days of old. Another prevailing opinion with regard to salmon we have it in our power decidedly to contradict. Mr. John J. Brown, in his useful little book entitled the "American Angler's Guide," makes the remark, that salmon are found in great abundance in the Mississippi and its magnificent tributaries. Such is not the fact, and we are sure that if "our brother" had ever caught a glimpse of the muddy Mississippi, he would have known by intuition that such *could* not be the case. Nor is the salmon partial to any of the rivers of the far South, as many people suppose, not being known in any river emptying into the Gulf of Mexico; so that the conclusion of the whole matter is just this, that the salmon fisheries of the United States proper are of but little consequence when compared with many other countries on the globe, which fact will be an everlasting disgrace to the generation which has sanctioned the unwise and unchristian doings of the millers and factors of the country. When we come to speak of our territories, however, we have a very different story to relate, for a finer river for salmon does not water any country than the mighty Columbia—that same Columbia where a certain navigator once purchased a ton of salmon for a jack-knife. But that river is somewhat too far off to expect an introduction in our present essay, and we will therefore take our reader, by his permission, into the neighboring provinces of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia.

Before proceeding another step, however, we must insert a paragraph about the various methods employed to capture the salmon. The Indians, and many white barbarians, spear them by torchlight; and the thousands sent to market in a smoked condition are taken in nets and seines of various kinds. But the only instruments used by the scientific angler are a rod and

reel, three hundred feet of hair or silk line, and an assortment of artificial flies. Our books tell us that a gaudy fly is commonly the best killer, but our own experience inclines us to the belief that a large brown or black hackle, or any neatly made grey fly, is much preferable to the finest fancy specimens. As to bait-fishing for salmon we have never tried it—we care less about it than we know, and we know but very little. Next to a delicately made fly, the most important thing to consider is the leader of the line, which should be made of the best material (a twisted gut,) and at least five feet in length. But if the angler is afraid of wading in a cold or even a deep stream, the very best of tackle will avail him nothing. It is but seldom that a large salmon can be taken, without costing the captor a good deal of hard labor, and a number of duckings. And when the character of the fish is remembered, this assertion will not appear strange. Not only is the salmon a large fish, but he is remarkable for his strength and lightning quickness. Owing to his extreme carefulness in meddling with matters that may injure him, it is necessary to use the most delicate tackle, in the most cautious and expert manner. To pull a salmon in shore, immediately after he has been hooked, will never do; the expert way is to give him all the line he wants, never forgetting in the meantime that it must be kept perfectly taut. And this must be done continually, in spite of every obstacle, not only when the fish performs his splendid leaps out of the water, but also when he is stemming the current of the stream, trying to break the hook against a rock, or when he has made a sudden wheel, and is gliding down the stream with the swiftness of a falling star. The last effort to get away which I have mentioned, is usually the last that the salmon makes, and it is therefore of the highest importance that the angler should manage him correctly when going down. Narrow rifts, and even waterfalls, do not stop the salmon; and bushes, deep holes, slippery bottoms, and rocky shores, must not impede the course of the angler who would secure a prize. And though the salmon is a powerful fish, he is not long-winded, and by his great impatience is apt to drown himself much sooner than one would

suppose. The times most favorable for taking this fish are early in the morning and late in the afternoon; and when the angler reaches his fishing ground and discovers the salmon leaping out of the water, as if too happy to remain quiet, he may then calculate upon rare sport. As to the pleasure of capturing a fine salmon, we conceive it to be more exquisite than any other sport in the world. We have killed a buffalo on the head waters of the St. Peter's river, but we had every advantage over the pursued, for we rode a well-trained horse and carried a double-barreled gun. We have seen John Cheney bring to the earth a mighty bull moose, among the Adirondac mountains, but he was assisted by a pair of terrible dogs, and carried a heavy rifle. But neither of these exploits is to be compared with that of capturing a twenty pound salmon, with a line almost as fine as the flowing hair of a beautiful woman. When we offer a fly to a salmon, we take no undue advantage of him, but allow him to follow his own free will; and when he has hooked himself, we give him permission to match his strength against our skill. We have sat in a cariole and driven a Canadian pacer at the rate of a mile in two minutes and a half, on the icy plains of Lake Erie, and, as we held the reins, have thought we could not enjoy a more exquisite pleasure. That experience, however, was ours long before we had ever seen a genuine salmon; we are somewhat wiser now, for we have acquired the art of driving through the pure white foam even a superb salmon, and that, too, with only a silken line some hundred yards in length.

One of the most fruitful salmon regions for the angler to visit, lies on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, between the Saguenay and the Godbout river, in Labrador. A few years ago, however, there was good fishing to be had in Mal Bay river, above the Saguenay, and also in the Jacques Cartier, above Quebec, but good sport is seldom found in either of those streams at the present time. But the principal tributaries of the Saguenay itself (particularly the river St. Margaret) afford the rarest of sport, even now. The streams of this coast are rather small, but very numerous, and without a single

exception, we believe, are rapid, cold, and clear. They abound in waterfalls, and though exceedingly wild, are usually quite convenient to angle in, for the reason that the spring freshets are apt to leave a gravelly margin on either side. The conveniences for getting to this out-of-the-way region are somewhat rude, but quite comfortable and very romantic. The angler has to go in a Quebec fishing-smack, or if he is in the habit of trusting to fortune when he gets into a scrape, he can always obtain a passage down the St. Lawrence in a brig or ship, which will land him at any stated point. If he goes in a smack, he can always make use of her tiny cabin for his temporary home; but if he takes a ship, after she has spread her sails for Europe, he will have to depend upon the hospitality of the Esquimaux Indians. At the mouths of a few of the streams alluded to, he may chance to find the newly-built cabin of a lumberman, who will treat him with marked politeness; but he must not lay the "flattering unction" to his soul that he will receive any civilities from the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company whom he may happen to meet in that northern wilderness.

A large proportion of these streams runs through an unknown mountain land, and are yet nameless; so that we cannot designate the precise localities where we have been particularly successful; and we might add that the few which have been named by the Jesuit missionaries can never be remembered without a feeling of disgust. Not to attempt a pun, it can safely be remarked that those names are decidedly *beastly;* for they celebrate such creatures as the hog, the sheep, and the cow. The salmon taken on this coast vary from ten to forty pounds, though the average weight is perhaps fifteen pounds. They constitute an important article of commerce, and it is sometimes the case that a single fisherman will secure at least four hundred at one tide, in a single net. The cities of Montreal and Quebec are supplied with fresh salmon from this portion of the St. Lawrence, and the entire valley of that river, as well as portions of the Union, are supplied with smoked salmon from the same region. The rivers on the southern coast

of the Gulf of St. Lawrence are generally well supplied with salmon, but those streams are few and far between, and difficult of access. But a visit to any portion of this great northern valley, during the pleasant summer time, is attended with many interesting circumstances. Generally speaking, the scenery is mountainous, and though the people are not very numerous, they are somewhat unique in their manners and customs, and always take pleasure in lavishing their attentions upon the stranger. The weeks that we spent voyaging upon the St. Lawrence we always remember with unalloyed pleasure; and if we thought that fortune would never again permit us to revisit those delightful scenes, we should indeed be quite unhappy.

The most agreeable of our pilgrimages were performed in a small sail-boat, commanded by an experienced and very intelligent pilot of Tadousac, named Oavington, and our companions were Charles Pentland, Esq., of L'anse a-l'eau, on the Saguenay, and David Price, Esq., of Quebec. We had everything we wanted in the way of "creature comfort;" and we went everywhere, saw everybody, caught lots of salmon, killed an occasional seal, and tried to harpoon an occasional white porpoise; now enjoying a glorious sunset, and then watching the stars and the strange auroras, as we lay becalmed at midnight far out upon the deep; at one time gazing with wonder upon a terrible storm, and then again, happy, fearless, and free, dashing over the billows before a stiff gale.

Some of the peculiar charms of fly-fishing in this region are owing to the fact, that you are not always sure of the genus of your fish even after you have hooked him, for it may be a forty or twenty pound salmon, and then again it may be a salmon-trout or a four pound specimen of the common trout. The consequence is, that the expectations of the angler are always particularly excited. Another pleasure which might be mentioned is derived from the queer antics and laughable yells of the Indians, who are always hanging about your skirts for the express purpose of making themselves merry over any mishap which may befall you. The only drawback which we have

found in fishing in these waters is caused by the immense number of musquitos and sand-flies. Every new guest is received by them with particular and constant attention: their only desire, by night or day, seems to be to gorge themselves to death with the life-blood of those who "happen among them." It actually makes our blood run cold to think of the misery we have endured from these winged tormentors.

Even with the Gulf of St. Lawrence before our mind, we are disposed to consider the Bay of Chaleur the most interesting salmon region in the British possessions. This estuary divides Lower Canada from New Brunswick, and as the streams emptying into it are numerous and always clear, they are resorted to by the salmon in great numbers. The scenery of the bay is remarkably beautiful, the northern shore being rugged and mountainous, presents an agreeable contrast to the southern shore, which is an extensive lowland, fertile, and somewhat cultivated. The principal inhabitants of this region are Scotch farmers, and the simplicity of their lives is only equalled by their hospitality; and upon this bay, also, reside the few survivors of a once powerful aboriginal nation, the Micmac Indians. But of all the rivers which empty into the Bay of Chaleur, there is not one that can be compared to the Restigouche, which is its principal tributary. It is a winding stream, unequal in width, and after running through a hilly country, it forces its way through a superb mountain gorge, and then begins to expand in width until it falls into its parent bay. The scenery is most beautiful, the eye being occasionally refreshed by the appearance of a neat farm, or a little Indian hamlet. The river is particularly famous for its salmon, which are very abundant and of a good size. But this is a region which the anglers of our country or the Provinces, with few exceptions, have not yet taken the trouble to visit, and many of the resident inhabitants are not even aware of the fact that the salmon may be taken with the fly. The regular fishermen catch them altogether with the net, and the Indians with the spear; and it is a singular fact that the Indians are already complaining of the whites for destroying their fisheries, when it is known

that a single individual will frequently capture in a single day a hundred splendid fellows, and that, too, with a spear of only one tine. It is reported of a Scotch clergyman who once angled in "these parts," that he killed three hundred salmon in one season, and with a single rod and reel. A pilgrimage to the Restigouche would afford the salmon fisher sufficient material to keep his memory busy for at least one year. The angler and lover of scenery who could spare a couple of months, would find it a glorious trip to go to the Bay of Chaleur in a vessel around Nova Scotia, returning in a canoe by the Restigouche and the Salmon river, which empties into the St. John. His most tedious portage would be only about three miles long, (a mere nothing to the genuine angler,) and soon after touching the latter river he could ship himself on board of a steamboat, and come home in less than a week, even if that home happened to be west of the Allegheny mountains. The Nipisiguit and the Miramichi, are also glorious streams for the salmon fisher; but like the Restigouche, they have been elsewhere described in these pages more particularly than would be proper in this essay.

Of all the large rivers, indeed, of New Brunswick, we know not any which will not afford the fly fisherman an abundance of sport. Foremost among them, we would mention the St. John, with the numerous beautiful tributaries which come into it below the Great Falls, not forgetting the magnificent pool below those falls, nor Salmon river, the Tobique and the Aroostook. The scenery of this valley is truly charming, but the man who would spend a summer therein must have a remarkably long purse, for the half-civilized white people of the region have, or had a few years ago, a particular passion for imposing upon travellers, and charging them the most exorbitant prices for the simple necessaries they might need. The salmon of the St. John are numerous, but rather small, seldom weighing more than fifteen pounds. The fisheries of the Bay of Fundy, near the mouth of the St. John, constitute an important interest, in a commercial point of view. The fishermen here take the salmon with drag-nets, just before high water:

the nets are about sixty fathoms long, and require three or four boats to manage them. The fish, at one time, were all purchased at this particular point, by one man, at the rate of eighty cents a-piece, large and small, during the entire season.

We now come to say a few words of Nova Scotia, which is not only famous for its salmon, but also for its scientific anglers. In this province the old English feeling for the "gentle art" is kept up, and we know of fly fishermen there, a record of whose piscatorial exploits would have overwhelmed even the renowned Walton and Davy with astonishment. The rivers of Nova Scotia are very numerous, and usually well supplied with salmon. The great favorite among the Halifax anglers is Gold river, a cold and beautiful stream, which is about sixty miles distant from that city, in a westerly direction. The valley of the stream is somewhat settled, and by a frugal and hard-working Swiss and German population, who pitched their tents there in 1760. It is fifteen years since it was discovered by a strolling angler, and at the present time there is hardly a man residing on its banks who does not consider himself a faithful disciple of Walton. Even among the Micmac Indians, who pay the river an annual visit, may be occasionally found an expert fly fisher. But, after all, Nova Scotia is not exactly the province to which a Yankee angler would enjoy a visit, for cockney fishermen are a little too abundant, and the ways of the people, in some particulars, are not over agreeable. The fishing season commences in this province at least a month earlier than in New Brunswick.

Having finished our geographical history of the salmon and his American haunts, we will take our leave of him, by simply remarking (for the benefit of those who like to preserve what they capture) that there are three modes for preserving salmon:—first, by putting them in salt for three days, and then smoking, which takes about twelve days; secondly, by regularly salting them down, as you would mackerel; and, thirdly, by boiling and then pickling them in vinegar. The latter method is unquestionably the most troublesome, but at the same time the most expeditious; and what can tickle the palate more ex-

quisitely than a choice bit of pickled salmon, with a bottle of Burgundy to float it to its legitimate home?

P. S. In the foregoing chapter I have alluded to the Godbout, and Nepisiguit rivers as among the very best known to American anglers for salmon fishing; and though I have elsewhere fully described the latter streams, the following particulars respecting them both, extracted from private letters are worth recording.

In April, 1853, H. Stephens, Esq., wrote to me from Montreal respecting the *Godbout* in Labrador, as follows:—

"My trip last year was one of complete success. I killed, with my own rod, seventy-two salmon, the largest of which weighed twenty-two and a half pounds, with five others over sixteen pounds. I have secured from Sir George Simpson, the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Co., the exclusive right to the best river in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, (the Godbout) and you must be a dull sportsman, if you do not have the satisfaction of killing, at least, fifty salmon, and I have no doubt you have done enough in this way to know the full pleasure of this sport.

"I can take up the same schooner I had last year for four or five dollars per day, including our men, and I think the whole expense will not exceed one hundred and fifty dollars each, and if we take another companion, it will, of course, reduce it to one hundred dollars. You will require to be here on the 4th of June to sail from Quebec on the 5th, and if we avail ourselves of the whole fishing season, should stay until the 20th of July, it can be arranged, however, so that you can leave at an earlier date on your return.

"I have full appointments, such as tents, kettles, &c., in fact, no general officer was ever better provided in this respect, and all you will require to provide will be your bedding and musquito nets for sleeping. I have a complete specific that will keep off all flies during the day.

"At this point last year in one of the best pools, I killed, assisted by a friend, ten salmon in two hours and a half, all upon single gut, of an average weight of at least twelve pounds.

At this point of the game we were 'used up,' and suspended our sport for rest and refreshments, killing in the afternoon five more, making up a glorious day's sport, and I can almost fancy myself now standing upon that beautiful pool, rod in hand, the click of the reel vibrating in my ear as the noble salmon makes his first rocket-like plunge."

In another letter describing his luck during the season of 1853, Mr. Stephens writes as follows:—

"My last trip proved the most successful sporting expedition in salmon fishing that I have made, I went, as usual, the three preceding years to the Godbout River, was absent from home only thirty-one days, fished the river eighteen days, and killed fifty-three salmon, the largest weighing nineteen and a half pounds. This, taking into account the time employed, I think you will acknowledge, to be very fine sport, particularly when I tell you, that thirty of those salmon were killed with a fourteen foot trout-rod and single gut casting line, and, hereafter, I am prepared to recommend to all true sportsmen the propriety of adopting a light elastic rod, certainly not over fifteen feet in length, and the use of the single gut only, and you will find, that this mode of fly-fishing for salmon, brings into play such a complete and delicate exercise of art, that your sport becomes doubly interesting. The Godbout River, I think, is one of the best rivers for salmon fishing with fly, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, nevertheless it is attended with some little inconvenience and trouble to reach it, when once accomplished, you meet with ample return in the fine sport it affords. Your outfit must be complete in leaving Quebec, with a good safe schooner of some fifty or one hundred tons, on board of which you must be supplied with two skiffs, tents, with full camp equipage, in short, everything that your own convenience may seem to require for a life in the woods, totally excluded, for the time being, from the rest of the world; thus appointed with acceptable companions, and a voyage of three or four days from Quebec, you will be safely landed at the Godbout, when your sport will only be limited by the proper exercise of the art of fly-fishing. My experience of past years would fix the 10th of June as the most desirable period for sailing from Quebec."

In February, 1853, Moses H. Perley, Esq., of St. John, New Brunswick, gave me the following particulars respecting the *Nipisiguit*.

"This is the best river we have. The salmon can only go twenty-five miles up the river from the sea, being there stopped by very high falls. There is good fishing at several points on the river, but the best place, to my fancy, is at the Papineau Falls, seven miles from Bathurst, with a fair road for a wagon. The fishing begins in June. At that time the white sea trout of the Gulf are found abundantly in the river, of large size. But the best salmon fishing is in July, the height of the season is understood to be from the 20th of July to the 10th of August, after which the grilse, (small salmon under 5 lbs.) come in plentifully, until the close of the season. Among the exploits that have been performed by personal friends I may mention fifty-eight salmon by one in ten days; by another, in six weeks, one hundred and seventy, and by another in the whole season, three hundred and twenty. There are seldom more than ten or a dozen fishers on the Nipisiguit each season, and there is fishing enough for all. To be sure of sport, you should give yourself ample time, as the river may not be in condition when you arrive. The best fishing is of course immediately after a rain-storm, as each freshet in the river brings up a large run of fish *clean* from the sea.

"There is no end to the trout fishing on the river, and they are of large size. But two days would give you enough of that, if you followed it up. I tried it two mornings for a few hours, caught one hundred each day and then cried enough. It very soon ceases to be sport, especially when you know there are salmon and grilse in the immediate vicinity."

I do not agree with Mr. Perley in pronouncing the Papineau Falls the best spot on the river, but A. P. Bradbury, Esq., of Bangor, thinks with him, and thus mentions his sport there in 1853. "My friend Mr. Carr and myself remained upon the ground nineteen days, and in that time killed forty-three fish, the largest weighing only seventeen pounds. The longest time occupied in landing a fish was two hours, he having sulked one hour of that time. The shortest time was about twenty minutes.

Besides these, we caught a large number of trout weighing from one to four pounds, which gave us fine sport. Altogether, we enjoyed our trip exceedingly. Many times, during our sojourn on the banks of the Nipisiguit, did we make '*Lanman's Camp*,' a shelter from sun and rain, nor did we omit his health in our *schnapps*."

But I cannot take leave of my friend Mr. Perley, without quoting in full another of his private piscatorial letters, which runneth as follows:—

WIGWAM, BURNT CHURCH POINT,
MIRAMACHA BAY, *Aug.* 5, 1853.

"I have been here three days, and three happier days I scarce ever spent.

"In the first place, my wigwam is a superb one—twenty feet by sixteen, and a perfect picture, inside and out. It stands on a grass plat, in a clump of young firs, fifty yards from the seashore. I have four Indians—young men and first rate attendants. Two of them cook admirably. As to the materials for cooking, we (Coley and self,) have now in camp the following stock:

Salmon—fresh, salted, smoked and preserved.
Trout—bass—lobsters, and "a pile" of oysters.
Ham, pork, bread, biscuit, &c., &c.
Blueberries and raspberries, by the pailful.
Fresh mackerel, (this moment arrived.)
A brace of plover.
Cod, haddock, and halibut.

"Two days ago, Coley made his debut as a fly-fisher, and caught forty-eight trout; a pretty good beginning. I caught a hundred and thirteen—the largest weighed just two pounds, when cleaned. Yesterday, Coley caught sixty-two trout, and I caught a hundred and five—the young scamp caught fish for fish with me the first half hour. As yet he has not broken a line or lost a fly.

"You know, Coley is grave and quiet—he had not been here twelve hours, until the Indians dubbed him, "Sagamon chiche," *the little chief;* and by that name he is now called

altogether. To-day he has been out shooting with a long-legged Indian, and fired away any amount of powder and shot—result—the two plover aforesaid.

"My happiness would be complete if you were here for a day or two. What a change from New York or Washington! Such a delicious air, pure sea-water, atmosphere warm but bracing. At this moment I am stronger and more vigorous than at any time during the last three years.

"It is now an hour to sunset, and the cook wants to know what I will have for supper. Last night I had boiled mackerel, not half an hour caught. I caught six sea trout about an hour ago, so here they go, with new potatoes and an egg.

"At this moment I think Coley the happiest fellow in this world. He has on a *red* shirt—is stretched out on a *blue* blanket—a white blanket about his feet, and my gray shawl under his head. He holds Harper for July in one hand, and is dipping the other into a pail of blueberries standing beside him. One of my flags, St. George's Cross, hangs above him; while guns, fishing-rods, nets, spears, shot-belts, landing-nets, game-bags, fishing baskets, &c., are placed about the camp in most picturesque fashion, but most perfect order.

"To-day, I went over to the fishing station at Portage Island. A small fleet of green bottomed schooners were cruising off and on—they showed no colors, it is therefore impossible to say with certainty to what nation they belonged; but "I guess" they were Yankees and no mistake. It is a little over six miles from the station to my camp; the canoe, with a fine breeze, came over in exactly thirty-seven minutes. They sail beautifully. The quantity of salmon put up this year at Portage Island, is something almost fabulous. Just now they are putting up lobsters in thousands. The salmon are nearly done; that fishery closes by law on the 15th instant.

"The Micmacs hold a grand Festival at this place every year on St. Anne's day, (26th July)—this festival lasted a week this year and is just over. There were five hundred Indians here; among them visitors from Cape Breton and Bay Chaleur. Most of these have departed; but some thirty or forty revellers remain,

who still keep it up among the residents here. Daily pic nics to gather berries, with dancing and gambling nearly all night, make out the twenty-four hours, quite as well as among those who move in higher circles, yet follow the same amusements.

"*Saturday morning, August* 6. This morning at day light, an Indian arrived from New Castle with my letters and papers —a goodly pile. This morning is very hot, and but for the delicious sea breeze would be unbearable. The little waves are "lapping" on the smooth sand-beach, and all nature seems pleased and happy. I have just bought a splendid salmon for half a dollar, which is two pence more than the established price, the market rate being two and four pence. The English shilling passes at one and three pence, so I just paid forty-seven cents for the salmon.

"*Sunday, August* 7. In the cool of the evening, Coley and I caught thirty-seven trout, and at sunset I received a party of visitors from Miramachi. Such a night as we put in! Such songs, speeches, toasts and uproar, I never heard. They all slept in camp on the fir boughs, and a more comfortable set of gentlemen you never saw anywhere. We have had an excellent breakfast, and now they are out fishing in a boat belonging to the Indians. Whilst I stay in camp and look after dinner.

Bill of Fare settled thus:

Boiled salmon—oyster sauce.
Fried bass.
Lobster, cold.
Fried trout.
Pork chips.
Cold ham.
Boiled shoulder of pork.
New potatoes, string beans, Windsor beans, carrots, beets.
Snipe and plover.
Blueberries and raspberries.

"Neither the Astor nor the National ever turned out a better breakfast thon we had this morning, and I have no fears for the dinner. The wigwam is a perfect picture to-day, the most stylish and sporting thing I ever saw."

TROUT FISHING.

It carries us into the most wild and beautiful scenery of nature; amongst the mountain lakes and the clear and lovely streams that gush from the higher ranges of elevated hills, or make their way through the cavities of calcareous rocks.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

WERE it not for the salmon we should pronounce the trout the most superb game-fish in the world. As the case now stands, however, we are inclined to believe that he has delighted a greater number of anglers than any other inhabitant of the "liquid plain." The characteristics of this charming fish are so well know that we shall not, on this occasion, enter upon a scientific description either of his person or habits. In all the particulars of beauty, of color and form, of grace, of activity, of intelligence and flavor, as before intimated, he has but one rival. He always glories in the coldest and purest of water, and the regions of country to which he is partial are commonly distinguished for the wildness of their scenery; and therefore it is that to the lover of nature this imperial fish has ever been exceedingly dear. Their period of spawning is in the autumn, and they recover as early as February, thereby remaining in season a part of the winter, as well as the entire spring and summer—though the trouting months, *par excellence*, are May and June.

In weight, even when fully grown, the different varieties of trout run from four ounces to sixty pounds, and of the different distinct species found in the United States and Canada, we are acquainted only with the following:—

The Common, or Brook and River Trout.—There is hardly a cold and rocky stream in any part of the New England or Northern States, or among the mountains of the Middle and Southern States, where this species is not found in abundance. In regard to weight, they ordinarily vary from three or four ounces to two pounds; and in color, according to the character of the brook or river which they inhabit. So apparent is the difference of color in this family, that, in the several sections of the country where they are found, they are designated by the names of silver or fall trout, as in Lake George; and the black trout, as in many of the smaller lakes or Ponds of New England. The only *civilized* mode employed by our people for taking them is with the hook; but, while the scientific angler prefers the artificial fly (with an appropriate reel,) large numbers are annually destroyed by the farmers' boys with the common hook and red worm. As to the heathenish mode of netting this beautiful fish, we can only say that it merits the most earnest condemnation of every gentleman. The common trout is proverbially one of the most skittish of all the finny tribes; but when he happens to be a little hungry, he is fearless as the hawk, and at such times often leaps into the air as if for the purpose of defying the cunning of his human enemies. According to our experience, the best bait for early spring fishing is the common worm; but for June, July, and August, we prefer the fly. Sometimes, however, a minnow is preferable to either. The great charm of fly fishing for trout is derived from the fact that you then see the movement of your fish, and if you are not an expert hand, the chances are that you will capture but one out of the hundred that may rise to your hook. You can seldom save a trout unless you strike the very instant that he leaps. But, even after this, a deal of care is required to land him in safety. If he is a half-pounder, you may pull him out directly; but if larger than that, after fairly hooking him, you should play him with your whole line, which, when well done, is a feat full of poetry. The swiftness with which a trout can dart from his hiding-place after a fly is truly astonishing; and we never see one perform this operation without feeling an in-

describable thrill quivering through our frame. The fact that this is the only fish in the world which nature has designated by a row of scarlet spots along the sides, would seem to imply that she deemed it the perfection of her finny creations, and had, therefore, fixed upon it this distinguishing mark of her skill.

The Salmon Trout.—Under this head we include all those fish of the trout genus which are found only in those lakes of our country having no connection whatever with the sea. The fish now under consideration resembles, in its general appearance, the legitimate salmon, but is totally unlike it in several particulars. The salmon trout, for example, varies in weight from three to sixty pounds; and if everybody is to be believed, they have been taken in some of our waters weighing upwards of one hundred pounds. They are of much less value than the real salmon as an article of food, there being nothing at all delicate in the texture or flavor of a mammoth fish. As sporting fish, too, they are of little value, for they love the gloom of deep water, and are not distinguished for their activity. The names, besides its own, by which this fish is recognised, are the lake trout and the Mackinaw trout; and, by many people who ought to know better, they are often confounded with the genuine salmon. As is the case with the salmon, they are seldom or never found in any of our rivers, but chiefly in the lakes of the northern and northwestern States of the Union, being found in the greatest numbers at the Straits of Mackinaw, in Lake Superior, Lake George, and the other lakes of the Empire State, and in Moosehead Lake.

The Sea Trout.—Our idea of this fish is that it is quite at home in the "deep, deep sea," but rather partial to the brackish waters of large rivers and the inland bays of the American coast. And also that they vary in weight from three to fifteen pounds, and ought to be highly prized as a game fish, their flesh being of a rosy hue, and excellent, and their courage and strength allied to those of their more aristocratic cousin—the salmon. Like the salmon and common trout, too, they scorn the more common baits of fishermen, and possess a decided

taste for the fly, albeit thousands of them are taken with the shrimp and minnow. The waters where they mostly abound are those of the lower St. Lawrence and its tributaries, the bay of Cape Cod, all along the southern shore of Barnstable, the entire shore of Martha's Vineyard, and the bays Delaware and Chesapeake. So much for the varieties of trout with which we are personally acquainted.

It now behooves us to record some of our experience in trout fishing, but we have already published in our books of travel, and elsewhere, quite as many *fish stories* as will be readily believed. We shall, therefore, content ourselves, on this occasion, with a brief description of our favorite localities.

As a matter of course, the first place that we mention in this connection is Sault St. Marie, which, for many reasons, is an exceedingly attractive place. In the first place, it is the outlet to Lake Superior, the largest body of fresh water on the globe. It is also the western terminating point of the lake navigation of the north. From the earliest periods of our history to the present time, it has been, as it were, the starting-place for all the fur expeditions by land which have ever penetrated the immense wilderness bordering on Hudson's Bay and the Arctic Ocean. The fall of the river St. Marie at the spot called the Sault, is nearly twenty-five feet within the space of half a mile, so that from a canoe at the foot of the rapid it presents the appearance of a wall of foam. The width of it is reputed to be one mile, and on the British side are several beautiful islands, covered with hemlock, spruce, and pine, pleasingly intermingled with birch. The bed of the river at this point consists chiefly of colored sand-stones, the depth varies from ten to perhaps one hundred feet, and the water is perpetually cold, and as clear as it is possible for any element to be. But what makes the Sault particularly attractive to the angler, is the fact that the common trout is found here in good condition throughout the year. They are taken with the fly, and from boats anchored in the more shallow places of the river, as well as from the shore. We have known two fishermen to spend an entire day in a single reef, or at one anchorage, and in spite of sunlight and east

winds, have known them to capture more than a cart-load of the spotted beauties, varying in weight from half a pound to three and four. How it is that the fish of this region always appear to be in season has never been explained, but we should imagine that, either they have no particular time for spawning, or that each season brings with it a variety peculiar to itself. Those of the present day who visit Sault St. Marie for the purpose of throwing the fly, ought to be fully prepared with tackle and that of the best quality. With regard to the *creature comforts* obtainable in the village of Sault St. Marie, they will be as well supplied as in any other place of the same size equally remote from the civilized centre of the world. And when the pleasures of trout fishing begin to subside they can relieve the monotony of a sojourn here by visiting the Indians in their wigwams, and seeing them capture (with nets, in the pure white foam) the beautiful white fish; they may also with little difficulty visit the copper mines of Lake Superior, or if they would do their country service (provided they are Americans,) they may indite long letters to members of Congress on the great necessity of a ship canal around the falls or rapids of St. Mary.

And now for the island of Mackinaw. For an elaborate description of this spot we refer our readers to any of the numerous travellers who have published its praises, not forgetting by way of being *impartial* an account from our own pen already before the public. The time is rapidly approaching, we believe, when this island will be universally considered one of the most healthful, interesting, convenient, and fashionable watering-places in the whole country. And the naturalists, not to say the angler, will find here the celebrated Mackinaw trout in its greatest perfection. And when the Detroit and Chicago steamer runs into the little crescent harbor of the island for the purpose of landing the traveller, and he discovers among the people on the dock some half-dozen wheelbarrows laden with fish four feet long and weighing fifty or sixty pounds, he must not be alarmed at finding those fish to be Mackinaw trout, and not sturgeon, as he might at first have imagined. The truth is, the very size of these fish is an objection to them, for, as

they have to be taken in deep water, and with a large cord, there is far more of manual labor than sport in taking them. But when one of these monsters happens to stray towards the shore where the water is not over fifty feet, it is then, through the marvellously clear water, exceedingly pleasant to watch their movements as they swim about over the beds of pure white sand. As before intimated, the Mackinaw trout is far inferior to the common trout as an article of food, and to the white fish almost infinitely so.

The Mackinaw trout (as is the case with all salmon trout) is in fine condition throughout the winter months; and the Indians are very fond of taking them through the ice. Their manner of proceeding is to make a large hole in the ice, over which they erect a kind of wigwam, so as to keep out the light; and, stationing themselves above the hole, they lure the trout from the bottom by an artificial bait, and when he comes sufficiently near pick him out with a spear; and they are also taken with a hook. The voraciousness of the Mackinaw trout at this season is said to be astonishing; and it is recorded of a Canadian fisherman, that, having lost all his artificial bait by being bitten to pieces, he finally resorted to a large jack-knife attached to a hook which he had in his pocket, and which was swallowed by a thirty pound fish. Another anecdote that we have heard touching this mode of winter fishing, is as follows, and shows the danger with which it is sometimes attended. An Indian fisherman, of renown among the tribes of Lake Superior, while fishing on this lake in the manner above mentioned, at a considerable distance from the shore, was once detached with a cake of ice from the shore and carried into the lake by the wind, and was never heard of more. Such a death as he must have met with it would be difficult to describe.

But we cannot leave Mackinaw without making a passing allusion to the fish whose Indian name is *ciscovet*. It is a handsome fish, unquestionably of the trout family, a bold biter, richly flavored, and very beautiful both in symmetry and color. They are not very abundant, and are altogether the greatest fishy delicacy of this region, excepting the white fish.

They weigh from five to ten pounds, and are remarkable for their fatness. At the Island of Mackinaw the common trout is not found at all, but in all the streams upon the main shore of Lake Michigan, which is only a short distance off, they are very abundant and very large.

Another trouting region whose praises we are disposed to sing, is that of northern New York, lying between Lake George and Long Lake. All the running waters of this section of country are abundantly supplied with common trout, and all the lakes (which are numerous) with salmon trout. The scenery everywhere is of the wildest and most imposing character. The two branches of the noble Hudson here take their rise, and almost every rood of their serpentine courses abounds in rapid and deep pools, yielding common trout of the largest size. But the angler who visits this region must not expect to be feasted with the fashionable delicacies of the land, or spend his nights in luxuriantly furnished rooms; he must be a lover of salt pork, and well acquainted with the yielding qualities of a pine floor. To those of our readers who would become better acquainted with the region alluded to, we would recommend the interesting description of Charles F. Hoffman, Esq., and the spirited, though somewhat fantastic ones of J. T. Headley, Esq.

In the "times of old" we have enjoyed ourselves exceedingly in making piscatorial pilgrimages among the Catskill and Shandaken Mountains, but their wilderness glory is rapidly departing. We can now only recommend this region as abounding in beautiful as well as magnificent scenery. Now, while we think of it, however, we have one little incident to record connected with Shew's Lake, which beautifies the summit of one of the Catskills. Having once caught a large number of small common trout in a stream that ran out of this lake, we conceived the idea that the lake itself must of necessity contain a large number of full-grown fish of the same species. With this idea in view, we obtained the services of a mountaineer, named Hummel, and tried our luck at the lake, by the light of the moon, with set-lines and live minnows. During the night

we caught no less than forty-two trout, averaging in weight over a pound a-piece. We were of course greatly elated at this success; and, having enjoyed quite a romantic expedition, we subsequently published an account of the particulars. A few days after this, a party of anglers residing in the town of Catskill saw what we had written, and immediately posted off to Shew's Lake, for the purpose of spending a night there. They did so, and also fished after the same manner that we did, and yet did not capture a single trout. They of course returned home considerably disgusted, and reported that the lake in question was covered with dead eels, that the water was alive with lizards, that they saw the glaring eyes of a panther near their watch-fire, and that *we* had been guilty of publishing a falsehood. It now becomes us to deny, and in the most expressive tone, this rough impeachment, although we fully confess that there still hangs a mystery over our piscatorial good fortune.

If the anglers of New York city are to be believed, there is no region in the world like Long Island for common trout. We are informed, however, that the fish are here penned up in ponds, and that a stipulated sum per head has to be paid for all the fish captured. With this kind of business we have never had any patience, and we shall therefore refrain from commenting upon the exploits or trespassing upon the exclusive privileges of the cockney anglers of the empire city.

But another trouting region, of which we can safely speak in the most flattering terms, is that watered by the two principal tributaries of the river Thames, in Connecticut, viz., the Yantic and the Quinnebaug. It is, in our opinion, more nearly allied to that portion of England made famous by Walton in his *Complete Angler*, than any other in the United States. The country is generally highly cultivated, but along nearly all its very beautiful streams Nature has been permitted to have her own way, and the dark pools are everywhere overshadowed by the foliage of overhanging trees. Excepting in the immediate vicinity of the factories, trout are quite abundant, and the anglers are generally worthy members of the gentle brotherhood. When the angler is overtaken by night, he never finds

himself at a loss for a place to sleep; and it has always seemed to us that the beds of this region have a "smell of lavender." The husbandmen whom you meet here are intelligent, and their wives neat, affable, and polite, understanding the art of preparing a frugal meal to perfection. Our trouting recollections of this section of New England are manifold, and we would part with them most unwillingly. Dearly do we cherish, not only recollections of scenery and fishing, but of wild legends and strange characters, bright skies, poetic conceptions, and soul-instructing lessons from Nature. Yes, and the secret of our attachment to the above-mentioned streams may be found in the character of those very associations. What intense enjoyment would not Father Walton have derived from their wild and superb scenery! The streams of England are mostly famous for the bloody battles and sieges which they witnessed for many centuries, and the turreted castles which they lave tell us eventful stories of a race of earth-born kings. But many of the streams of our country, even in these days, water a virgin wilderness, whose only human denizens are the poor but noble Indian tribes, who live, and love, and die in their peaceful valleys; and the unshorn forests, with the luxuriantly magnificent mountains, sing a perpetual hymn of praise to One who is above the sky, and the King of kings.

Of all the New England States, however, (albeit much might be written in praise of Vermont and New Hampshire, with their glorious Green and White Mountains,) we believe that Maine is altogether the best supplied. In the head-waters of the Penobscot and Kennebec, the common trout may be found by the thousand; and in Moosehead Lake, as before stated, salmon trout of the largest size and in great numbers. This is even a more perfect wilderness than that in the northern part of New York, and it is distinguished not only for its superb scenery, but its fine forests afford an abundance of large game, such as moose, deer, bears, and wolves, which constitute a most decided attraction to those disciples of the gentle art who have a little of the fire of Nimrod in their natures.

The Middle States of the Union are also not without their

attractions to the angler. In the Juniata, the most picturesque stream in Pennsylvania, and in the tributaries of the Youghagany and Cheat rivers in Virginia, I have caught trout by the hundred,—beautiful trout and large. Like those in nearly all our mountain districts, the accommodations for shelter and food are poor among the Alleghanies; but the log-cabins are picturesque, the sable pilots whom you have to employ interesting to study, and purer air or mellower sunshine are nowhere to be enjoyed.

Another region towards which we would direct the attention of our readers, is that portion of Canada lying on the north shore of the St. Lawrence. At the mouth of all the streams here emptying into the great river, and especially at the mouth of the Saguenay, the sea trout is found in its greatest perfection. They vary from five to fifteen pounds, and are taken with the fly. But what makes the fishing for them particularly interesting is the fact, that when the angler strikes a fish it is impossible for him to tell, before he has seen his prize, whether he has captured a salmon trout, a mammoth trout, common trout, (which are here found in brackish or salt water,) or a magnificent salmon, glistening in his silver mail.

BASS FISHING.

We delight, as all the world has long well known, in every kind of fishing, from the whale to the minnow.—Christopher North.

The beautiful fish now chosen for our "subject theme" is a genuine *native American*, and ranks high among the game fish of the country. When fully grown, he is commonly about fifteen inches long, two inches in thickness, and some five inches broad, weighing perhaps five or six pounds. He belongs to the perch family, has a thick oval head, a swallow tail, sharp teeth, and small scales. In color, he is deep black along the back and sides, growing lighter and somewhat yellowish towards the belly. He has a large mouth, and is a bold biter, feeds upon minnows and insects, is strong and active, and, when in season, possesses a fine flavor. He spawns in the spring, recovers in July, and is in his prime in September.

The black bass is peculiarly a Western and Southern fish, and is not known in any of the rivers which connect immediately with the Atlantic Ocean. They are found in great abundance in the upper Mississippi and its tributaries, in all the great lakes excepting Superior, in the upper St. Lawrence, especially at the Thousand Islands, the tributaries of the Ohio, in Lake Champlain and Lake George, and nearly all the smaller lakes of New York. In portions of the last-named State they are called the Oswego bass, in the southwest the black perch, and in the northwest, where they are most abundant, the black bass. In nearly all the waters where they abound has it been our good fortune to angle for this fish, and his very name is

associated with much of the most beautiful scenery in the land. Our own experience, however, in bass fishing, is chiefly identified with Lake George, Lake Erie, Lake Michigan, and the upper Mississippi, and to these waters alone it is our purpose to devote a few paragraphs.

And first, as to the beautiful "Horicon" of the North. Embosomed as it is among the wildest of mountains, and rivaling, as do its waters, the blue of heaven, it is indeed all that could be desired, and in every particular worthy of its fame. Although this lake is distinguished for the number and variety of its trout, I am inclined to believe that the black bass found here afford the angler the greatest amount of sport. They are taken during the entire summer, and by almost as great a variety of methods as there are anglers; trolling with a minnow, however, and fishing with a gaudy fly from the numerous islands in the lake, are unquestionably the two most successful methods. As before intimated, the bass is a very active fish, and, excepting the salmon, we know of none that perform, when hooked, such desperate leaps out of the water. They commonly frequent the immediate vicinity of the shores, especially those that are rocky, and are seldom taken where the water is more than twenty feet deep. They commonly lie close to the bottom, rise to the minnow or fly quite as quickly as the trout, and are not as easily frightened by the human form.

The late William Caldwell, who owned an extensive estate at the southern extremity of Lake George, was the gentleman who first introduced us to the bass of the said lake, and we shall ever remember him as one of the most accomplished and gentlemanly anglers we have ever known. He was partial to the trolling method of fishing, however, and the manner in which he performed a piscatorial expedition was somewhat unique and romantic. His right hand man on all occasions was a worthy mountaineer, who lived in the vicinity of his mansion, and whose principal business was to take care of the angler's boat, and row him over the lake. For many years did this agreeable connection exist between Mr. Caldwell and his boatman, and, when their fishing days were over, was happily

terminated by the deeding of a handsome farm to the latter by his munificent employer. But we intended to describe one of Mr. Caldwell's excursions.

It is a July morning, and our venerable angler, with his boatman, has embarked in his feathery skiff. The lake is thirty-three miles long, and it is his intention to perform its entire circuit, thereby voyaging at least seventy miles. He purposes to be absent about a week, and having no less than half a dozen places on the lake shore where he can find a night's lodging, he is in no danger of being compelled to camp out. His little vessel is abundantly supplied with fishing tackle, as well as the substantials of life, and some of its liquid luxuries. He and *Care* have parted company, and his heart is now wholly open to the influences of nature, and therefore buoyant as the boat which bears him over the translucent waters. The first day his luck is bad, and he tarries at a certain point for the purpose of witnessing the concluding scene of a deer hunt, and hearing the successful hunter expatiate upon his exploits and the quality of his hounds. On the second day the wind is from the south, and he secures no less than twenty of the finest bass on the lake. On the third day he also has good luck, but is greatly annoyed by thunder showers, and must content himself with one of the late magazines which he has brought along for such emergencies. The fifth and sixth days he has some good fishing, and spends them at Garfield's landing (for the reader must know that there is a tiny steamboat on Lake George,) where he has an opportunity of meeting a brotherhood of anglers, who are baiting for the salmon trout; and the seventh day he probably spends quietly at Lyman's Tavern, in the companionship of an intelligent landscape painter (spending the summer there,) arriving at home on the following morning.

As to our own experience in regard to bass fishing in Lake George, we remember one incident in particular which illustrates an interesting truth in natural history. We were on a trouting expedition, and happened to reach the lake early in June, before the bass were in season, and we were stopping with our friend Mr. Lyman, of Lyman's Point. The idea hav-

ing occurred to us of spearing a few fish by torchlight, we secured the services of an experienced fisherman, and, with a boat well supplied with *fat pine*, we launched ourselves on the quiet waters of the lake about an hour after sundown. Bass were very abundant, and we succeeded in killing some half dozen of a large size. We found them exceedingly tame, and noticed, when we approached, that they were invariably alone, occupying the centre of a circular and sandy place among the rocks and stones. We inquired the cause of this, and were told that the bass were casting their spawn, and that the circular places were the beds where, the young were protected. On hearing this, our conscience was somewhat troubled by what we had been doing, but we resolved to take one more fish and then go home. We now came to a large bed, around the edge of which we discovered a number of very small fish, and over the centre of the bed a very large and handsome bass was hovering. We darted our spear, and only wounded the poor fish. Our companion then told us, that if we would go away for fifteen minutes, and then return to the same spot, we should have another chance at the same fish. We did so, and the prediction was realized. We threw the spear again, and again failed in killing our game, though we succeeded in nearly cutting the fish in two pieces. "You will have the creature yet; let us go away again," said my companion. We did so, and lo! to our utter astonishment, we again saw the fish, all mutilated and torn, still hovering over its tender offspring! To relieve it of its pain, we darted the spear once more, and the bass lay in our boat quite dead; and we returned to our lodgings on that night a decidedly unhappy man. We felt, with the *ancient mariner*, that we "*had done a hellish deed*," and most bitterly did we repent our folly. Ever since that time have we felt a desire to atone for our wickedness, and we trust that the shade of Izaak Walton will receive our humble confession as an atonement. The bass that we took on the night in question, owing to their being out of season, were not fit to eat, and we had not even the plea of palatable food to offer. The maternal affection of that black bass for its helpless off-

spring, which it protected even unto death, has ever seemed to us in strict keeping with the loveliness and holiness of universal nature.

And now with regard to Lake Erie. We know not of a single prominent river emptying into this lake in which the black bass is not found in considerable numbers. The sport which they yield to the disciples of Walton at the eastern extremity of the lake, has been described by George W. Clinton, Esq., of Buffalo, in a series of piscatorial letters, published in the journals of that city; and, as we would not interfere with him while throwing the fly in his company on the same stream, neither will we trespass upon that literary ground which he has so handsomely made his own. When, however, we hear the green waves of Lake Erie washing its western shores, we feel that we have a right to be heard, for in that region, when it was for the most part a lonely wilderness, did we first behold the light of this beautiful world. With the windings of the Sandusky, the Maumee, the Huron, and the Detroit rivers, we are quite familiar, and we know that they all yield an abundance of black bass; but with the river Raisin, we are as well acquainted as a child could be with its mother's bosom. Upon this stream was the home of our boyhood, and at the bare mention of its name, unnumbered recollections flit across the mind, which to our hearts are inexpressibly dear.

Even when a mere boy we esteemed the black bass as a peer among his fellows, and never can we forget our first prize. We had seated ourself at the foot of an old sycamore, directly on the margin of the River Raisin, and among its serpent-like roots we were fishing for a number of tiny rock bass that we had chanced to discover there. We baited with a worm, and while doing our utmost to capture a two-ounce fish, we were suddenly frightened by the appearance of a black bass, which took our hook, and was soon dangling in the top of a neighboring bush. Our delight at this unexpected exploit was unbounded, and, after bothering our friends with an account of it until the night was far spent, we retired to bed, and in our dreams caught the same poor fish over and over again until

morning. From that day to this, rivers and fish have haunted us like a passion.

Like the trout, the black bass seems to be partial to the more romantic and poetical places in the rivers which they frequent. On the River Raisin, for example, we used to enjoy the rarest of sport at an old and partly dilapidated mill-dam, which was covered with moss, and at the foot of which were some of the nicest "deep holes" imaginable. Wherever the timbers of the dam formed a "loop-hole of retreat," there we were always sure of finding a bass. And we also remember an old mill, in whose shadowy recesses, far down among the foundation timbers, the bass delighted to congregate, and where we were wont to spend many of our Saturday afternoons; but our favorite expeditions were those which occupied entire days, and led us along the banks of the Raisin, in the vicinity of its mouth, and far beyond the hearing of the mill-wheel or the clink of the blacksmith's anvil. At such times, the discovery of old sunken logs was all that we cared for, for we knew that the bass delighted to spend the noontide hours in their shadow. And when we could borrow a canoe, and obtain a foothold on the extreme point of a wooded island, so as to angle in the deep dark holes, we seldom failed in realizing all the enjoyment that we anticipated. And, if we chanced to come across a party of fishermen drawing the seine, we were sure to forget our promise to our parents to return home before sundown, and, far too often for a good boy, did we remain with them even until the moon had taken her station in the sky. To count the fish thus captured, and to hear the strange adventures and exploits talked over by these fishermen, was indeed a delightful species of vagabondizing; and we usually avoided a very severe scolding by returning home "with one of the largest bass ever caught in the river," which we may have taken with the hook or purchased of the fishermen. But we are talking of the "times of the days of old," and as we remember that the glories of the River Raisin, in regard to its scenery and its fish, are forever departed, we hasten to other waters.

In fancy we have now crossed the peninsula of Michigan, or

rather compassed it by means of the splendid steamers which navigate the waters of Huron and Michigan, and we are now on the banks of the river St. Joseph. This is a small river, and unquestionably one of the most beautiful in the western world. It runs through an exceedingly fertile country, abounds in luxuriant islands, is invariably as clear as crystal, and in its course winding to an uncommon degree. It is navigable for small steamboats to the village of Niles, fifty miles from its mouth, and for batteaux somewhere about fifty miles further towards its source. Early in the spring it abounds in the more common varieties of fresh-water fish, but throughout the summer and autumn it yields the black bass in the greatest abundance.

Our piscatorial experience upon the St. Joseph has not been very extensive, but we deem it worthy of a passing notice. We were on our way to the "Far West," and had been waylaid in the beautiful village of Niles by one of the fevers of the country. The physician who attended us was a genuine angler, and we believe that our speedy recovery was owing almost entirely to the capital fish stories with which he regaled us during that uncomfortable period. Be that as it may, one thing we very clearly remember, which is this: that we enjoyed for one afternoon, some of the most remarkable bass fishing in his company that we have ever experienced. It was in September, and we commenced fishing at three o'clock. We baited with live minnows, fished with hand lines, and from a boat which was firmly anchored at a bend of the river, and just above a long and very deep hole, two miles above the village of Niles. Our lines were upwards of a hundred feet long, and as the current was very rapid, the pulling in of our minnows was performed with little trouble. The sun was shining brightly, and the only sounds which floated in the air were the singing of birds, the rustling of the forest leaves, and the gentle murmuring of the waters as they glided along the luxuriant banks of the stream. We fished a little more than two hours, but in that time we caught no less than ninety-two bass, a dozen of which weighed over five pounds, and the great majority not less than two pounds.

Such remarkable luck had never been heard of before in that vicinity, and of course, for several days thereafter the river was covered with boats; but, strange to say, nearly all the anglers returned home disappointed. On a subsequent occasion, the doctor and his patient made another trial at their favorite spot, but succeeded in taking only a single fish, from which circumstance we came to the conclusion that we had actually cleared that portion of the river of its fishy inhabitants.

Before quitting the St. Joseph, we ought to state that its beautiful tributaries, the Pipe Stone and the Paw-Paw, afford a superior quality of bass, and that no pleasanter fishing-ground can anywhere be found than at the mouth of the parent river itself. With regard to the other principal rivers of Western Michigan, we can only say that the Kalamazoo and the Grand river are not one whit behind the St. Joseph in any of those charms which win the affections of the angler and the lover of nature.

We come now to speak of the Upper Mississippi, in whose translucent water, as before stated, the black bass is found in "numbers numberless." Not only do they abound in the river itself and its noble tributaries, but also in the lakes of the entire region. The only people who angle for them, however, are the travellers who occasionally penetrate into this beautiful wilderness of the Northwest. Generally speaking, the bass, as well as all other kinds of fish, are taken by the Indians with a wooden spear, and more to satisfy hunger than to enjoy the sport. The angler who would cast a fly above Fort Snelling must expect to spend his nights in an Indian lodge instead of a white-washed cottage, to repose upon a bearskin instead of a bed (such as Walton loved) which "smells of lavender," and to hear the howl of the wolf instead of a "milk-maid's song."

In all the lakes and streams of Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi, the black bass are abundant, constituting, indeed, the only genuine game of the region; but they are there erroneously called trout. They attain in Florida the weight of fifteen pounds and are good eating.

As our piscatorial recollections of the Upper Mississippi are

not particularly interesting, and as it is attracting much attention at the present time, (1849) under the new name of *Minnesota*, or *Turbid Water*, we shall conclude our essay with the following general description.

According to the final provisions of the Act of Congress which has lately transferred this extensive wilderness into a Territory of the United States, it is bounded on the north by the British possessions, on the east by Lake Superior and the State of Wisconsin, on the south by the State of Iowa, and on the west by the Missouri river and the extensive possessions of the Indians. The surface of the country is generally level, and it has been estimated that at least two-thirds of its area consists of prairie land, the remainder being forest. Much of the soil is fertile, and easy of cultivation. It is watered by no less than six of the most superb rivers on the face of the earth—the Mississippi and Missouri, River Au Jacques, the St. Peter's, or Minnesota River, the Red River, emptying into Hudson's Bay, and the St. Louis, emptying into Lake Superior. Were it not for the Falls of St. Mary (a canal having been built around those of Niagara,) a vessel sailing from the city of New York, by the St. Lawrence and the great lakes, might deposit her merchandise almost within its very heart; while it is a well-known fact that a New Orleans steamer may, by the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, transport the products of the South to its more remote extremities. The two facts, that Minnesota is laved by the waters of the largest lake in the world, and that in its very centre are located at least a thousand lesser lakes, which constitute the fountain-head of the Father of Waters, are in themselves sufficient to give it a world-wide reputation. In addition to all this, the climate of this territory is all that could be desired. The winters are, indeed, somewhat long and cold, but they are regular; and, as to the summers, we have never witnessed any that were to us so bracing and delightful. The dreaded ague is a stranger in this region, and the very night airs seem to increase the strength of the voyageurs and Indian traders, who, for the most part, are the only civilized inhabitants of the domain. Game is found in the greatest abundance, from the buffalo to the deer and the grouse, and there is no

region in the world where can be found a greater variety of fresh-water fish.

The Indian population is by far the most extensive now existing within its limits, but the nations are only two in number, the Chippewas and the Sioux. The wrongs which these unfortunate children of the wilderness have for many years past endured from the more unprincipled traders are among the blackest crimes of the white man, and it is to be most sincerely hoped that a new order of things will now be brought about which may in some slight degree atone for those wrongs. To us, who have been a devoted lover of the red man, even from childhood, the fact that the race is literally withering from the land of their fathers is indeed depressing and sickening. With all his faults, we dearly love the poor neglected and deeply-wronged Indian, and we verily believe that our beloved country can never prosper, as it might, until we have done something to atone for the unnumbered outrages committed against the race by our more unworthy citizens. But we are wandering.

With regard to the towns or villages existing at the present time in Minnesota, we can offer but little. So far as we now remember, they consist of only three: Fond du Lac, on the St. Louis, a mere trading post; St. Peter's, at the mouth of the river of that name, distinguished as the site of Fort Snelling, as being within five or six miles of the Falls of St. Anthony, and at the head of steamboat navigation; and the hamlet of St. Paul, which is on the west side of the Mississippi, only about six miles below the mouth of the St. Peter's. The fact that the last-named place has been selected as the seat of government of the new Territory renders it of some interest. It is situated on a bluff which rises some fifty feet above the Mississippi, and, though flanked by a thinly-wooded, or rather prairie country, the soil is fertile, and the scenery both up and down the Mississippi is exceedingly beautiful. Unlike that running south of the Missouri, this portion of the great river is invariably translucent, and for many reasons is interesting to an uncommon degree. Steamboats drawing only a few inches of water navigate this portion of the river during the whole summer. When we visited St. Paul (1846) the majority of its

dwellings, if not all, (numbering not more than half a dozen,) were built of logs, and, though very comfortable, were not particularly showy. At that time, too, the only business carried on there was that of trading with the Indians. Our most vivid recollections of the place are associated with a supper that we enjoyed in the cabin of the principal trader. We had lost ourself in travelling by land from Lake St. Croix to the village, and for many hours before our arrival we had been in a particularly hungry mood. We entered St. Paul just as the sun was setting; and it so happened that, on the very outskirts of the place, we chanced to kill a couple of young coons. A portion of one of these animals, fried in its own fat, with a dish of tea, constituted our supper, and a more truly satisfactory supper we have hardly ever enjoyed, albeit we have been quite an extensive traveller in the wilderness. If the citizens of St. Paul only welcomed their newly-appointed Governor by giving him a coon supper, we feel confident that he was well pleased with the reception.

As to the agricultural products, we cannot speak with much confidence. Wild rice, we know, grows in great abundance, and is the staple article of food with the Indians. For corn, the climate is considered rather cold; but potatoes and the more common vegetables grow to perfection. In many parts the maple-tree predominates, and a fine sugar is produced in considerable quantities. The principal timbers are pine and a dwarfish oak. The only Alpine region of Minnesota is that which lies upon Lake Superior, and the beautiful mountains which here kiss the blue of heaven are invariably covered with a miscellaneous forest; and, if half the stories we have heard are true, they must abound in the valuable minerals of copper and silver.

Those of our readers who may desire further information in regard to the Territory of Minnesota would do well to consult the following authorities, viz., General Pike, who travelled through the region in 1806; Henry R. Schoolcraft's Travels, both in 1820 and 1832; Major Long, who visited Leech Lake in 1823; and M. Nicolet, whose map of the region is exceedingly valuable.

ROCK FISHING.

Of recreations, there is none
So free as fishing is alone;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess:
My hands alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study too.

ISAAK WALTON.

WE consider the rock-fish, or striped bass, one of the finest game fish to be found in American waters. From all that we can learn, it is peculiar to this country, and to particular sections, not being found farther north than Maine, nor farther south than the Carolinas or Georgia, where it is known as the rock-fish. It varies in weight from six ounces to one hundred pounds; and though a native of the ocean, it spends a portion of every year in the fresh water rivers—yet it seems to be partial to the mouths of our larger estuaries. Our naturalists have pronounced it a member of the perch family, and doubtless with scientific propriety; but we have seen a bass that would outweigh at least four score of the largest perch found in the country. The rock is a thick-set and solid fish, having a strong bony mouth, and sharp teeth. In color, it varies from a deep green on the back to a rich silvery hue on the belly, and its scales are large and of a metallic lustre. But the distinguishing feature of this fish consists in the striped appearance of its body. Running from the head nearly to the tail, there are no less than eight regularly marked lines, which in the healthy fish are of a deep black. Its eyes are white, head

rather long, and the under jaw protrudes beyond the upper one, somewhat after the manner of the pike. The strength of the bass is equal to that of the salmon, but in activity it is undoubtedly inferior. As an article of food, it is highly valued, and in all the Atlantic cities invariably commands a good price.

The spawning time of this fish we have not positively ascertained, though we believe it to be in the spring or early summer. The New York markets are supplied with them throughout the year, but it is unquestionably true that they are in their prime in the autumn. The smaller individuals frequent the eddies of our rivers, while those of a larger growth seem to have a fancy for the reefs along the coast. On the approach of winter, they do not strike for the deep water, but find a residence in the bays and still arms of the sea, where they remain until the following spring. They begin to take the hook in April, and, generally speaking, afford the angler any quantity of sport until the middle of November. For the smaller fish at the North, the shrimp and minnow are the most successful baits; and for the larger individuals nothing can be better than the skin of an eel, neatly fastened upon a squid. The river fisherman requires a regular equipment of salmon tackle, while he who would capture the monsters of the ocean, only needs a couple of stout Kirby hooks, a small sinker, a very long and heavy line, a gaff hook, and a surf boat. But those who capture the bass for lucrative purposes, resort to the following more effectual methods: first by using set-lines, and secondly, by the employment of gill-nets and the seine. The sport of taking a twenty-pound bass in a convenient river is allied to that of capturing a salmon, but as the former is not a very skittish fish, the difficulties are not so great. As before intimated, all our Atlantic rivers, from the Penobscot to the Savannah, are regularly visited by the bass; but we are inclined to believe that they are found in the greatest abundance and perfection along the shores of Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and Maine. At any rate, our own experience has been confined to this region; and though we remember with unfeigned pleasure our success in taking the larger varie-

ties along the shores of Martha's Vineyard, at Montauk Point, and in the vicinity of Watch Hill, yet we are disposed to yield the palm to Block Island. This out-of-the-way spot of the green earth belongs to Rhode Island, comprises a whole county of that State, and lies about forty miles from the main shore. It is nine miles in length, and varies in width from three to four miles. It is quite hilly, with an occasional rocky shore, contains a number of salt-water ponds, and is covered with a scanty growth of trees and other vegetation. The male inhabitants, numbering only a few hundred souls, are devoted exclusively to the fishing business, and they are as amiable and honest at heart, as they are rude and isolated in their manner of life. Block Island sailors frequently find their way to the remotest quarters of the globe, though few who were born upon the island ever become entirely weaned from its ocean-girt shores. The Block Island fishermen build their own smacks, and as these are about the only things they do manufacture, they have acquired remarkable skill in building swift vessels, which are also distinguished for their strength and safety.

The pleasantest time to kill bass at Block Island is in the month of October, and immediately after a severe gale, for then it is that the larger fish seek a sheltering place between the reefs and the shore. And if the angler would be certain of success, he ought to be upon the water before sunrise, or at the break of day. He must have only one companion, a stalwart Block Islander, whose duty it shall be to steady the boat, as she dashes along upon the restless bosom of the ground-swell, so that, with his legs carefully braced, he can throw his squid to a great distance, instead of being thrown himself into the sea. And if an occasional shark should stray into the vicinity of his boat, he must not suffer himself to be alarmed, for a single discharge from the fisherman's pistol (which he usually carries for that purpose) will be sure to frighten the monster out of his way. Gulls without number, large and small, of a dark-gray and a pure white, will be sure to fly screaming above his head, and their wild chorus will mingle well with the monotonous war of the waves as they sweep upon the shore. The

fatigue attendant upon this mode of fishing is uncommonly great;- and if the angler should happen to strike a forty-pounder, he will be perfectly satisfied with that single prize; but if his luck should lie among the smaller variety he ought to be content with about half a dozen specimens, weighing from ten to fifteen pounds, which would probably be the result of the morning's expedition. On returning to the shore, the angler will find himself in a most impatient mood for breakfast; but with a view of enhancing the anticipated enjoyment, he should first throw aside his clothes and make a number of plunges in the pure white surf, which will cause him to feel as strong and supple as a leopard.

We did think of commenting upon Block Island as a most fitting place to study the mighty ocean, for the waves which wash its shores come from the four quarters of the globe. It so happens, however, that we have just been reading a passage in an admirable little volume entitled "*The Owl Creek Letters*," (the author is a man after our own heart,) which was written at Block Island, and we are sure the passage in question would "take the wind out of any sail" that our pen might produce. The passage alluded to is as follows:—

"Men speak of our 'mother the earth.' But I never could appreciate the metaphor. A hard mother is old Terra. She refuses us food, save when compelled by hard struggling with her, and then yields it reluctantly. She deceives us too often, and finally takes us, when worn and weary, only by the difficult digging of a grave.

"But the ocean is mother-like, singing songs to us continually, and telling a thousand legends to our baby ears. She casts up toys to us on every shore, bright shells and pebbles. (What else do we live for?) True, maniac as she is, she sometimes raves madly and hurls her children from her arms, but see how instantly she clasps them again close, close to her heaving bosom, and how calmly and quietly they sleep there—as she sings to them—nor wake again to sorrow."

As to bass fishing in the vicinity of New York, where scientific anglers are abundant, it affords us pleasure to give our

readers the following account, written at our request by G. C. Scott, Esq., who is distinguished for his love and practical knowledge of the gentle art.

"The weather and the tide are in our favor, and the moon all right—for this planet, you must know, always gives the bass an excellent appetite and great activity. Speaking of its influence upon the appetite of fish, reminds me that those in the waters near the ocean bite best when the moon is new; whilst salt water fish which are up the creeks and near to fresh water, are killed in the greatest number during high tides, and immediately after a hard 'nor'-easter,' when the wind has shifted to the north-west. You may prove these facts without going half a dozen miles from old Gotham, and I have always noticed that it is better fishing in the 'Kills' and at the hedges of Newark Bay, as well as at those in the lower part of the Bay of New York, when the tide is high; while the fishing at King's Bridge and the mouth of Spiting Devil is always best at extreme low tides.

"As we are out after bass, suppose we 'make a day of it,' and first try the bridge at Haerlam Dam. Being an angler yourself, you know of course that much depends upon bait, and we will want to use the best. As it is the month of August, we will purchase a few shedder crabs in the market; and if we find shrimp necessary, we can procure enough of them at either of the fishing-grounds. During the spring, I use shad roes for bass bait; but in summer, and until the first of October, I prefer shedder crab; after that, I use shrimp and soft-shell clams. Some anglers prefer shrimp at all seasons, as it is well known that small bass are more generally taken with them; but for my part, give me shedder crabs enough, and I will agree to forego the use of all other kinds of bait for bass. Next, you may want to know how to rig your tackle. Where we are going to-day, you want nothing but a good bass rod, reel, and float, with a single gut leader, to which you fasten a hook and attach it to the line one-third of its length from the hook. Use your float only when the tide runs slowly, for bottom-fishing is the best for large fish, unless you troll for them when you use

a squid and fish in the Bronx with regular trolling tackle, of sufficient strength to land a fish weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, for they are sometimes caught there of that weight, but generally from thirty to eighty pounds.

"Well, having arrived at King's Bridge, and as it is about ebb tide, we will first see what we can kill from the east bridge. I like bridge fishing, for it is so fine to pay out line from; and then in striking a fish thirty yards off, there is so much sport in playing him, and your being such a distance above the water, you generally fasten him at the first bite. Reel off! reel off! you have struck him! There! give him play, but feel his weight and let him contend for every inch of line that you give him, or he will take the whole of it without exhausting himself, and you will lose him. Keep him in slack water, and after playing him until you kill him, land him on the shore, for he is too heavy to risk your tackle in raising him to the bridge. And now, having fished out the last of the ebb and the turn, until the tide runs too fast to use a float, just step into this punt and we will anchor out near to the edge of the current, by the first island below the mill, and fish in the current without the float, until the tide turns, when we will make for the mouth of the Spiting Devil, and fish fifty rods below it in the Hudson.

"Now, my friend, this day's sport may be considered a fair criterion for these grounds. We have taken between twenty and thirty bass, but there is only one that weighs over five pounds, and their average weight will not vary much from half that. To-night we will troll in the Bronx, for if the sky be clear, the bass will bite sooner at a squid 'by the light of the moon' than in the day-time; and there is very little use in stopping to try M'Comb's Dam, as the sport will not be first-rate there until the Croton aqueduct is finished and the coffer dam is torn away, so that the fish may have a clear run and unobstructed passage between the East and Hudson rivers. It is supposed that this will be effected next year, when M'Comb's Dam will retrieve its lost honors, and furnish one of the best places for sport in this vicinity to those who prefer bridge fishing.

"Having given you a taste of the sport on the waters bounding this island on the north and east, let us to-day fasten our punt to the lower hedges of New York Bay, and try the difference between 'bottom fishing,' and that 'with the float.' I will remark, in passing, that it is better to anchor your punt about a rod above the hedge and fish towards the hedge without a float, than to fasten your boat to the hedge, as commonly practised, and fish with a float; for you will notice that while you, in the old way, are continually reeling up and making casts, I am feeling for them with a moving bait towards the bottom, and as near the hedges as I can venture without getting fast. And then when I strike, I am sure to fasten them as they turn from me for the shelter of the hedge. I can also better play my bait without the danger of too much slack. You will see also that I kill the largest fish.

"Let us now up anchor and way for the Kills and to the reef opposite Port Richmond. Here the fish are about as large as those at the hedges we just left. The tide is nearly full, and we will fish without the float until it is about to turn, when we will move over to the Jersey shore, about fifty rods below the mouth of Newark Bay. Here, as the tide is just in the turn, we can fish an hour of the ebb with floats, when it will be best to try bottom-fishing again. Well, if you are tired of killing younglings, varying from one to three pounds, let us put the punt about and prepare for a beautiful row up to the third, ourth, and fifth hedges in Newark Bay—trying each one—and we may strike some fish that will try our tackle. Change your leader for a heavier one, and let go the anchor, for we are three rods above the hedge. The water is quite slack, and we will try the float until the tide ebbs a little more and the current becomes more rapid. There, sir, what think you of that? He feels heavy—see him spin! take care of your line or he'll get foul, as I cannot govern him, and it will be with great difficulty that I keep him out of the hedge. What a splendid leap! I'll see if I can turn him—here he comes—take the landing net—there! there, we have him, and I will bet the champagne that he weighs nearer twenty pounds than ten!

"Thus, my friend, having shown you the principal grounds, and informed you of the bait and tackle to be used in killing bass in this vicinity, I hope that you will not be at loss for piscatorial sport when trying your skill in the waters of old Gotham."

It is now time that we should say something about bass or rock fishing in the South. The only streams frequented by this fish, of which we have any personal knowledge, are the Potomac and Roanoke, though we have heard many wonderful stories related of the James River and the Great Pedee. In speaking of the Potomac we are sorely tempted to indite an episode upon the beautiful and magnificent sweeps which this river makes after it leaves the gorge of Harper's Ferry until it loses itself in Chesapeake Bay, and also upon its historical associations, among which the genius of Washington reigns supreme—but it is our duty to forbear, for we should occupy too much time.

Unquestionably, the finest rock-ground on the Potomac is the place known as the Little Falls, about four miles above Georgetown. At this point the river is only fifty yards wide, and as the water descends not more than about ten feet in running three hundred yards, the place might be more appropriately termed a schute than a fall. The banks on either side are abrupt and picturesque; the bed of the stream is of solid rock, and below the rapids are a number of inviting pools, where the water varies from forty to sixty feet in depth. The tides of the ocean reach no further up the Potomac than this spot, and though the rockfish are caught in considerable numbers at the Great Falls, (which are ten miles farther up the river, and exceedingly romantic,) yet they seem to be partial to the Little Falls, where they are frequently found in very great numbers. They follow the shad and the herring in the spring, but afford an abundance of sport from the 1st of May until the 4th of July, though they are caught in certain portions of the Potomac through the year, but never above the Great Falls. The rock of this portion of the Potomac vary in weight from two to eighteen or twenty pounds, and it is recorded of the

anglers and business fishermen, that they frequently kill no less than five hundred fish in a single day. The favorite bait in this region is the belly part of the common herring, as well as the shiner and minnow; but it is frequently the case that a common yellow-flannel fly will commit sad havoc among the striped beauties. A stout rod, a large reel and a long line, are important requisites to the better enjoyment of rock-fishing at this point; but as the good standing-places are few in number, many anglers resort to boat-fishing, which is here practised with pleasure and profit. Of the many scientific anglers who visit the Little Falls during the spring and summer, the more expert ones come from Washington; and of one of these a story is related that he once killed no less than eighty handsome rockfish in a single afternoon. He occupied a dangerous position upon two pointed rocks in the river, (one foot upon each rock and elevated some five feet above the water,) and fished in a pool that was some seventy feet down the stream, while the fish were landed by an expert servant stationed on the shore about thirty feet below the spot occupied by the angler. The gentleman alluded to is acknowledged to be the most successful angler in this region, and in an occasional conversation with him, we have obtained a goodly number of piscatorial anecdotes. One or two of them are as follows:—

On one occasion, while playing a good-sized rockfish, it unfortunately ran around a sharp rock, and by cutting the line made its escape, carrying off the angler's float, and a favorite fly. On the third day after this event a boy who was playing on the river about half a mile below the falls, happened to see a cork darting hither and thither across the surface of the water, and immediately went in pursuit of the life-like piece of wood. After many twistings and turnings and a long row, he finally overtook it, and to his utter astonishment he landed in his boat a very handsome five pound bass. He recognized the fly as the one commonly employed by our angler, to whom the fly, the float, and the fish, were promptly delivered by the honest boy.

Another and a similar incident was as follows:—

Our angling friend had lost another float, by the obstinacy of a fish. About a week after this mishap a fisherman who had a "trot line" set across the river at Georgetown, for the purpose of taking catfish, saw a great splashing in the water near the middle of his line, and on hastening to the spot he had the pleasure of pulling up a very handsome twelve pound bass. After faring sumptuously upon the fish, the fortunate individual took it into his head that the tackle belonged to *the* angler of the falls, whereupon he delivered it to our friend, accompanied with a statement of the manner in which he made the discovery. The distance travelled by that fish, with a hook in his mouth, was four miles, and it was by the merest accident that his leading-string had become entangled with the "trot line."

The angling-ground at the Little Falls is annually rented by the proprietors to a couple of men named Joe Paine and Jim Collins, who are the presiding geniuses of the place, and have been such for upwards of twenty years. They pay a rent of seventy dollars per annum, and as they receive from fifty cents to five dollars from every angler who visits them, and as they are occasionally troubled with as many as thirty individuals per day, it may readily be imagined that their income is respectable. Some of Collins' friends allege that he has several thousand dollars stowed away in an old pocket-book, which it is his intention to bequeath to a favorite nephew, he himself being a bachelor. The reputation of Jim Collins in this section of country is very extensive, and that this should be the case is not at all strange, for he is a decided original. He is about fifty years of age, measures six feet five inches in height, and the offshoots from the four prongs of his body number *twenty-four* instead of twenty, as in ordinary mortals; I mean by this, that his fingers and toes number no less than twenty-four. Notwithstanding this bountiful supply of appendages, Jim Collins has a great antipathy to useful labor, and is as averse to walking as any web-footed animal. Fishing and sleeping are his two principal employments; and that he is a judge of good whisky, none of his acquaintance would have the hardihood to

doubt. The taking of small fish he considers a business beneath his dignity, and the consequence is that his tackle consists of a miniature bed-cord, with a hook and cedar pole to match, and his bait a whole herring. He commonly fishes in a boat, and the dexterity with which he "*Kawallups*" the fish upon his lap is truly astonishing. But if you would see Jim Collins in his glory, wait until about the middle of a June afternoon, after he has pocketed some fifteen dollars, and he is sunning himself, with pipe in mouth, upon the rocks, absorbed in *fishy contemplations*. His appearance at such times is allied to that of a mammoth crane, watching (as he does his cockney brethren of the craft) the movements of a lot of half-fledged water birds.

During the fishing season he is generally actively employed, but the remainder of his time he spends about the Little Falls, as if his presence were indispensable to the safe passage of the waters of the Potomac through this narrow gorge. That Jim Collins should have met with many queer mishaps, during a residence of twenty years on the Potomac, may be readily imagined; but we believe the most unique adventure of which he has ever been the victim, happened on this wise. The substance of the story is as follows:—

Our hero is a great lover of "sturgeon meat," and for many years past it has been a habit with him to fish for that huge leather-mouthed monster, with a large cord and sharp grappling hooks, sinking them to the bottom with a heavy weight, and then dragging them across the bed of the stream; his sense of touch being so exquisite, that he can always tell the instant that his hooks have struck the body of a sturgeon, and when this occurs, it is almost certain that the fish becomes a victim to the cruel art. In practising this mode of fishing, Jim Collins invariably occupies a boat alone, which he first anchors in the stream. On one occasion he had been fishing in this manner for a long time without success, and for the want of something more exciting, he had resorted more frequently than usual to his junk bottle. In process of time, however, he found the exercise of fishing decidedly a bore, but as he was determined not to give up the

sport, and at the same time was determined to enjoy a quiet nap, he tied the cord to his right arm, and lounged over on his back for the purpose of taking a snooze. There was an unusual calmness in the air and upon the neighboring hills, and even the few anglers who were throwing the fly at the Falls, did so in the laziest manner imaginable. While matters were in this condition, a sudden splash broke the surrounding stillness, which was immediately followed by a deafening shout, for it was discovered that a sturgeon had pulled poor Collins out of his boat into the swift stream, and he was in great danger of leading him off to the residence of *David Jones*. At one moment the fisherman seemed to have the upper hand, for he pulled upon his rope, and swore loudly, sprawling about the water like a huge devil fish; but in another instant the fellow would suddenly disappear, and an occasional bubble rising to the surface of the stream was all the evidence that he was not quite drowned. This contest lasted for some fifteen minutes, and had not the sturgeon finally made his escape, Jim Collins would have been no more. As it happened, however, he finally reached the shore, about two hundred yards below the Falls, and as he sat upon a rock, quite as near the river Styx as he was to the Potomac, he lavished some heavy curses upon the escaped sturgeon, and insisted upon it, that the best hooks that man ever made were now for ever lost. Years have elapsed since this occurrence took place, and when the ancient fisherman "hath his will," he recounts the story of this catastrophe with as brilliant a fire in his eye as that which distinguished the countenance of Coleridge's particular friend, the "Ancient Mariner."

Before closing this essay, it is proper that we should allude to the beautiful scenery that the angler will enjoy in going to to and returning from the Little Falls. The entire region, in fact, known by the name of Cooney, and comprehending some fifteen miles of the Potomac, is particularly picturesque, but is at the same time said to be the most barren and useless portion of Virginia. In visiting the falls you have to pass over a kind of wooded and rocky interval, and by an exceedingly rough

road, which is annually submerged by the spring freshets. The water here sometimes rises to the height of fifty feet, and often makes a terrible display of its power; on one occasion the water came down the valley with such impetuosity that a certain wall, composed of rocks six or eight feet square, and united together with iron, was removed to a distance of many rods from its original position. To the stranger who may visit the Little Falls, we would say, forget not on your return to Washington, the superb prospect which may be seen from the signal tree on the heights of Georgetown. From that point the eye comprehends at one glance, the church spires and elegant residences of Georgetown, the Metropolis of the land, with its capitol and numerous public buildings, and the more remote city of Alexandria, with a reach of the magnificent Potomac, extending a distance of at least thirty miles. The best time to look upon this prospect, is at the sunset hour, when the only sounds that fill the air are the shrieking of swallows, and the faintly heard song of a lazy sailor far away upon the river, where perhaps a score of vessels are lying becalmed, while on the placid stream a retinue of crimson clouds are clearly and beautifully reflected. Scenes of more perfect loveliness are seldom found in any land; and these we never witness without being reminded of the great and good Daniel Webster, with whom we have spent many summer mornings at the Little Falls, and also of his distinguished and intimate friend, the Hon. John F. Crampton, in whose society it is our good fortune frequently to throw the fly or spin the bait in these latter days.

PIKE FISHING.

If so be the angler catch no fish, yet hath he a wholesome walk to the brookside, and pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams.—Robert Burton.

The Pike is a common fish in all the temperate, and some of the northern regions of the world; but in no country does he arrive at greater perfection than in the United States. For some unaccountable reason he is generally known in this country as the pickerel; and we would therefore intimate to our readers that our present discourse is to be of the legitimate pike. In England, he is known under the several names of pike, jack, pickerel, and luce. His body is elongated, and nearly of a uniform depth from the head to the tail; the head is also elongated and resembles that of the duck; his mouth is very large and abundantly supplied with sharp teeth, and his scales are small and particularly adhesive; the color of his back is a dark brown, sides a mottled green or yellow, and belly a silvery white. The reputation of this fish for amiability is far from being enviable, for he is called not only the shark of the fresh waters, but also the tyrant of the liquid plain. He is a cunning and savage creature, and for these reasons even the most humane of fishermen are seldom troubled with conscientious scruples when they succeed in making him a captive. Pliny and Sir Francis Bacon both considered the pike to be the longest lived of any fresh water fish, and Gesner mentions a pike which he thought to be two hundred years old. Of these ancient fellows, Walton remarks, that they have more in them of state than goodness, the middle-sized individuals being con-

sidered the best eating. The prominent peculiarity of this fish is his voraciousness. Edward Jesse relates that five large pike once devoured about eight hundred gudgeons in the course of three weeks. He swallows every animal he can subdue, and is so much of a cannibal that he will devour his own kind full as soon as a common minnow. Young ducks and even kittens have been found in his stomach, and it is said that he often contends with the otter for his prey. Gessner relates that a pike once attacked a mule while it was drinking on the margin of a pond, and his teeth having become fastened in the snout of the astonished beast, he was safely landed on the shore. James Wilson once killed a pike weighing seven pounds, in whose stomach was found another pike weighing over a pound, and in the mouth of the youthful fish was yet discovered a respectable perch. Even men, while wading in a pond, have been attacked by this fresh-water wolf. He is so much of an exterminator, that when placed in a small lake with other fish, it is not long before he becomes "master of all he surveys," having depopulated his watery world of every species but his own. The following story, illustrating the savage propensity of this fish, is related by J. V. C. Smith. A gentleman was angling for pike, and having captured one, subsequently met a shepherd and his dog, and presented the former with his prize. While engaged in clearing his tackle, the dog seated himself unsuspectingly in the immediate vicinity of the pike, and as fate would have it, his tail was ferociously snapped at by the gasping fish. The dog was of course much terrified, ran in every direction to free himself, and at last plunged into the stream. The hair had become so entangled in the fish's teeth, however, that it could not release its hold. The dog again sought the land, and made for his master's cottage, where he was finally freed from his unwilling persecutor; but notwithstanding the unnatural adventure of the fish, he actually sunk his teeth into the stick which was used to force open his jaws.

The pike of this country does not differ essentially from the pike of Europe. His food usually consists of fish and frogs, though he is far from being particular in this matter. He

loves a still, shady water, in river or pond, and usually lies in the vicinity of flags, bulrushes, and water-lilies, though he often shoots out into the clear stream, and on such occasions frequently affords the riflemen good sport. In summer he is taken at the top and the middle, but in winter at the bottom. His time for spawning is March, and he is in season about eight months in the year. In speaking of the size of this fish, the anglers of Europe have recorded some marvellous stories, of which we know nothing, and care less. In this country they vary from two to four feet in length, and in weight from two to forty pounds; when weighing less than two pounds, he is called a jack. As an article of food he seems to be in good repute; but since we once found a large water-snake in the stomach of a monster fish, we have never touched him when upon the table. He suits not our palate, but as an object of sport we esteem him highly, and can never mention his name without a thrill of pleasure.

In this place we desire to record our opinion against the idea that the pike and muskalounge are one and the same fish. For many years we entertained the opinion that there was no difference between them, only that the latter was merely an overgrown pike. We have more recently had many opportunities of comparing the two species together, and we know that to the careful and scientific observer, there is a marked difference. The head of a muskalounge is the smallest; he is the stoutest fish, is more silvery in color, grows to a much larger size, and is with difficulty tempted to heed the lures of the angler. They are so precisely similar in their general habits, however, that they must be considered as belonging to the pike family. They are possibly the independent, eccentric, and self-satisfied nabobs of the race to which they belong; always managing to keep the world ignorant of their true character, until after their days are numbered.

We will now mention one or two additional traits, which we had nearly forgotten. The first is, that the pike is as distinguished for his abstinence as for his voracity. During the summer months, his digestive organs seem to be somewhat tor-

pid, and this is the time he is out of season. During this period he is particularly listless in his movements, spending nearly all the sunny hours basking near the surface of the water; and as this is the period when the smaller fry are usually commencing their active existence, we cannot but distinguish in this arrangement of nature the wisdom of Providence. Another habit peculiar to this fish is as follows:—During the autumn, he spends the day-time in deep water, and the night in the shallowest water he can find along the shores of river or lake. We have frequently seen them so very near the dry land as to display their fins. What their object can be in thus spending the dark hours, it is hard to determine: is it to enjoy the warmer temperature of the shallow water, or for the purpose of watching and capturing any small land animals that may come to the water to satisfy their thirst? We have heard it alleged that they seek the shore for the purpose of spawning, but it is an established fact that they cast their spawn in the spring; and, besides, the months during which they seek the shore as above stated, are the very ones in which they are in the best condition, and afford the angler the finest sport. Autumn is the time, too, when they are more frequently and more easily taken with the spear, than during any other season. And as to this spearing business, generally speaking, we consider it an abominable practice; but in the case of the savage and obstinate pike, it ought to be countenanced even by the legitimate angler.

We have angled for pike in nearly all the waters of this country where they abound. The immense quantity of book lore that we have read respecting the character of pike tackle, has always seemed to us an intelligent species of nonsense—a kind of literature originally invented by tackle manufacturers, or up-start cockney foreigners, who follow book-making as a trade. Our own equipment for pike fishing we consider first-rate, and yet it consists only of a heavy rod and reel, a stout linen line, a brass leader, a sharp Kirby hook, and a landing-net. For bait we prefer a live minnow, though a small shiner, or the belly of a yellow perch, is nearly as sure to attract no-

tice. We have taken a pike with a gaudy fly, and also with an artificial minnow, but you cannot depend upon these allurements. Sinkers we seldom use, and the fashionable thing called a float we utterly abominate. We have fished for pike in almost every manner, but our favorite method has ever been from an anchored boat, when our only companion was a personal friend, and a lover of the written and unwritten poetry of nature. This is the most quiet and contemplative method, and unquestionably one of the most successful ones; for though the pike is not easily frightened, it takes but a single splash of an oar when trolling, to set him a-thinking, which is quite as unfortunate for the angler's success as if he were actually alarmed. Another advantage is, that while swinging to an anchor you may fish at the bottom, if you please, or try the stationary trolling fashion. To make our meaning understood, we would add, that an expert angler can throw his hook in any direction from his boat, to the distance of at least a hundred feet, and in pulling it in, he secures all the advantages that result from the common mode of trolling. The pike is a fish which calls forth a deal of patience, and must be humored; for he will sometimes scorn the handsomest bait, apparently out of mere spite; but the surest time to take him is when there is a cloudy sky and a southerly breeze. Live fish are the best bait, as we have before remarked, though the leg of a frog is good, and in winter a piece of pork, but nothing can be better than a shiner or a little perch; and it might here be remarked, that as the pike is an epicure in the manner of his eating, it is invariably a good plan to let him have his own time, after he has seized the bait. As to torchlight fishing for pike, though unquestionably out of the pale of the regular angler's sporting, it is attended with much that we must deem poetical and interesting. Who can doubt this proposition when we consider the picturesque effect of a boat and lighted torch, gliding along the wild shores of a lake, on a still, dark night, with one figure noiselessly plying an oar, and the animated attitude of another relieved against the fire-light, and looking into the water like Orpheus into hell? And remember, too, the thousand inhabitants of

the liquid element that we see, and almost fancy to be endowed with human sympathies. What a pleasure to behold the various finny tribes amid their own chosen haunts, leading, as Leigh Hunt has exquisitely written,

> "A cold, sweet, silver life, wrapped in round waves,
> Quickened with touches of transporting fear!"

In some of the Northern States, fishing for pike with set lines through the ice, is practised to a great extent. The lines are commonly attached to a figure four, by which the fisherman is informed that he has a bite, and if he has many lines out, and the fish are in a humor to be captured, this mode of fishing is really very exciting. Especially so, if the ice is smooth, and the fisherman can attend to his hooks, with a pair of sharp skates attached to his feet.

Another mode for catching pike in the winter, and which we have seen practised in the lakes and rivers of Michigan, is as follows. You cut a large hole in the ice, over which you erect a tent or small portable house; and after taking a seat therein, you let down a bait for the purpose of alluring the fish, and as they follow the hook, even to your feet, you pick them out with a sharp spear. In the St. Lawrence they are also taken through the ice, but there the bait and hook are only employed, the spear being exclusively used for torch-light fishing.

But it is time that we should change the tone of our discourse, and mention the favorite waters of the American pike. The largest we have ever seen were taken in the upper Mississippi, and on the St. Joseph and Raisin rivers of Michigan, where they are very abundant. They are also found in nearly all the streams emptying into Lakes Michigan, Erie, and Ontario;—also, in the Ohio and its tributaries. We have heard of them in the upper St. Lawrence, and know them to abound in Lake Champlain, and in a large proportion of the lakes and rivers of New England. A very pretty lady once told us that she had seen a pike taken from Lake Champlain, which was as long as the sofa upon which we were seated together, conversing upon the gentle art of fishing, and the tender one of love. Pike

WINTER FISHING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

fishing with the hook we have not practised to a very great extent. Our angling experience has been chiefly confined to the smaller lakes of Connecticut, particularly those in the vicinity of Norwich. Our favorite resort has been Gardner's Lake, whose shores are surrounded with pleasant wood-crowned hills, teeming with partridge and woodcock, and the Sabbath stillness which usually reigns about it is seldom broken, save by the dipping oar, or the laugh of the light-hearted fisherman. Dearly indeed do we cherish the memory of the pleasant days spent upon this picturesque lake; and we hope it may never be used for any other purpose than to mirror the glories of heaven, and never be visited by any but genuine sportsmen and true-hearted lovers of Nature. Preston Lake is another beautiful sheet of water near Norwich, which reminds us of a night adventure. A couple of us had visited it for the purpose of taking pike by torch-light, having brought our spears and dry-pine all the way from Norwich in a one-horse wagon. It was a cold but still autumnal night, and as we tied our horse to a tree in an open field, we had every reason to anticipate a "glorious time." So far as the fish were concerned, we enjoyed fine sport, for we caught about a dozen pike, varying from one to four pounds in weight; but the miseries we subsequently endured were positively intolerable. We had much difficulty in making our boat seaworthy, and, in our impatience to reach the fishing-grounds, we misplaced our brandy bottle in the tall grass, and were therefore deprived of its warming companionship. About midnight, a heavy fog began to rise, which not only prevented us from distinguishing a pike from a log of wood, but caused us to become frequently entangled in the top of a dry tree, lying on the water. Our next step, therefore, was to go home, but then came the trouble of finding our "desired haven." This we did happen to find, for a wonder, and having gathered up our plunder, started on our course over the frosty grass after our vehicle and horse. We found them, but it was in a most melancholy plight indeed. Like a couple of large fools, we had omitted to release the horse from the wagon, as we should have done, and the consequence was that he had

released himself, by breaking the fills and tearing off the harness, and we discovered him quietly feeding a few paces from the tree to which we had fastened him. What next to do we could not in our utter despair possibly determine; but after a long consultation, we both concluded to mount the miserable horse, and with our fish in hand actually started upon our miserable journey home. Our fish were so heavy, that we were compelled at the end of the first mile to throw them away, and as the day was breaking, we entered the silent streets of Norwich, pondering upon the pleasures of pike fishing by torch-light, and solemnly counting the cost of our nocturnal expedition.

But the most successful pike fishing we ever enjoyed was at Crow Wing, on the upper Mississippi. We were spending a few days with an isolated Indian trader of the wilderness, round whose cabin were encamped about three hundred Chippewa Indians. Seldom was it that we allowed a night to pass away without trying our luck with the spear, and as a dozen canoes were often engaged in the same sport, the bosom of the river presented a most romantic and beautiful appearance. Each canoe usually contained two or three individuals, and our torches, which were made of dried birch bark, threw such a flood of light upon the translucent water, that we could see every object in the bed of the river with the utmost distinctness. Beautiful indeed were those fishing scenes, and when the canoes had floated down the river for a mile or two, the homeward-bound races that followed between the shouting Indians, were exciting in the extreme. And what added to *our* enjoyment of this sporting, was the idea that to grasp the hand of a white man, (besides that of our host,) we should have to travel one hundred miles through a pathless wilderness. We seldom took any note of time, and sometimes were throwing the spear even when the day was breaking. The largest fish that we saw taken at Crow Wing weighed upwards of forty pounds, and we have known five spearmen to take seventy pike and muskalounge in a single night.

But we must curtail our pike stories, for we purpose to ap-

pend to our remarks a few interesting observations upon that and a kindred fish, which have been kindly furnished to us by a genuine angler, and valued friend, John R. Bartlett, Esq.

The pike bears the same relation to the finny tribes that the hyena and jackal do to animals, the vulture to birds, or the spider to insects—one of the most voracious of fishes. He feeds alike on the living or dead; and even those of his own brethren which are protected by nature against the attacks of other fish, find no protection against him. It is remarkable in the economy of animals, that while nature provides her weaker and smaller creatures with the means of defence against the stronger ones, she has, at the same time, furnished some of the latter with weapons, apparently for the very purpose of overcoming the feeble, however well they may be guarded. Thus, the pike, with its immense jaws, armed with innumerable teeth, is able to seize and crush every kind of fish. Its own kind do not escape, for instances are frequent when a pike of three or four pounds is found in the stomach of one of twelve or fifteen pounds weight.

It is interesting to notice the habits of the pike, which an angler may easily do in still, clear water. They have been characterized as a solitary, melancholy, and bold fish. Never are they found in schools, or even in pairs, as most other fish are, nor are they often seen in open water, where other fish would discover them, and avoid their grasp. When in open water, they lie very near the bottom, quite motionless, appearing like a sunken stick. Their usual and favorite place of resort is among the tall weeds, where they cannot be seen. Here they lie, as it were, in ambush, waiting the approach of some innocent, unsuspecting fish, when they dart forth with a swiftness which none of the finny tribe can attain, seize their harmless victim, and slowly bear it away to some secluded spot. Here they crush their prey with their immense jaws, and leisurely force it into their capacious stomachs. Often, when angling for the pike with a live perch, from a wharf so far raised above the water that we could see every object for twenty feet on either side, a pike has so suddenly darted from

a cluster of weeds, beyond the range of our vision, that the first intimation we had of his presence was, that he had seized our bait.

On one occasion, when angling in the St. Lawrence, where pike are very abundant, we put a minnow on our hook, and threw our line towards a mass of weeds, in the hope of tempting a perch to take it. Not many minutes had elapsed before our silvery minnow had tempted the appetite of one, which soon conveyed him to his maw. Knowing that our game was sure, we let him play about, first allowing him to run to the extent of our line, and then drawing him towards us, when, on a sudden, a pike shot from his hiding-place and seized the perch. We were obliged to let the fellow have his own way, and give him all the time he wanted to swallow the perch, when, with a good deal of difficulty, we succeeded in disabling him, and to tow him in triumph to the shore. The perch weighed a pound and a half; the pike ten pounds.

The long and slender form of the pike, tapering towards the head and tail, enables him to move with great rapidity through the water, while his smooth and finless back facilitates his movements through the weeds or marine plants. Thus has nature provided this fish with a form adapted to its habits, and with large and well-armed jaws, to give it a pre-eminence among the finny tribes which inhabit the same waters. We have often thought why so great an enemy, so great a devourer of his race, should be placed among them, favored by so many advantages. May it not, nay, must it not be for some wise purpose? It is known how very prolific fishes are, and unless some way was provided to lessen the number, our inland waters could not contain the vast numbers which a few years would produce. Most fish live on each other, others on decomposing substances floating about. It is not always the largest that prey on each other, for the sturgeon is one of the largest fresh-water fish, and he subsists on decomposing matter or minute fish. A few pike placed in a lake, would very effectually prevent an over-population. May it not, then, be so ordered, that the inhabitants of the seas, which are not so favored as those who dwell on the

earth's surface, and who have a great variety of food to supply their wants, may have the means of providing their own sustenance by an immense increase of their own species?

Blaine observes that "the abstinence of the pike and jack is no less singular than their voracity; during the summer months their digestive faculties are somewhat torpid, which appears a remarkable peculiarity in pike economy, seeing it must be in inverse ratio to the wants of the fish, for they must be at this time in a state of emaciation from the effects of spawning. During the summer they are listless, and affect the surface of the water, where in warm sunny weather they seem to bask in a sleepy state for hours together. It is not a little remarkable, that smaller fish appear to be aware when this abstinent state of their foe is upon him; for they who at other times are evidently impressed with an instinctive dread of his presence, are now swimming around him with total unconcern. At these periods, no baits, however tempting, can allure him; but on the contrary, he retreats from everything of the kind. Windy weather is alone capable of exciting his dormant powers. This inaptitude to receive food with the usual keenness, continues from the time they spawn, until the time of their recovery from the effects of it."

The peculiarity above noticed does not entirely apply to the pike of the Northern States, and particularly of the great lakes and rivers whose waters are not so sensibly affected by the heat of summer as shallow water is. In the smaller streams he lies in the listless state described by Mr. Blaine, but when he can reach the deep water he always does so.

Pike are found in all the lakes and inland waters of the Northern and Middle States of the Union. In the great lakes they grow to an enormous size. No fish is better known throughout Europe and the northern parts of Asia. In colder climes he attains the largest size, and is said by Walkenburg to disappear in geographical distribution with the fir. In our waters they are taken of all sizes, from four or five pounds to fifty or sixty. Their haunts are generally among the weeds or marine plants near the shore, or in deep bays where the water

is not made rough by winds, and in all parts of rivers. They are rarely found on rocky bottoms or bars. A high wind and rough sea often drives them from their weedy haunts into deeper water. From wharves where bass are only taken on ordinary occasions, pike will bite with avidity when a severe gale is blowing, and the water is in a disturbed state.

This fish, according to Donovan, attains a larger size in a shorter time, in proportion to most others. In the course of the first year it grows eight or ten inches; the second, twelve or fourteen; the third, eighteen or twenty inches. Some pike were turned into a pond in England, the largest of which weighed two and a half pounds. Four years after, the water was let off, when one pike of nineteen pounds, and others of from eleven to fifteen, were found. Mr. Jesse, in his Gleanings of Natural History, relates certain experiments by which he shows that the growth of pike is about four pounds a year, which corresponds with the growth of those before stated.

The various books on sporting give numerous instances of pike weighing from thirty to forty pounds, taken in England, though an instance is mentioned in Dodsley's Register for 1765, of an enormous pike weighing one hundred and seventy pounds, which was taken from a pool near Newport, England, which had not been fished in for ages. In Ireland and Scotland, they are found larger than in England. In the Shannon and Lough Corrib, they have been found from seventy to ninety-two pounds weight. At Broadford, near Limerick, one was taken weighing ninety-six pounds. Another was caught by trolling in Loch Pentluliche, of fifty pounds; and another in Loch Spey, that weighed one hundred and forty-six pounds. But these are small in comparison with a pike, which is stated by Gesner (and from him quoted by most writers on fish) to have been taken in a pool near the capital of Sweden, in the year 1497, which was fifteen feet in length, and weighed three hundred and fifty pounds. Under the skin of this enormous fish was discovered a ring of Cyprus brass, having a Greek inscription round the rim, which was interpreted by Dalburgus, Bishop of Worms, to signify: "I am the fish first of all placed in this

pond, by the hands of Frederic the Second, on the 5th of October, in the year of grace 1230;" which would make its age two hundred and sixty-seven years. The ring about his neck was made with springs, so as to enlarge as the fish grew. His skeleton was for a long time preserved at Manheim.

During the past summer which we spent on the banks of the St. Lawrence, we had frequently tried the spool-trolling, and always with success. Sometimes we would use two lines, one seventy the other one hundred and twenty feet in length. On the longer one we had the best success, and our bait would be seized three times, when on the shorter one it would be but once; it being farther from the boat, the movements of which through the water, and the noise of the oars, drove the fish off. From experience we are satisfied that long trolling-lines are the best. Bass will seize a fly or spoon at a few feet distance, but a pike will not. We have tried the experiment, when trolling for pike, to attach to one hook a bait of pork and red flannel, a very common bait, and to the other a brass spoon. The latter was invariably seized first, for the reason, that it made more show in the water. Neither resembled a fish, fly, or any living creature, but curiosity or hunger attracted the fish to the strange bait gliding through the water, which they seized, paying with their lives the penalty for so doing.

There is a large fish of the pike species commonly called the muskalounge or maskalunge before spoken of, of what specific character is not well understood by naturalists. Their habits and their haunts are the same as those of the pike, and they attain a larger size than any fish of our inland waters. We have seen them carried by two men of ordinary height, with a pole running through the gills and supported on the shoulders of the men. In this position the tail of the fish dragged on the ground. Forty or fifty pounds is not an unusual weight for them, and instances are known when much larger ones have been caught. Muskalounge are generally taken in seines, seldom with the hook. Their size is so large that the ordinary baits of anglers would be no temptation to them. In the several opportunities which we have had to examine the stomachs

of the fish, we have invariably found within them fish of very large size, such as no angler would ever think of putting on his line. The largest perch we ever saw, about fifteen inches in length, was taken from the paunch of a muskalounge, and we have often seen catfish, perch, and other fish weighing from one to two pounds, taken from them; but in no instance small fish; and hence anglers have not taken them, as few would angle with live bait of that size, where there are no fish but these which would take it.

The most exciting sport we ever had on the St. Lawrence, was capturing a muskalounge. It was a regular battle, such only as salmon anglers enjoy when they hook a twenty-pounder. As the method was very different, we will state the particulars.

A friend and ourself took a small skiff, with one trolling line, intending to take turns at the oars, and proceeded at once to a favorite spot among the "Thousand Islands."

We held the trolling line with a spoon hook attached, while our companions pulled the oars. We sailed among the secluded places, wherever weeds were seen below the surface of the water, and were rewarded with good sport by taking several fine pike, weighing from six to fifteen pounds, which we managed to secure with ease, save the largest, which gave us some trouble. We then thought we would try deeper water, in the hope of tempting larger fish. A few windings among the clusters of small islands brought us to the channel of the river, when we directed our companion to increase the speed of the skiff, determined that the curiosity of no fish should be satisfied, without first tasting our gilded spoon. We pulled for half a mile, when the river wound suddenly round an island, which presented a bold shore, from the rushing of the river's current. The tall forest-trees extended to the very brink of the river, over which they hung, throwing a deep shadow on the water. This quiet spot looked as though it might be an attractive one for some solitary fish, and we accordingly took a sweep around the foot of the island. Scarcely had we entered the deep shade spoken of, when we felt a tug at our line, which was so strong that we supposed our hook had come in contact with a floating

log or fallen tree. Our companion backed water with his oars to relieve our hook, when another violent pull at our line convinced us that it was no log, but some living creature of great weight. Our line was already out its full length of one hundred and fifty feet; no alternative was therefore left but to give my fish more line by rowing after him.

This we did for a few minutes, when we began to pull in the slack of our line, some fifty feet or more, when we felt the fish. The check was no sooner felt by him than he started forward with a velocity scarcely conceivable in the water, bringing the line taut, and the next moment our skiff was moving off stern foremost towards the river's channel. We soon perceived that our fish had turned his head up stream, and as the water was deep, there was no danger of his coming in contact with weeds or protruding rocks. We therefore allowed him to tow us for about five minutes, when he stopped. Then quickly backing water with our oars, and taking in our line, we carefully laid it over the skiff's side, until we had approached within twenty feet of our fish. We then gave him another check, which probably turned his head, for he again darted off in a contrary direction down stream. We pulled our skiff in the same direction as fast as possible to give the fish a good run before checking him again, but he soon had the line out its full length, and was again towing our skiff after him with more rapidity than before. This did not last long, however, for we then took the line and hauled towards him to lessen our distance. He made another slap, when we managed to keep the line taut, and with our oars moved towards him. Our victim now lay on the surface of the water with his belly upward, apparently exhausted, when we found him to be a muskalounge, between five and eight feet in length. We had no sooner got him alongside than he gave a slap with his tail and again darted off the whole length of the line, taking us once more in tow. His run was now short, and it was evident he was getting tired of the business. Again the line slacked, and we drew the skiff up to the spot where he lay turned upon his back.

He now seemed so far gone that we thought we might draw

him into our skiff, so we reached out our gaff and hooked him under the jaw, while my companion passed his oar under him. In this way we contrived to raise him over the gunwale of the skiff, when he slid to its bottom. We then placed our foot at the back of his head to hold him down, in order to disengage our hook, which passed through his upper jaw. No sooner had we attempted this than he began to flap about, compelling us to give him room to avoid his immense jaws. Every moment seemed to increase his strength, when our companion seized an oar in order to dispatch him, while we took out our knife for the same purpose. The first blow with the oar had only the effect to awaken our fish, which, taking another and more powerful somerset, threw himself over the gunwale of our skiff, which was but a few inches above the water, and with a plunge disappeared in the deep water at our side. We had scarcely recovered from our surprise, when we found the line drawn out again to its full length, save a few tangles and twists, which had got into it in the struggle between us and our fish. We determined to trifle no longer with the fellow, with our small skiff, but to make for the shore and there land him. A small island a short distance from us, seemed to present a convenient place, and here, without further ceremony, we pulled, towing our fish after us. We leaped into the water about ten feet from the shore, and tugged away at my victim, who floated like a log upon the water, while my companion stood by with an oar to make the capture more sure this time. In this way we landed him in safety just one hour and a quarter after he was first hooked. This muskalounge weighed forty-nine pounds, and had within him a pike of three pounds weight, a chub, partially decomposed, of four pounds, and a perch of one and a half pounds, which appeared to have been but recently swallowed; yet this fish's appetite was not satisfied, and he lost his life in grasping at a glittering bauble. Any person who has ever killed a pike of ten pounds or upwards, can readily imagine the strength of one five times that weight.

The great strength of these fish was shown in a sporting adventure which happened to a friend of mine when out a few

evenings since, spearing by torchlight. The person alluded to had never before tried his hand with the spear, although he was a skillful angler. On this occasion he had killed several fish, which he secured without trouble. He was then in about six or eight feet of water, when he discovered a large fish, either a very large pike or muskalounge. He planted himself with one foot below the flaming torch, the other a little behind, when he plunged his spear into the huge fish that lay so quietly before him; but whether he was so deceived in the depth of the water, or whether he had not braced himself properly in the boat, is not known, at any rate he struck the fish, which darted off like lightning, taking the spear with him, as well as him who threw it. For the gentleman, probably deceived by the depth of the water, had reached forward too far and thereby lost his balance. So over he went head foremost, holding on to the spear. But he was satisfied without following the fish further, which escaped with the long spear, neither of which could be again seen. The gentleman made the best of his way into the skiff. Two days after a large muskalounge floated ashore several miles below the spot where the event took place, with the spear still clinging to him, just before the dorsal fin.

But the scenic attractions of the Thousand Islands, are quite equal to its attractions piscatorial. That portion of the St. Lawrence so named, extends from Lake Ontario about forty miles down the river; and while the upper part is eleven miles wide, it gradually narrows as you descend, and is said to contain sixteen hundred islands. They are of every form and size, and while the larger ones are covered with well tilled farms, the great majority are composed of a few rocks, a little earth, and a pleasing variety of northern trees. On one of them are the picturesque ruins of an old fort, by the side of another are a couple of sunken men-of-war hulls, while upon others may occasionally be seen, mournful Indian graves. Muskalounge, pike, and black bass, are the principal game fish taken here, and to angle among these islands, when autumn is in its prime, seems more like enchantment than reality. The waters vary in depth from five to eighty feet, flow at the

rate of three miles an hour, and though generally ice-bound during the long winters of this latitude, there is one spot, between two islands near the north shore, which is never frozen on account of a warm spring which bubbles from the bottom of the stream; and what is more, local Indian legends may be picked up among these charming islands, and rare characters, in the way of habitan fishermen and hunters, be stumbled upon, which will make the remembrance of the place perennial.

FISHING IN GENERAL.

We have, indeed, often thought that angling alone offers to man the degree of half-business, half-idleness which the fair sex find in their needle-work or knitting, which employing the hands, leaves the mind at liberty, and occupying the attention, so far as is necessary to remove the painful sense of a vacuity, yet yields room for contemplation, whether upon things heavenly or earthly, cheerful or melancholy.—Sir Walter Scott.

In the preceding articles we have given the public the substance of our experience in regard to our five favorite fish, the salmon, trout, pike, rock, and black bass. On the present occasion we purpose to embody within the limits of a single article, our stock of information upon the remaining fish of the United States, which properly come under the jurisdiction of the angler. We shall proceed in our remarks after the manner of the dictionary-makers, and shall take up each variety without any regard to their order, but as they may happen to come into our mind.

The Perch.—With two members of this family alone are we personally acquainted, viz. the yellow perch and the white perch. The first is a beautiful fish, and found in nearly all the waters of the Northern and Middle States, and probably as well known throughout the world as any of the finny tribes. Its predominating color is yellow; it has an elegant form, is a bold biter, varies in weight from four ounces to a pound, (although occasionally found in New England weighing two pounds;) has a dry and sweet flesh, but ill adapted to satisfy the cravings of a hungry man on account of its bones, which are particularly numerous, hard and pointed. They generally swim about in

schools, and yet at the same time are not at all distinguished for their intelligence, being invariably allured to destruction by the most bungling anglers, and the more common kinds of bait. They spawn in the spring, and recover, so as to be in fine condition, early in the autumn. They delight in clear rivers or lakes, with pebbly bottoms, though sometimes found on sandy or clayey soils. They love a moderately deep water, and frequent holes at the mouths of small streams, or the hollows under the banks. With regard to the white perch we have only to say that it is well described by its name, is a migratory fish, found in nearly all the rivers of the Atlantic coast, from Boston to Norfolk; but particularly abundant in the Delaware, Susquehanna and Potomac; and they weigh from six ounces to one pound, are in season during the spring and summer, are capital as an article of food, and afford the entire brotherhood of anglers an abundance of sport. As touching the name of the fish now before us, we desire to chronicle our opinion respecting an important instance in which it has been misapplied. Many years ago, while reading the remarkable and intensely interesting work of Audubon on the birds of America, we chanced upon the description of a fish, found in the Ohio, to which he gave the name of white perch. Subsequently to that period, while sojourning in the city of Cincinnati, we happened to remember Mr. Audubon's description, and one morning visited the market for the purpose of examining the fish. We found them very abundant, and were informed that they commanded a high price. On examining the fish, however, in view of certain doubts that we had previously entertained (for we knew that the white perch of the books was a native of salt water,) we found it to be not a legitimate white perch, but simply the fish known in Lake Erie as the fresh water sheepshead, and in New York as the growler. But this misapplication of the term perch is not peculiar to the residents on the Ohio, for we know that, throughout the Southern States where the black bass is found, it is universally called the black perch or trout; and that in the vicinity of Boston and Nahant the miserable little fish called the conner is there designated as a black perch.

That there are several varieties of the real perch besides those mentioned, we do not deny, but we feel confident that the above correction cannot be refuted.

The Muskalounge and Pickerel.—Both of these fish are peculiar to the United States, and especially to the Great Lakes, and the waters of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi. The former belongs unquestionably to the pike family, although commonly weighing from twenty to forty pounds, while many people affirm that it is only an overgrown pike. They are valued as an article of food, and, by those who are fond of killing the most savage of game at the expense of much labor, they are highly appreciated. The best and about the only valuable account of this fish that we have ever seen, was written by George W. Clinton, Esq., and published in the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser. As to the fish which we call the pickerel, we have to say that it occupies a position somewhere between the trout and perch; that it is a favorite with the anglers of Lake Champlain, Lake Erie, and Lake Michigan, and with those also who practise the gentle art along the borders of the Ohio and the Tennessee. It is an active fish, of a roundish form, with large mouth and sharp teeth, and covered with small scales, the predominating colors being a dark green and yellowish white. The name which it bears is the one so generally applied, but erroneously, to the legitimate pike. It is also the same fish known in the South-west as the salmon, but as unlike the peerless creature of the far North as a grey wolf is unlike a deer. As is the case with the muskalounge, the pickerel is among the first of the finny tribes that run up our Western rivers early in the spring; and in the waters of Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence they are found herding with the yellow perch, and we believe that in some districts they are considered as belonging to the perch family.

The Catfish.—This fish is distinguished for its many deformities, and is a great favorite with all persons who have a fancy for muddy waters. In the Mississippi they are frequently taken weighing upwards of one hundred pounds; and while they are taken in all the tributaries of that river, it has been

ascertained that they decrease in size as you ascend towards the north. They are also found in the tributaries of Lake Erie. They are taken with any kind of bait; and as they are very strong, the best of tackle is invariably necessary. This fish is also found in many of the lakes of New England, where they seldom weigh more than two pounds, being there known as the horn or bull pout, owing to a peculiar pectoral thorn with which they are adorned. Their flesh, though not particularly sweet, is said to be easily digested, and they are often sought for by people with weak stomachs. But it has always seemed to us that it required a very *powerful* stomach to eat a piece from one of the mammoths of the Western waters.

As to the remaining fresh-water fish of the country, we will content ourself by merely mentioning the names of those which are known to our anglers, to wit: the chub, dace, white bass, sunfish, roach, bream, and rock bass. The fish called in Virginia and Maryland the fall fish, is identical with the dace. In the waters of the West the mullet, fresh water sheepshead, and sucker, are found in immense numbers, but they are all exceedingly poor eating, and as sporting fish are of no account. The sturgeon, we believe, is found almost everywhere, and known to almost everybody.

There is a fish found in Florida which belongs to the bass family, abounds in all the rivers, lakes, and springs of this State, is a bold biter, reaches the weight of fifteen pounds, has a white and sweet flesh, and is taken in very much the manner employed by northern anglers in capturing the pike, and with similar artificial baits. This fish is called a trout, but is in reality a variety of the black bass. The fish known as the *gar-pike* is universal in this country and though not eaten, is frequently captured for the mere sport. Its natural history is peculiar and of great interest to naturalists. At the present time it is found exclusively in North America, and yet the fossils of the old world prove that it was once cosmopolite in its geographical distribution. It is supposed to be a link connecting the fish with the reptile, since it is the only fish known which has the power of moving its head on the neck freely, in all directions.

We now come to our favorites of the ocean and tide-water rivers; and the first fish that we mention is the *black fish*, or *tautog*, as it was called by the Mohegan Indians. It is a stationary inhabitant of the salt water, and usually found upon reefs and along rocky shores. It is taken all along the Atlantic coast between New York and Boston, but it has been known north of Cape Cod only within a few years; its legitimate home is Long Island Sound. It is an active, bold, strong, and tough fish, highly esteemed as an article of food, and, like the cod, is brought to the principal markets in floating cars, in which confinement they are said to fatten. They are by no means a handsome fish, and their scales are so adhesive as to be taken off only with the skin. They are a summer fish, being taken as early as April, and no later than October. A three-pounder is considered a good fish, but we have often taken them weighing ten pounds, and have seen them weighing fifteen pounds. They are generally taken with the hand line, and no better bait can be employed than the lobster or soft crab.

The Sheepshead.—This is a thickset but rather handsome fish, and, for the sweetness of its flesh, highly esteemed. They are seldom seen in the New York market, but very common in the Charleston and Mobile markets, from which we infer that they are partial to southern waters. They vary in weight from three pounds to fourteen; live exclusively upon shellfish, and invariably command a high price. They are popular with the anglers, for they swim in shoals, and are captured with but little trouble. They are most abundant in the Gulf of Mexico. Another popular fish, peculiar to southern States, is the *Blue Bream*, which takes the fly, and attains the weight of one pound, but is only found in fresh-water streams or lakes. The *Drum* is also a noted southern fish. It is the largest *scale* fish that we have, and derives its name from a noise it is in the habit of making during the spawning season. It is the most abundant on the coasts of the Carolinas and Georgia, is taken ten months in the year, but only takes the hook during the *love* season.

The Blue Fish.—The name of this glorious fish reminds us

of the ground swell, and sends through our whole frame a thrill of pleasure. They are a species of mackerel, attaining in certain places the weight of a dozen pounds. They swim in shoals, and are taken with a trolling line and an ivory squid. Our favorite mode for taking them has ever been from a small boat with a hand line, though many people prefer taking them from a sail-boat when running before a breeze. They are quite as active a fish as we have ever seen, and the strength of their jaws is so great that we have known them to bite off a man's finger. When fresh and fat we consider them quite as delicate as the real mackerel, and much better than the black fish. They are found on the sea-coast as far south as Norfolk (where they are called tailors,) but they are particularly abundant along the shores of Connecticut and Rhode Island. In some places we have often found them so numerous, that we have seen a dozen of them darting after our squid at the same instant. They are in season during the whole of summer and autumn.

Another capital fish that we have caught "all along shore," between New York and Cape Cod, is the *weak fish*, or *squeteague*. It never comes into the fresh water rivers, and usually makes its appearance about harvest time. Its habits are similar to those of the striped bass, and in appearance it closely resembles the *ciscovet* of Lake Superior. They commonly weigh from three to five pounds, though they have been taken weighing nearly ten. They are bold biters, and highly esteemed for their sweetness.

With regard to the remaining fish found on our seabord we are disposed to be brief. The *mackerel* we esteem, and have had rare sport in taking them, but we look upon them as the exclusive property of our merchants. The *halibut* we admire, but fear, for he reminds us of one of the most fatiguing piscatorial adventures we ever experienced, when we hooked a thirty-pounder in the Atlantic, one hundred miles off Nantucket. As to the *cod*, we have only to say that we have caught them off Nahant by the hundred, and never wish to catch any more; like the *mackerel*, we consider them the exclusive property of

the mercantile fraternity. With the *king fish* and *drum* we are wholly unacquainted. The *tom cod* and *conner* or *blue perch* we despise, and our antipathy to snakes has always caused us to avoid the *eel*. Of the *sea bass* and *paugee*, if we knew what to say, we would indite a long paragraph, for we esteem them both. As to the *shad* and *sea sturgeon*, we shall dismiss them with an angler's scorn, for they know not what it is to take the hook. The *pollock*, by the way, is another pleasant fish to capture, and is associated, in our minds, with many most happy days spent with Daniel Webster, in his own yacht, off Marshfield. And now that we have reached the bottom of our last page (devoted to the finny tribes,) we are reminded of the very peculiar but sweet and valuable fish, which are ever found only at the bottom of the sea—the *flounder* and *flat-fish*. Many a time and oft have we taken them both with the hook and spear, and we can pay them no higher compliment than by mentioning the fact that they are particular favorites with the distinguished painter, *William S. Mount, Esq.*, of Long Island.

Indian Legends.

THE SHOOTING METEORS.

Among the Indians who live upon the north-eastern shore of Lake Huron, a remnant of the Iroquois, it is believed that the heavens contain only four meteors which have the power of shooting through the sky. It is thought they severally occupy the four quarters of the compass, and that they never perform their arrowy journey excepting for the purpose of warning the Huron Indians of approaching war. The meteors in question, or Pun gung-nung, are recognized by their peculiar brilliancy, and universally considered the Manitoes or guardian spirits of the entire Indian race. They came into existence at the same period of time which witnessed the creation of Lake Huron itself, and the legend which accounts for their origin is distinguished for the wild and romantic fancies of the aborigines. I obtained it from a chief named *On qwa-sug*, or Floating Wood.

It was the winter time, and an Indian with his wife and two children, a daughter and a son, were living in a wigwam on a bleak peninsula of the Great Lake. The game of that section of country had nearly all disappeared, and the fish were spending the season in such deep water, that it was quite impossible to secure any of them for food. Everything seemed to go

wrong with the poverty-stricken Indian, and he was constantly troubled with the fear that the Master of Life intended to annihilate his family and himself by starvation. He expressed his anxiety to his wife, and was surprised to hear her answer with a song.

Nearly half a moon had passed away, and the sufferings of this unfortunate family were melancholy in the extreme. Whole days did the father spend roaming through the forests, with his bows and arrows, and on four several evenings had he returned without even a pair of tiny snow-birds for a supper. The ill-luck which attended him in his expeditions made him very miserable, but he was frequently astonished and alarmed, on such occasions, by the conduct of his wife and children. When he gave them an account of his ill luck in obtaining game, instead of manifesting any anxiety, they usually ran about the wigwam with their fingers on their mouths, and uttering a singular moan. He noticed with fear that they were becoming greatly emaciated for the want of food. So deeply grieved was the poor man, that he almost resolved to bury himself in the snow and die. He made a better resolution and again went out to hunt.

On one occasion he had wandered into the woods to an unusual distance, and, as fortune would have it, was successful in finding and shooting a single rabbit. With the speed of a deer did he return to his cabin (with his braided shoes over the crusted snow,) but he now met with a new disappointment. On entering his lodge he found the fire entirely out, and the simple utensils for cooking all scattered about in great confusion; but what was far more melancholy, his wife and children were gone, and he knew not where to find them. The more he thought upon what had happened for many days past, the more bewildered did he become. He threw down his game almost in despair, and hurried out of his cabin in search of his missing family. He looked in every direction, but could see no signs of their appearing, and the only noise that he could possibly hear was a singular and most doleful moan, resembling the wail of a loon, which seemed to come from the upper air. By a

natural instinct he raised his eyes towards the heavens, and beheld perched upon the dry limb of a tall tree, which stood a short distance off, all the members of his family. He shouted with delight at the unexpected spectacle, and, rushing towards the tree, told his wife and children that they must come down, for he had killed a rabbit, and they would now have a good feast. But again was he astonished to find his words unheeded. Again did he beseech them to come down, but they replied not a single word, and looked upon him with eyes that seemed made of fire. And what was still more wonderful, it was evident that they had thrown aside their beaver and deer-skin dresses, and were now decked out in newly fashioned robes, made of the fur of the white fisher and the white fox. All this was utterly inexplicable, and the poor husband re-entered his lodge, bewildered and perplexed to a marvelous degree.

Then it was that the idea entered his head that he would try an experiment, by appealing to the hunger of his obstinate wife and children. He therefore cleaned the rabbit and boiled a sweet soup which he carried out, and with which he endeavored to allure his friends to the earth. But this attempt was all in vain. The mother and her children expressed no desire for the food, and still remained upon the tree, swaying to and fro like a flock of large birds. Again in his wretchedness was he about to destroy himself, but he took the precaution to appropriate the soup to its legitimate purpose. Soon as this business was accomplished, he relapsed into his former state of melancholy, from which he was suddenly aroused by the moans of his wife, which he was sure had an articulate tone. Again was he riveted to his standing place under the magic tree, and from the moaning of his wife he gathered the following intelligence. She told him that the Master of Life had fallen in love with her and her two children, and had therefore transformed them all into spirits, with a view of preparing them for a home in the sky. She also told him that they would not depart for their future home until the coming spring, but would, in the meantime, roam in distant countries till the time of his own transportation should arrive. Having finished her communication, she and her children

immediately commenced a song, which resembled the distant winds, when they all rose gracefully from the tree, and leaning forward upon the air, darted away across the lake toward the remote South.

A cheerless and forlorn moon did the poor Indian spend in his lonely lodge on the margin of the Great Lake. Spring came, and just as the last vestige of snow had melted from the woods, and at the quiet evening hour, his spirit-wife again made her appearance, accompanied by her two children. She told her husband that he might become a spirit by eating a certain berry. He was delighted with the idea, and, complying with her advice, he suddenly became transformed into a spirit, and having flown to the side of his wife and children, the party gradually began to ascend into the air, when the Master of Life thought proper to change them into a family of Shooting Stars. He allotted to each a particular division of the heavens, and commanded them to remain there forever, as the guardians of the great nation of Lake Huron.

THE MAIDEN OF THE MOON.

The following legend was obtained from the lips of a Chippewa woman named Pennqua, or the Female Pheasant, and I hardly know which to admire most, the simple beauty of the plot, or the graphic and unique manner of the narrative, of which, I regret to say, I can hardly give a faithful translation.

Among the rivers of the North, none can boast of more numerous charms than the St. Louis, and the fairest spot of the earth which it waters is that where now stands the trading post of Fond du lac. Upon this spot, many summers ago, there lived a Chippewa chief and his wife, who were the parents of an only daughter. Her name was Weesh—Ko-da-e-mire, or the Sweet Strawberry, and she was acknowledged to be the most beautiful maiden of her nation. Her voice was like that of the turtle-dove, and the red deer was not more graceful and sprightly in its form. Her eyes were brilliant as the star of the northern sky, which guides the hunter through the wilderness, and her dark hair clustered around her neck like grape vines around the trunk of the tree they loved. The young men of every nation had striven to win her heart, but she smiled upon none. Curious presents were sent to her from the four quarters of the world, but she received them not. Seldom did she deign to reply to the many warriors who entered her father's lodge, and when she did, it was only to assure them that while upon earth she would never change her condition. Her strange conduct astonished them, but did not subdue their affection. Many and noble were the deeds they performed, not only in winning the white plumes of the eagle, but in hunting the elk

and the black bear. But all their exploits availed them nothing, for the heart of the beautiful girl was still untouched.

The snows of winter were all gone, and the pleasant winds of spring were blowing over the land. The time for making sugar had arrived, though the men had not yet returned from the remote hunting grounds, and in the maple forests bright fires were burning, and the fragrance of the sweet sap filled all the air. The ringing laugh of childhood and the mature song of women, were heard in the valley, but in no part of the wilderness could be found more happiness than on the banks of the St. Louis. But the Sweet Strawberry mingled with the young men and maidens of her tribe, in a thoughtful mood and with downcast eyes. She was evidently bowed down by some mysterious grief, but she neglected not her duties; and though she spent much of her time alone, her buchère-bucket was as frequently filled with the sugar juice as any of her companions.

Such was the condition of affairs, when a party of young warriors from the far North came upon a frolic to the St. Louis River. Having seen the many handsome maidens of this region, the strangers became enamored of their charms, and each one succeeded in obtaining the love of a maiden, who was to become his bride during the marrying season of summer.

The warriors had heard of the Sweet Strawberry, but, neglected by all of them, she was still doomed to remain alone. She witnessed the happiness of her old playmates, and, wondering at her own strange fate, spent much of her time in solitude. She even became so unhappy and bewildered that she heeded not the tender words of her mother, and from that time the music of her voice was never heard.

The sugar making season was now rapidly passing away, but the brow of the Sweet Strawberry was still overshadowed with grief. Everything was done to restore her to her wonted cheerfulness, but she remained unchanged. Wild ducks in innumerable numbers arrived with every southern wind, and settled upon the surrounding waters, and proceeded to build their nests in pairs, and the Indian maiden sighed over her

mysterious doom. On one occasion she espied a cluster of early spring flowers peering above the dry leaves of the forest, and, strange to say, even these were separated into pairs, and seemed to be wooing each other in love. All things whispered to her of love, the happiness of her companions, the birds of the air, and the flowers. She looked into her heart, and inwardly praying for a companion whom she might love, the Master of Life took pity upon her lot and answered her prayer.

It was now the twilight hour, and in the maple woods the Indian boys were watching their fires and the women were bringing in the sap from the surrounding trees. The time for making sugar was almost gone, and the well-filled mocucks, which might be seen in all the wigwams, testified that the yield had been abundant. The hearts of the old women beat in thankfulness, and the young men and maidens were already beginning to anticipate the pleasures of wedded life and those associated with the sweet summer time. But the brow of the Sweet Strawberry continued to droop, and her friends looked upon her as the victim of a settled melancholy. Her duties, however, were performed without a murmur, and so continued to be performed until the trees refused to fill her buchère-bucket with sap, when she stole away from the sugar camp and wandered to a retired place to muse upon her sorrows. Her unaccountable grief was very bitter, but did not long endure; for, as she stood gazing upon the sky, the moon ascended above the hills and filled her soul with a joy she had never felt before. The longer she looked upon the brilliant object, the more deeply in love did she become with its celestial charms, and she burst forth into a song—a loud, wild, and joyous song. Her musical voice echoed through the woods, and her friends hastened to ascertain the cause. They gathered around her in crowds, but she heeded them not. They wondered at the wildness of her words, and the airy-like appearance of her form. They were spell-bound by the scene before them, but their astonishment knew no limits when they saw her gradually ascend from the earth into the air, where she disappeared, as if borne upward by the evening wind. And then it was that they discovered

her clasped in the embraces of the moon, for they knew that the spots which they saw within the circle of that planet were those of her robe, which she had made from the skins of the spotted fawn.

Many summers have passed away since the Sweet Strawberry became the Maiden of the Moon, yet among all the people of her nation is she ever remembered for her beauty and the mystery of her being.

THE GHOSTLY MAN-EATER.

THERE is an idea existing among the Chippewa Indians, which corroborates a statement made by the early travellers on this continent relative to the belief that there once existed among the aboriginal tribes, a species of vampire, or ghostly man-eater. The Chippewas do not assert that there ever lived more than one of these unearthly beings; but they pretend that such an one did, and does exist, and that he has his residence upon an island in the centre of Lake Superior—which island can never be seen by mortal man, excepting when darkness has settled upon the world. The stories they relate of his appearance and deeds, are horrible in the extreme, and resemble much the creations of a mind suffering under the influence of the nightmare. For example, they describe this monster as possessing the material appearance of the human form—but of such a nature as not to be susceptible to the touch. He is said to have the body of a serpent, with human legs and arms—all supplied with immense nails, which he employs for the double purpose of digging up the earth, and dissecting the bodies upon which he feeds; his head is like that of a wolf, and his teeth of a peculiar sharpness.

The deeds which he performs are worthy of his personal appearance—and some of them are as follows: When the Indian mother, during a long journey, has lost her infant child, and placed it on the rude scaffold, that she may return to it at some future day, the Ghostly Man-Eater only waits until she is fairly out of his sight, and then proceeds to the sacred place, and feasts himself upon the tender flesh and blood of his victim.

And therefore it is, that the traveler sometimes sees, in the remote wilderness, fragments of human bones scattered on the ground, as if a wolf had been suddenly interrupted, while devouring his prey. But the Man-Eater sometimes enters the house, or half-buried receptacle of the dead; and, after digging his way to the decaying body, coils himself up, as if in delight, and gluts his appetite with the unholy food. How it is that he travels, with lightning speed, from one distant place to another, has never been ascertained; but the strange sounds which the Indian occasionally hears, high in the air above his wigwam, is thought to be the song of the Man-Eater, as he hurries upon the wings of the wind, from a recent banquet, to his mysterious island on the lake.

But I once heard a legend in the Chippewa country, which accounted for the origin of the man-eating monster—and I now record it in the English tongue, for the benefit of those who feel an interest in the mythology of the Indian, and the peculiarities of his mind. The individual from whom I obtained this story was named Ka-yon-kee-me, or the Swift Arrow; and his words, as near as we can remember them, were as follows:—

I ask the white man to listen. At an early period in the history of the world, an old Indian hunter and a little boy who was his grandson, lived in an isolated cabin on the north shore of Lake Superior. They were the only remnants of a once powerful tribe of Indians, whose name is not now remembered. It was the middle of a long and dreary winter, and the entire country was covered with snow, to the height of the tallest wigwam. The section of country where resided the hunter and child was particularly desolate, and destitute of almost every species of game; and whilst the former was too feeble to wander far, after the necessary food, the latter was too young and inexperienced. The very wood which the unequal pair collected to keep them warm, was brought to their cabin with the greatest difficulty; and the thought occasionally entered the old man's mind, that the Great Spirit was about to give him up to the pains of starvation. He uttered not a murmur, however; but, as he reflected upon his impending fate, he bit his lips with a scornful smile.

One, two, and three days had passed away and the old man, as well as the child, had not tasted a particle of food. But, on the evening of the fourth day, the boy came tottering into the comfortless lodge and threw at the feet of his grandfather the lifeless body of a white partridge, which he had fortunately killed with his own arrow. Immediately was the bird divested of its feathers —and, while yet its very blood was warm, it was devoured by the starving man and child. Sweet was the slumber of the noble boy on that night—but, as the story goes, that aged man was visited by a dreadful dream at the same time, which made him a maniac.

Another day was nearly gone, and the unhappy pair were standing in front of their wigwam watching the western sky, as the sun enlivened it with his parting beams. The old man pointed to the bright picture, and told the boy that there was the gateway to the Spirit Land, where perpetual summer reigned, and game was found in great abundance. He spoke too of the child's father and mother, and of his little brother, whom he described as decked out in the most beautiful of robes, as they wandered through the forests of that distant, shadowy land. The boy, though suffering with the pangs of hunger, clapped his little hands in glee, and told his grandfather that it would make him very happy if he could go to the land of perpetual summer. And then it was that the old man patted the boy upon his head, and told him that his desires should be realized before the sun again made its appearance above the snow-covered mountains and plains of the east.

It was now the hour of midnight. Intensely cold was the wind which swept over the wilderness, but the sky was very blue, and studded with many stars. No sound broke upon the air, save the occasional groan of the ice along the lake shore, and the hissing whisper of the frost. Within the Indian lodge, which was the very home of desolation, the child was sweetly sleeping, enveloped in his robes, while the old man bent over the burning embers as if in despair. Some inhuman thought had crazed his brain, and he was nerving himself for an unheard of crime. One moment more, and in the dim light of that lonely

lodge, gleamed the polished blade of a flinty weapon—a sudden groan was heard—and the Indian maniac was feeding upon the body of his child.

I have given the white man a sorrowful history, but it is one which the Chippewa nation believe. On the morning which followed the event I have now narrated, a party of Indian hunters came to the cabin of the unknown man, and they found him lying dead upon the ground, with the mangled remains of the boy at his side. This was the most terrible deed which ever happened in the Chippewa country—and the one which so greatly offended the Great Spirit, that he pronounced a curse upon the man who had destroyed his child for food—and he, therefore, doomed him to live upon the earth forever, tormented with an appetite which nothing can ever appease, but the decaying flesh of the human race.

THE FIRE-WATER SACRIFICE.

THE historical tradition which I am now to narrate, is said to have occurred at an early day on the extreme western point of what is now called Drummond's Island, in the northern waters of Lake Huron. I obtained it from the lips of Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh, or *Upright Standing*, a young chief of the Chippeway nation, who assured me that it commemorated the first introduction of the baneful Fire-water into the Indian country.

It was the afternoon of a pleasant day in the autumn-time, when a trading canoe landed on Drummond's Island, in the immediate vicinity of a Chippewa village. It belonged to a French trader, and was laden with a barrel of whisky, which he had brought from the lower country. Soon as he had deposited his barrel upon the beach, he called together the men of the village, and told them that he had it in his power to supply them with a beverage which would make them exceedingly happy, and that he was willing to supply them with what they wanted, provided they would give into his hands all the furs they had in their possession. A bargain was consequently made, and while the entire population of the village were quaffing the baneful fire-water, the trader packed away his treasures in the canoe, and under cover of the night, started upon his return to Detroit.

The moon and stars came forth in the northern sky, and the only sound which broke the solitude of the wilderness, issued from the Indian village, where the medicine man and the chief, the Indian mother and her infant, were shouting and dancing and fighting in a delirium of madness. The carousal did not

end until the break of day, and soon as the sun was fairly risen above the horizon, it was rumored in every wigwam that a young hunter, named Ne-mo-a-Kim, or *Purple Shell*, had taken the life of a brother hunter, who happened to be his dearest friend. An apparent gloom rested upon every countenance, and as the more aged Indians reflected upon the sudden disappearance of the trader, and upon the headache which many of them endured, they became greatly enraged, and attributed the calamity which had befallen them to the burning water. But the trader who had brought it to them was beyond their reach; so they buried the murdered man with appropriate honors, and then announced that a council should be immediately held to decide upon the fate of the murderer. Blood for blood was demanded by the relatives of the deceased; the time-honored law of the Chippewas could not be evaded, and a delegation was appointed to prepare Ne-mo-a-Kim for the sacrifice. His lodge was entered by the ministers of death, but Ne-mo-a-Kim was not there. They hunted for him in all the wigwams of the village, but nowhere could he be found. The old men who had suffered with him in the remote wilderness, and had never known him to be guilty of a cowardly deed, now shook their heads in sorrow and disappointment. Another council was held, another ancient law remembered, and it was again decided that the only relative and brother of Ne-mo-a-Kim should suffer in his stead. The name of that brother was Ma-Ko-nah, or *The Unbending Pine*, and when they informed him of his fate, he uttered not a murmur, but demanded that his execution should take place on the following night at the rising of the moon.

And now for another scene in our strange story. The sun has long been absent from the western sky, and once more has the solemn midnight settled upon the world. The inhabitants of the Indian village have assembled upon a level green. Firmly in the earth have they planted a stake, on either side of which are burning a couple of huge fires, while at the distance of about one hundred feet may be discerned a crowd of eight or ten young men, who are bending their bows and

straightening their arrows for the cruel deed. A small white cloud makes its appearance above the horizon, and a murmur of excitement issues from the crowd of human beings. The proud form of an Indian is now seen marching across the green, when the name of Ma-Ko-nah is whispered from ear to ear, and an unearthly shout ascends into the upper air. The heroic man stands before the stake, and looks with scorn upon the withes lying at his feet. The people have confided in his bravery, and they will not humble his proud spirit by resorting to the disgraceful implements of security. Upon his naked breast has the Indian hero painted the uncouth figure of a swan, as a certain mark for the arrows which are to deprive him of life. Around his waist has he carefully adjusted his richest robe, and by a motion of his hand, has signified his intention of delivering a speech; an intense silence reigns throughout the surrounding multitude, and Ma-Ko-nah thus addresses his cowardly brother, whose spirit he imagines to be hovering near.

"Willingly do I die for you, my brother, but you have disgraced your nation. Your name will hereafter be hissed at by the little boys, when they pick up the purple shells on the lake shore. I am going to the Spirit Land, and while I shall be happy in the possession of every good, you will be despised by all who learn your history. Your food will be bitter, and the ground upon which you will have to sleep will always be uneven, and covered with thorns and stones. You are a coward, my brother; but Ma-Ko-nah is a brave man, and not afraid to die."

Loud and long was the shout which replied to this proud speech. All things were now ready, and the fatal moment, when the rim of the moon should appear above the distant waters, was nigh at hand. Another snowy cloud floated into view, and just as the signal to fire was about to be given by the great medicine man, Ne-mo-a-Kim suddenly burst through the crowd, and threw himself upon the ground before his brother Ma-Ko-nah. To describe the confusion which followed were quite impossible. It were sufficient to know that Ma-Ko-nah was released from his obligation, and while he was to continue

in the land of the living, his repentant brother was to perish. But though he now yielded himself as a willing sacrifice, his integrity had been doubted, and the lately untouched thongs were used to bind him to the stake. All things were again ready, the signal was given, the loud twang of the bow-strings pulled at the same instant was heard, and the Chippewa murderer was weltering in his own blood.

The night was far spent, the silence of the grave rested upon the wilderness village, and all the Indians, save one, were asleep in their wigwams. But Ma-Ko-nah was filled with grief, and the remaining hours of that night did he spend in his lodge, mourning over the body of his unfortunate and only brother. His father and mother were both dead, and so also was his wife, and the heart of Ma-Ko-nah was very desolate. So endeth the story of The Fire-Water Sacrifice.

ORIGIN OF THE CATAWBA INDIANS.

THERE was a time when the world was an unbroken waste of rocks, hills, and mountains, save only one small valley, which was distinguished for its luxuriance, and where reigned a perpetual summer. At that time, too, the only human being who inhabited the earth was a woman, whose knowledge was confined to this valley, and who is remembered among the Catawbas as the mother of mankind. She lived in a cavern, and her food consisted of the honey of flowers, and the sweet berries and other fruits of the wilderness. Birds without number, and the wild streams which found a resting-place in the valley, made the only music which she ever heard. Among the wild animals, which were very numerous about her home, she wandered without any danger; but the beaver and the doe were her favorite companions. In personal appearance she was eminently beautiful, and the lapse of years only had a tendency to increase the brightness of her eyes and the grace of her movements. The dress she wore was made of those bright green leaves which enfold the water lilies, and her hair was as long as the grass which fringed the waters of her native vale. She was the ruling spirit of a perennial world, for even the very flowers which bloomed about her sylvan home were never known to wither or die. In spite of her lonely condition, she knew not what it was to be lonely; but ever and anon a strange desire found its way to her heart, which impelled her to explore the wild country which surrounded her home. For many days had she resisted the temptation to become a wanderer from her charming valley, until it so happened, on a certain morning,

that a scarlet butterfly made its appearance before the door of her cave, and by the hum of its wings invited her away. She obeyed the summons, and followed the butterfly far up a rocky ravine, until she came to the foot of a huge waterfall, when she was deserted by her mysterious pilot, and first became acquainted with the emotion of fear. Her passage of the ravine had been comparatively smooth; but when she endeavored, in her consternation, to retrace her steps, she found her efforts unavailing, and fell to the ground in despair. A deep sleep then overcame her senses, from which she was not awakened until the night was far spent; and then the dampness of the dew had fallen upon her soft limbs, and for the first time in her life did she feel the pang of a bodily pain. Forlorn and desolate indeed was her condition, and she felt that some great event was about to happen, when, as she uncovered her face and turned it to the sky, she beheld, bending over her prostrate form, and clothed in a cloud-like robe, the image of a being somewhat resembling herself, only that he was more stoutly made, and of a much fiercer aspect. Her first emotion at this strange discovery was that of terror; but as the mysterious being looked upon her in kindness, and raised her lovingly from the ground, she confided in his protection, and listened to his words until the break of day.

He told her that he was a native of the far off sky, and that he had discovered her in her forlorn condition while travelling from the evening to the morning star. He told her also that he had never before seen a being so soft and beautifully formed as she. In coming to her rescue he had broken a command of the Great Spirit, or the Master of Life, and, as he was afraid to return to the sky, he desired to spend his days in her society upon earth. With joy did she accept this proposal; and, as the sun rose above the distant mountains, the twain returned in safety to the luxuriant vale, where, as man and woman, for many moons, they lived and loved in perfect tranquillity and joy.

In process of time the woman became a mother; from which time the happiness of the twain became more intense, but they

at the same time endured more troubles than they had ever known before. The man was unhappy because he had offended the Master of Life, and the mother was anxious about the comfort and happiness of her newly-born child. Many and devout were the prayers they offered the Great Spirit for his guidance and protection, for they felt that from them were to be descended a race of beings more numerous than the stars of heaven. The Great Spirit had compassion on these lone inhabitants of the earth; and, in answer to their prayers, he caused a mighty wind to pass over the world, making the mountains crowd closely together, and rendering the world more useful and beautiful by the prairies and valleys and rivers which now cover it, from the rising to the setting sun. The Master of Life also told his children that he would give them the earth and all that it contained as their inheritance; but that they should never enjoy their food without labor, should be annually exposed to a season of bitter cold, and that their existence should be limited by that period of time when their heads should become as white as the plumage of the swan. And so endeth the words of the Catawba.

THE LONG CHASE.

It was a summer day, and my birchen canoe, paddled by a party of Chippewa Indians, was gliding along the southern shore of Lake Superior. We had left the Apostle Islands, and were wending our way towards the mouth of the Ontonagon, where we intended to spend the night. Behind us reposed in beauty the Emerald Islands, in our front appeared the Porcupine Mountains, the sky above was without a cloud, and the waste of sleeping waters was only broken by the presence of a lonely swan, which seemed to be following in our wake, apparently for the sake of our companionship. I was delighted with the scene which surrounded me, and having requested my comrades to refill their pipes from my tobacco-pouch, I inquired for an adventure or a story connected with this portion of the lake. I waited but for a moment, when the chief of the party, *O-gee-maw-ge-zhick*, or Chief of the Sky, signified his intention by a sudden exclamation, and proceeded with the following historical tradition:

The Indian warrior of other days seldom thought that distance ought to be considered when he went forth to battle against his enemies, provided he was certain of winning the applause of his fellow men. Fatigue and hunger were alike looked upon as unimportant considerations, and both endured without a murmur.

The white man had not yet become the owner of this wilderness, and our nation was at war with the Ircquois, who had invaded our territory. At this time it was that a party of six Iroquois runners had been sent by their leading chiefs from Ke-

wa-we-non, on the southern shore of Lake Superior, to examine the position of the Chippewas, who were supposed to be on an island called Moo-ne-quah-na-kon-ing.* The spies having arrived opposite the island where their enemies were encamped (which island was about three miles from the main shore,) they built a war-canoe out of the bark of an elm tree, launched it at the hour of midnight, and, having implored the god of war to smile upon them and keep the lake in peace, they landed on the island, and were soon prowling through the village of the unconscious Chippewas.

They were so cautious in all their movements, that their footsteps did not even awaken the sleeping dogs. It so happened, however, that they were discovered, and that, too, by a young woman, who, according to ancient custom, was leading a solitary life previous to becoming a mother. In her wakefulness she saw them pass near her lodge and heard them speak, but could not understand their words, though she thought them to be of the Na-do-was tribe. When they had passed, she stole out of her own wigwam to that of her aged grandmother, whom she informed of what she had seen and heard. The aged woman only reprimanded her daughter for her imprudence, and did not heed her words. "But, mother," replied the girl, "I speak the truth; the dreaded Na-do-was are in our village; and if the warriors of the Buffalo Race do not heed the story of a foolish girl, their women and their children must perish." The words of the girl were finally believed, and the warriors of the Crane and Buffalo tribes prepared themselves for the capture. The war-whoop echoed to the sky; and the rattling of bows and arrows was heard in every part of the island. In about an hour, the main shore was lined with about eight hundred canoes, whose occupants were anxiously waiting for the appearance of the spies. These desperate men, however, had made up their minds to try the mettle of their oars to the utmost, and, as the day was breaking, they launched their canoe from a woody cove, shot round the island, and started in the direction of the Porcupine Mountains, which were about sixty miles distant. Soon as they came in sight of the Chippewas, the

latter became quite frantic, and, giving their accustomed yell, the whole multitude started after them swift as the flight of gulls. The mighty lake was without a ripple; and the beautiful fish in its bosom wandered about their rocky haunts in perfect peace, unconscious of the dreadful strife which was going on above. The canoes of the pursued and the pursuers moved with magic speed. The Iroquois were some two miles ahead, and while they strained every nerve for life, one voice rose high into the air, with a song of invocation to the spirits of their race for protection; and, in answer to their petition, a thick fog fell upon the water, and caused great confusion. One of the Chippewa warriors laid down his paddle, seized his mysterious rattle (made of deer's hoof,) and, in a strange, wild song, implored the spirits of his race to clear away the fog, that they might only see their enemies. The burthen of the song was:—

"Mon e-tou ne bah bah me tah wah
Ke shig ne bah bah me tah goon
Ah bee ne nah wah goom me goon
Men ke che dah awas—awas."

Which may be translated as follows:—

"Spirit! whom I have always obeyed,
Here cause the skies now to obey,
And place the waters in our power.
We are warriors—away, away."

Just as the last strain died upon the air, the fog quickly rolled away, and the Iroquois spies were discovered hastening towards the shore, near Montreal river. Then came the fog again, and then departed, in answer to the conflicting prayers of the nations. Long and awfully exciting was the race. But the Great Spirit was the friend of the Chippewa, and just as the Iroquois were landing on the beach, four of them were pierced with arrows, and the remaining two taken prisoners. A council was then called, for the purpose of deciding what should be done with them; and it was determined that they should be tortured at the stake. They were fastened to a tree, and surrounded

with wood, when, just as the torch was to be applied, an aged warrior stepped forth from the crowd of spectators, and thus addressed the assembly:—

"Why are you to destroy these men? They are brave warriors, but not more distinguished than we are. We can gain no benefit from their death. Why will you not let them live, that they may go and tell their people of our power, and that our warriors are numerous as the stars of the northern sky." The council pondered upon the old man's advice, and there was a struggle between their love of revenge and love of glory; but both became victorious. One of the spies was released, and, as he ascended a narrow valley, leading to the Porcupine Mountains, the fire was applied to the dry wood piled round the form of the other; and in the darkness of midnight, and amid the shouting of his cruel enemies, the body of the Iroquois prisoner was consumed to ashes. The spot where the sacrifice took place has been riven by many a thunderbolt since then, for the god of war was displeased with the faint-heartedness of the Chippewa, in valuing a name more highly than the *privilege* of revenge; and the same summer, of the following year, which saw the humane Chippewa buried on the shore of Superior, also saw the remains of the pardoned spy consigned to the earth on the shore of Michigan.

Thus ended the legend of Shah-gah-wah-mik, one of the Apostle Islands, which the French named La Pointe, and which was originally known as Moo-ne-quah-na-kon-ing. The village stood where the old trading establishment is now located; and among the greenest of the graves in the hamlet of La Pointe is that where lie the remains of the Indian girl who exposed herself to reproach for the purpose of saving her people.

THE LONE BUFFALO.

Among the legends which the traveler frequently hears, while crossing the prairies of the Far West, I remember one which accounts in a most romantic manner for the origin of thunder. A summer-storm was sweeping over the land, and I had sought a temporary shelter in the lodge of a Sioux, or Dacotah Indian on the banks of the St. Peter's. Vividly flashed the lightning, and an occasional peal of thunder echoed through the firmament. While the storm continued my host and his family paid but little attention to my comfort, for they were all evidently stricken with terror. I endeavored to quell their fears, and for that purpose asked them a variety of questions respecting their people, but they only replied by repeating, in a dismal tone, the name of the Lone Buffalo. My curiosity was of course excited, and it may readily be imagined that I did not resume my journey without obtaining an explanation of the mystic words; and from him who first uttered them in the Sioux lodge I subsequently obtained the following legend:—

There was a chief of the Sioux nation whose name was the Master Bear. He was famous as a prophet and hunter, and was a particular favorite with the Master of Life. In an evil hour he partook of the white man's fire-water, and in a fighting broil unfortunately took the life of a brother chief. According to ancient custom blood was demanded for blood, and when next the Master Bear went forth to hunt, he was waylaid, shot through the heart with an arrow, and his body deposited in front of his widow's lodge. Bitterly did the woman bewail her misfortune, now mutilating her body in the most heroic manner,

and anon narrating to her only son, a mere infant, the prominent events of her husband's life. Night came, and with her child lashed upon her back, the woman erected a scaffold on the margin of a neighboring stream, and with none to lend her a helping hand, enveloped the corpse in her more valuable robes, and fastened it upon the scaffold. She completed her task just as the day was breaking, when she returned to the lodge, and shutting herself therein, spent the three following days without tasting food.

During her retirement the widow had a dream, in which she was visited by the Master of Life. He endeavored to console her in her sorrow, and for the reason that he had loved her husband, promised to make her son a more famous warrior and medicine man than his father had been. And what was more remarkable, this prophecy was to be realized within the period of a few weeks. She told her story in the village, and was laughed at for her credulity.

On the following day, when the village boys were throwing the ball upon the plain, a noble youth suddenly made his appearance among the players, and eclipsed them all in the bounds he made, and the wildness of his shouts. He was a stranger to all, but when the widow's dream was remembered, he was recognized as her son, and treated with respect. But the youth was yet without a name, for his mother had told him that he should win one for himself by his individual prowess.

Only a few days had elapsed, when it was rumored that a party of Pawnees had overtaken and destroyed a Sioux hunter, when it was immediately determined in council that a party of one hundred warriors should start upon the war-path and revenge the injury. Another council was held for the purpose of appointing a leader, when a young man suddenly entered the ring and claimed the privilege of leading the way. His authority was angrily questioned, but the stranger only replied by pointing to the brilliant eagle's feathers on his head, and by shaking from his belt a large number of fresh Pawnee scalps. They remembered the stranger boy, and acknowledged the supremacy of the stranger man.

Night settled upon the prairie world, and the Sioux warriors started upon the war-path. Morning dawned, and a Pawnee village was in ashes, and the bodies of many hundred men, women, and children were left upon the ground as food for the wolf and vulture. The Sioux warriors returned to their own encampment, when it was ascertained that the nameless leader had taken more than twice as many scalps as his brother warriors. Then it was that a feeling of jealousy arose, which was soon quieted, however, by the news that the Crow Indians had stolen a number of horses and many valuable furs from a Sioux hunter as he was returning from the mountains. Another warlike expedition was planned, and as before, the nameless warrior took the lead.

The sun was near his setting, and as the Sioux party looked down upon a Crow village, which occupiod the centre of a charming valley, the Sioux chief commanded the attention of his braves and addressed them in the following language:

"I am about to die, my brothers, and must speak my mind. To be fortunate in war is your chief ambition, and because I have been successful you are unhappy. Is this right? Have you acted like men? I despise you for your meanness, and I intend to prove to you this night that I am the bravest man in the nation. The task will cost me my life, but I am anxious that my nature should be changed and I shall be satisfied. I intend to enter the Crow village alone, but before departing, I have one favor to command. If I succeed in destroying that village, and lose my life, I want you, when I am dead, to cut off my head and protect it with care. You must then kill one of the largest buffaloes in the country and cut off his head. You must then bring his body and my head together, and breathe upon them, when I shall be free to roam in the Spirit-land at all times, and over our great prairie-land wherever I please. And when your hearts are troubled with wickedness remember the Lone Buffalo."

The attack upon the Crow village was successful, but according to his prophecy the Lone Buffalo received his death wound, and his brother warriors remembered his parting request. The

fate of the hero's mother is unknown, but the Indians believe that it is she who annually sends from the Spirit-land the warm winds of spring, which cover the prairies with grass for the sustenance of the Buffalo race. As to the Lone Buffalo, he is never seen even by the most cunning hunter, excepting when the moon is at its full. At such times he is invariably alone, cropping his food in some remote part of the prairies; and whenever the heavens resound with the moanings of the thunder, the red man banishes from his breast every feeling of jealousy, for he believes it to be the warning voice of the Lone Buffalo.

LEGENDS OF MACKINAW.

The original Indian name of this island was Mich-il-i-mack-i-nack, signifying the mammoth turtle. It is a beautiful spot of earth, and its origin is accounted for by the following Ottawa legend:

When the world was in its infancy, and all the living creatures were wandering over its surface from their several birth places, for a permanent home, it so happened that a multitude of turtles came to the southern shore of Lake Erie. They found the country generally level, and were delighted with the muddy waters of the lake, and also with the many stagnant rivers and ponds which they discovered in its vicinity. But while the race were generally satisfied with their discoveries, and willing to remain where they were, the mammoth leader of the multitude resolved upon extending his journey to the north. He was allured to this undertaking by a strange light of exceeding loveliness (supposed to be the Aurora Borealis,) which he had frequently observed covering the horizon. He endeavored to obtain a few companions for his intended pilgrimage but without success. This disappointment did not dishearten him, however, and as he remembered that the summer was only half gone, he determined to depart alone. Long and very circuitous was his journey, and many, beautiful and lonely, the bayous and swamps where he frequently tarried to rest himself and obtain refreshment. Summer, and nearly the whole of autumn were now passed, and the travelling turtle found himself on a point of land which partially divided the two lakes of Huron and Michigan. Already he had been

numbed by chilly winds, but his ambition was so great that he still persisted in his foolish pilgrimage. The day on which he made his final launch upon the waters, was particularly cold and desolate, and it so happened that in the course of a few days his career was stopped by the formation of an icy barrier, which deprived him of life and left him, a little black spot, on the waste of frozen waters.

Spring returned once more, but while the ice gradually dissolved itself into beautiful blue waves, the shell of the turtle was fastened to a marine plant or tall reed, and in process of time became an island, which the Indians appropriately named Mich-il-i-mack-i-nack, or the Mammoth Turtle.

The individual from whom I obtained the above story was an Ottawa Indian; and he told it to me as we sat together on the brow of the arched rock which has, from time immemorial, been considered the principal natural curiosity of Mackinaw.

The following legend I obtained from the same source, and, like the majority of Indian stories, it is uncouth and unnatural; but interesting for the reason that it bears a curious analogy to a certain passage in the Old Testament. But this remark is applicable, I believe, to the early traditions of nearly all the aboriginal nations of North America. But to the tradition:

Very many winters ago, the sun was regularly in the habit of performing his daily circuit across the heavens, and when the stars made their appearance in the sky, he invariably descended into an immense hole supposed to be located in the remote west. But in process of time it so happened that a chief of the Ottawas committed an unheard of crime against the person of his only daughter, and the Master of Life became so offended, that he caused a mighty wind to come upon the earth, whereby the rocky hills were made to tremble, and the waters which surround them to roar with a dreadful noise. During this state of things, which lasted for one whole day, the sun shot through the heavens with an unsteady motion, and when it had reached the zenith suddenly became fixed, as if astonished at the red man's wickedness. All the people of the Ottawa nation were greatly alarmed at this phenomenon, and

while they were gazing upon the luminary, it gradually changed into the color of blood, and with a dreadful noise, as if in a passion, it fell upon the earth. It struck the northern shore of Mackinaw, formed the cavity of the Arched Rock, and so entered the earth, from which it issued in the far east, at an early hour on the following morning, and then resumed its usual journey across the heavens.

Many, very many winters have passed away since the last-mentioned incident occurred, and it is true that even the present race of Indians can seldom be persuaded to approach the brow of the Arched Rock. Never have I heard of one who was sufficiently bold to walk over the arch, though the feat might be easily accomplished by any man with a steady nerve. The shores of the island of Mackinaw are almost entirely abrupt —and their general altitude is about one hundred and fifty feet; but the summit of the Arched Rock has been estimated to be at least two hundred feet above the water. In connection with the above stories, I might introduce a description of the island they commemorate, but such a description has already been published in my "Summer in the Wilderness."

GREEN-CORN CEREMONIES OF THE CHEROKEES.

My main object in the present paper is to record a complete account of the ceremonies which were once practised by the Cherokee Indians, in connection with their principal agricultural pursuit of raising maize or Indian corn. For the great majority of my facts I am indebted to Mr. Preston Starritt, of Tennessee. While this is the case, however, I beg my readers to understand that I shall speak of the tribe in question as it existed in the times of old, when its members were the sole proprietors of the southern Alleghanies. Let us, then, banish from our minds the unhappy relations which brood over the Cherokees at the present time, and, by the aid of our fancy, mingle with the nation as it existed in its pristine glory.

The snows of winter have melted from the mountain peaks, the rains are over and gone, the frosts are out of the ground, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land. The beautiful valley to which we have journeyed is entirely surrounded with mountains, about five miles square, watered by a charming stream, and inhabited by two thousand aborigines, who are divided into seven clans, and located in seven villages. The ruling men of the tribe have signified to their people that the period for planting corn has arrived, and that they must gather themselves together for the purpose of submitting to the annual ceremonies of purification. For doing this they have a double object: they would, in the first place, expunge from their bodies every vestige of all the colds and diseases with which they may have been afflicted during the past winter; and, in the second place, they would propitiate the Great Spirit, so as to secure

his blessing upon the crops which they are about to deposit in the ground. The moon being now at its full, and a fitting location having been selected, the chiefs and magicians congregate together, and the preliminary measures are thus managed. A magic circle is made to keep out all evil spirits and enemies, and the medicine men then proceed to walk in single file, and with measured steps, completely around the spot which they would render sacred, and which is generally half a mile in diameter, marking their route by plucking a single leaf from every tree or bush which they may happen to pass, all these leaves being carefully deposited in a pouch carried for the purpose. In the mean time, the brotherhood of chiefs have not been unemployed, for while the most aged individual of all has been making a collection of roots, the remainder have built a rude dam, and thereby formed a pond or pool of water on the creek which invariably waters the sacred enclosure. The entire population of the valley are now summoned to the outskirts of the sacred enclosure, and a general invitation extended to all to approach and join the chiefs and magicians in the rite they are about to perform; it being understood, however, that no man, under penalty of death, shall venture to participate, or who has left a single wrong unrevenged, or committed any unmanly deed, and no woman who has given birth to a child since the preceding full moon. In the centre of the sacred ground, and in the vicinity of the pool, a large fire is now made, around which the multitude are congregated. The night is clear, and the moon and stars are flooding the earth with light. An earthen pot is now placed upon the fire, the roots gathered by the old chief, numbering seven varieties, are placed therein, also the leaves plucked by the magicians, when the pot is filled with water by seven virgins, who are promoted to this honor by the appointment of the senior chief. After the contents of the pot have been thoroughly boiled, and a most bitter but medicinal beverage been made, all the persons present are called upon to take seven sips of the bitter liquid, and then directed to bathe no less than seven times in the neighboring pool, the waters of which have been rendered sacred by the incantations of the

priests. All these things being done, the multitude assemble around the fire once more, and, to the music of a strange wild singing, they dance until the break of day, and then disperse to their several homes. The friendship of the Great Spirit has now been secured, and therefore, as opportunity offers, the Indians proceed to loosen their ground, as best they may, and then plant their corn. This labor is performed chiefly by the women, and the planted fields are considered as under their especial charge. Though planted in the greatest disorder, they keep their cornfields entirely free of weeds, and the soil immediately around the corn in a loose condition. At every full moon they are commonly apprehensive that some calamity may befall their crop, and, by way of keeping the Great Spirit on their side, the women have a custom of disrobing themselves, at the dead hour of night, and of walking entirely around the field of corn.

And now that the sunshine and showers of summer are performing their ministry of good in bringing the corn to its wonted perfection, it may be well to make the reader acquainted with the following facts: As the Indians purify themselves and perform all their religious rites only when the moon is at its full, so do they refrain from plucking a single ear of corn until they have partaken of their annual harvest or green-corn feast. This feast occurs on that night of the full moon nearest to the period when the corn becomes ripe; and, by a time-honored law of the nation, no man, woman, or child is ever permitted, under penalty of death, to pluck a single roasting-ear. So rigidly enforced is this law that many Cherokees are known to have lost their lives for disobeying it, while many families have suffered the pangs of hunger for many days, even while their fields were filled with corn, merely because the harvest moon had not yet arrived, and they had not partaken of their annual feast. If a full moon should occur only one week after the corn has become suitable to pluck, the Indians will not touch a single ear until the next moon, even if it should then be so hard as to require pounding before becoming suitable for food. During the ripening period the cornfields are watched with

jealous care, and the first stalk that throws out its silken plume is designated by a distinguishing mark. In assigning reasons for this peculiar care, the Indians allege that until the harvest feast has taken place the corn is exclusively the property of the Great Spirit, and that they are only its appointed guardians; and they also maintain that, when the corn is plucked before the appointed moon has arrived, the field which has thus been trespassed upon is sure to be prostrated by a storm or be afflicted with the rot; and therefore it is that they are always greatly alarmed when they discover that a cornfield has been touched, as they say, by the Evil One.

But the harvest moon is now near at hand, and the chiefs and medicine men have summoned the people of the several villages to prepare themselves for the autumnal festival. Another spot of ground is selected, and the same sanctifying ceremony is performed that was performed in the previous spring. The most expert hunter in each village has been commissioned to obtain game, and while he is engaged in the hunt the people of his village are securing the blessing of the Great Spirit by drinking, with many mystic ceremonies, the liquid made from seven of the most bitter roots to be found among the mountains. Of all the game which may be obtained by the hunters, not a single animal is to be served up at the feast whose bones have been broken or mutilated; nor shall a rejected animal be brought within the magic circle, but shall be given to those of the tribe who, by some misdeed, have rendered themselves unworthy to partake of the feast. The hunters are always compelled to return from the chase at the sunset hour, and long before they come in sight of their villages they invariably give a shrill whistle, as a signal of good luck, whereupon the villagers make ready to receive them with a wild song of welcome and rejoicing.

The pall of night has once more settled upon the earth, the moon is in its glory, the watch-fire has been lighted within the magic circle, and the inhabitants of the valley are again assembled together in one great multitude. From all the cornfields in the valley the magicians have collected the marked ears of

corn, and deposited them in the kettles with the various kinds of game which may have been slaughtered, from the bear, the deer, and the turkey, to the opossum, the squirrel, and the quail. The entire night is devoted to eating, and the feast comes not to an end until all the food has been dispatched, when, in answer to an appropriate signal from the medicine men, the bones which have been stripped of their flesh are collected together and pounded to a kind of powder, and scattered through the air. The seven days following this feast are devoted to dancing and carousing, and at the termination of this period the inhabitants of the valley retire to their various villages, and proceed to gather in their crops of the sweet maize or Indian corn.

THE OVERFLOWING WATERS.

A TRADITION OF THE CHOCTAWS.

The world was in its prime, and time rolled on with its accustomed regularity. The tiny streams among the hills and mountains shouted with joy, and the broad rivers wound their wonted course along the peaceful valleys. Many a tall oak had grown from the acorn, spread its rich foliage to the summer winds, decayed with age, and mingled with its mother earth. The moon and stars had long made the night-skies beautiful, and guided the Indian hunter through the wilderness. The sun which the red man calls the glory of the summer time, had never failed to appear at his appointed periods. Many generations of men had lived and passed away.

In process of time the aspect of the world became changed. Brother quarreled with brother, and cruel wars frequently covered the earth with blood. The Great Spirit saw all these things and was displeased. A terrible wind swept over the wilderness, and the red men knew that they had done wrong, but they lived as if they did not care. Finally a stranger prophet made his appearance among them, and proclaimed in every village the news that the human race was to be destroyed. None believed his words, and the moons of summer again came and disappeared. It was now the autumn of the year. Many cloudy days had occurred, and then a total darkness came upon the earth, and the sun seemed to have departed forever. It was very dark and very cold. Men laid themselves down to sleep, but they were troubled with unhappy dreams. They

arose when they thought it was time for the day to dawn, but only to see the sky covered with a darkness deeper than the heaviest cloud. The moon and stars had all disappeared, and there was constantly a dismal bellowing of thunder in the upper air. Men now believed that the sun would never return, and there was great consternation throughout the land. The great men of the Choctaw nation spoke despondingly to their fellows, and sung their death songs, but those songs were faintly heard in the gloom of the great night. It was a most unhappy time indeed, and darkness reigned for a great while. Men visited each other by torch-light. The grains and fruits of the land became mouldy, and the wild animals of the forest became tame and gathered around the watchfires of the Indians, entering even the villages.

A louder peal of thunder than was ever before heard now echoed through the firmament, and a light was seen in the North. It was not the light of the sun, but the gleam of distant waters. They made a mighty roar, and, in billows like the mountains, they rolled over the earth. They swallowed up the entire human race in their career, and destroyed everything which had made the earth beautiful. Only one human being was saved, and that was the mysterious prophet who had foretold the wonderful calamity. He had built him a raft of sassafras logs, and upon this did he float safely above the deep waters. A large black bird came and flew in circles above his head. He called upon it for aid, but it shrieked aloud, and flew away and returned to him no more. A smaller bird, of a bluish color, with scarlet eyes and beak, now came hovering over the prophet's head. He spoke to it, and asked if there was a spot of dry land in any part of the waste of waters. It fluttered its wings, uttered a sweet moan, and flew directly towards that part of the sky where the newly-born sun was just sinking in the waves. A strong wind now arose, and the raft of the prophet was rapidly borne in the same direction which the bird had pursued. The moon and stars again made their appearance, and the prophet landed upon a green island, where he encamped. Here he enjoyed a long and refreshing sleep, and when

morning dawned he found that the island was covered with every variety of animals, excepting the great *Shakanli*, or mammoth, which had been destroyed. Birds, too, he also found here in great abundance. He recognized the identical black one which had abandoned him to his fate upon the waters, and, as it was a wicked bird and had sharp claws, he called it *Ful luh-chitto*, or bird of the Evil One. He also discovered, and with great joy, the bluish bird which had caused the wind to blow him upon the island, and because of its kindness to him and its beauty, he called it *Puch che-yon-sho-ba*, or the soft-voiced pigeon. The waters finally passed away, and in process of time that bird became a woman and the wife of the prophet, from whom the people now living upon the earth are all descended. And so endeth the story of The Overflowing Waters.

THE NAMELESS CHOCTAW.

THERE once lived in the royal Indian town of *E-ya-sho* (Ya-zoo) the only son of a war chief, who was eminently distinguished above all his fellows for his elegant form and noble bearing. The old men of the nation looked upon him with pride, and said that he was certainly born to occupy a high position as a warrior. He was also an eloquent orator, and none ever thought of doubting his courage. But, with all these qualities, he was not allowed a seat in the councils of his nation, because he had not distinguished himself in war. The renown of having slain an enemy he could not claim, nor had he ever been fortunate enough to take a single prisoner. He was universally beloved, and, as the name of his childhood had been abandoned according to an ancient custom, and he had not yet succeeded in winning a name worthy of his ability, he was known among his kindred as the Nameless Choctaw.

In the town of E-ya-sho there also once lived the most beautiful maiden of her tribe. She was the daughter of a hunter, and the betrothed of the Nameless Choctaw. They met often at the great dances, but, because she hoped to become his bride, she treated him as a stranger. Often, too, did they meet at the setting of the sun, but then they listened to the song of the whippoorwill or watched the rising of the evening star, when each could hear the throbbing of the other's heart. They loved with a wild passion and were very happy. At such times one thought alone entered their minds to cast a shadow. It was this: They knew that the laws of their nation were unalterable, and that she could not become his bride until he had

won a name. She knew that he could always place at the door of her lodge an abundance of game, and would deck her with the most beautiful of shells and wampum; but all this availed them nothing; that he must go upon the war-path was inevitable. She belonged to a proud family, and she never would consent to marry a man who had not a loud sounding name, and who could not sit in the councils of her people. She was willing to become his bride at any time, and therefore left him, by his prowess, to decide upon that time.

It was now midsummer and the evening hour. The Nameless Lover had met his promised bride upon the summit of a small hill, covered with pines. From the centre of a neighboring plain arose the smoke of a large watch-fire, around which were dancing a party of four hundred warriors. They had planned an expedition against the Osages, and the present was the fourth and last night of the preparation ceremonies. Up to that evening the Nameless Choctaw had been the leader in the dances, and even now his absence was only temporary, for he had stolen away to express his parting vows to his beloved. The last embrace was given, and then the maiden was alone upon the hill-top, looking down in sadness upon the dancing warriors, among whom she beheld none who commanded more attention than the being whom she loved.

Morning dawned, and the Choctaw warriors were upon the war-path leading to the country of their enemies, far up on the headwaters of the Arkansas. Upon that stream they found a cave, and in that cave, because they were on a praire land, they secreted themselves. Two men were then selected to act as spies, one of whom (the Nameless Choctaw,) was to reconnoitre in the west and the other in the east. Night came, and the party in the cave were discovered by an Osage hunter, who had traveled thither for the purpose of sheltering himself until morning from the heavy dews. By the light of the stars did he then travel to the nearest village, and having warned his people of the proximity of their enemies, they hurried in a large body to the cave. At its mouth they built a fire, and when the sun rose in the horizon the entire party of

Choctaws had been smothered to death by the cunning of their enemies.

The Choctaw spy who had journeyed towards the east, had witnessed the surprise and unhappy fate of his brother warriors, and, returning to his own country, he called a council and revealed the sad intelligence. As to the fate of the Nameless Choctaw, who had journeyed to the westward, he knew that he too must have been overtaken and slain. Upon the heart of one being this last intelligence fell with a most heavy weight, and the promised bride of the Nameless Lover pined in melancholy grief. From the night on which she was made wretched, she began to droop, and before the reigning moon had passed away she died, and was buried on the identical spot where she had parted with her lover.

But what became of the nameless Choctaw? It was not true that he had been overtaken and slain. He was indeed discovered by the Osages, and far over the prairies and across the streams was he closely pursued. For many days and through the watches of many nights did the race continue, but the Choctaw warrior finally made his escape. His course had been exceedingly winding, and when he came to a pause he was astonished to find that the sun rose in the wrong quarter of the heavens. Everything appeared to him wrong and out of order, and the truth was he became a bewildered and forlorn man, and everywhere did he wander. He found himself at the foot of a mighty range of mountains, which were covered with grass and unlike any that he had ever before seen.

It so happened, however, at the close of a certain day, that he sauntered into a wooded valley, and having built him a rude bower and killed a rabbit, he lighted a fire and prepared himself for one quiet meal and a night of repose. Morning dawned, and he was still in trouble. Many moons passed away and the Choctaw was still desolate and forlorn. It was now summer, and he called upon the Great Spirit to make his pathway plain; and having hunted the forests for a spotted deer, and slain her, on a day when there was no wind he offered a sacrifice, and that night supped upon a portion of the animal's

sweet flesh. His fire burnt brightly, and though somewhat forlorn, he found that his heart was at peace. But now he hears a footstep! A moment more, and a snow-white wolf of immense size is crouching at his feet, and licking his torn moccasins. "How came you in this strange country?" inquired the wolf; and the poor Indian related the story of his unsuccessful exploit and subsequent escape. The wolf took pity upon the Choctaw and told him that he would conduct him in safety to the country of his kindred; and on the following morning did they take their departure. Long, very long was the journey, and many and very wild and turbulent the streams which they had to cross. The wolf helped the Choctaw to kill game for their mutual sustenance, and by the time that the moon for weeding the corn had arrived, the nameless Choctaw had entered his native village again. This was on the anniversary of the day he had parted with his betrothed, and he was sorely grieved to find his people mourning her untimely death. Time and fatigue had so changed the returned Choctaw that his relatives and friends did not recognize him, and he chose not to reveal himself. From many a mouth, however, did he learn the story of her death, and many a wild song, to the astonishment of all his friends, did he sing to the memory of the departed, whom he called by the beautiful name of IMMA, or the idol of warriors. And on a cloudless night did he wander to the grave of his beloved, and at a moment when the Great Spirit cast his shadow upon the moon (alluding to an eclipse) did he throw himself thereon and die. For three nights thereafter were the inhabitants of the Choctaw village alarmed by the continual howling of a wolf, and when it ceased, the pine forest, upon the hill where the lovers were resting in peace, took up the dismal howl or moan, and has continued it to the present time.

THE SPIRIT SACRIFICE.

It was midsummer, and there was a terrible plague in the wilderness. Many a Chippewa village on the borders of Lake Superior had been depopulated. The only band of the great northern nation which had thus far escaped, was the one whose hunting grounds lay on the northern shore of the St. Mary's River. Their principal village stood upon a gentle promontory overlooking the Great Lake, immediately at the head of the *Sault* or Falls, and at this village the chiefs and warriors of the tribe were assembled in council. Incantations of every possible description had for many days been performed, and yet nightly tidings were received, showing that the fatal disease was sweeping over the land, like the fires of autumn over the prairies. The signs in the sky, as well as these tidings, convinced the poor Indians that their days were numbered. It was now the last night of their council, and they were in despair. They knew that the plague had been sent upon the earth by the Great Spirit, as a punishment for some crime, and they also knew that there was but one thing that could possibly appease his anger. And what was this? The sacrifice of the most beautiful girl of her tribe. And such was the decree, that she should enter her canoe, and throwing away her paddle, cast herself upon the waters just above the *Sault*.

Morning dawned, and loud and dismal beyond compare, was the wail of sorrow which broke upon the silent air. Another council was held, and the victim for the sacrifice was selected. She was an only child, and her mother was a widow, feeble and infirm. They told the maiden of her fate, and she uttered not

a repining word. The girls and women of the village flocked around their long-loved companion, and decked her hair and her neck with all the brightest wampum, and the most beautiful feathers and shells that could be found in all the tribe. The time appointed for the sacrifice was the sunset hour; and as the day was rapidly waning, the gloom which pervaded the entire village gradually increased, and it even seemed as if a murmuring tone mingled with the roar of the mighty waterfall. The day had been one of uncommon splendor, and as the sun descended to the horizon, a retinue of gorgeous clouds gathered around him, and the great lake, whose waters receded to the sky, was covered with a deeper blue than had ever before been seen.

All things were now ready, and the Indian maiden was ready for the sacrifice. In silence was she conducted to her canoe, and loud was the wail of lamentation. It died away; and now, to the astonishment of all the people, a strange echo came from over the waters. What could it mean? A breathless silence ensued, and even the old men listened with fear. And now a louder and clearer continuation of the same echo breaks upon the air. A speck is seen upon the waters. The sun has disappeared, and a small canoe is seen rapidly approaching, as if from the very spot where the orb touched the waters. The song increases; and as the fairy-like canoe sweeps mysteriously over the watery waste, it is now seen to contain a beautiful being, resembling a girl, clothed in a snow-white robe. She is in a standing attitude, her arms are folded and her eyes are fixed upon the heavens. Her soul is absorbed in a song, of which this is the burden:

"I come from the Spirit land,
To appease the Great Spirit,
To stay the plague,
And to save the life of the beautiful Chippewa."

Onward she came, and her pathway lay directly towards the mighty rapids. With utter astonishment did the Indians look upon this unheard of spectacle, and while they looked they saw

the canoe and its spirit voyager pass directly into the foam, where it was lost to them for ever. And so did the poor Indians escape the plague.

The St. Mary is a beautiful river; and during the summer time its shores are always lined with lilies, large, and of a marvelous whiteness; and it is a common belief among the Chippewas, that they owe their origin to the mysterious spirit, from whose mutilated body they sprang. And so endeth the Legend of the Spirit Sacrifice.

THE PEACE-MAKER.

The following story was obtained by the writer, directly from the lips of a Seneca Indian, and the hero is said to have been the grandfather of the celebrated orator Red Jacket.

THERE was a time when all the Indian tribes in the world were at war with the great Seneca nation, whose hunting-grounds were on the borders of Lake Ontario. So fearful had they become of their enemies, that the bravest hunters and warriors never left their wigwams without bending their bows, and little children were not permitted by their mothers to gather berries or hickory nuts in the neighboring woods. The head chief of the nation at that time, was *Sa-go-you-wat-ha*, or *Always Awake*. He was a good man, and being sorely grieved at the unhappiness of his people, he conceived the idea of securing a permanent peace. It was true, he said, that his father had been a cruel and unpopular chief, but he did not think it right that the generation which followed his father should be made miserable for crimes never committed by them. And therefore it was that he prayed to the *Great Ha-nee* to tell him, in a dream, what he must do to accomplish his end. Night came, and in spite of his name, *Always Awake* fell into a deep sleep and had a dream.

He was told that in the direction whence came the warm winds of summer, and distant from his village a journey of one moon, there was a very large mountain. On the summit of that mountain, as he was told, were living a few people from all the nations of the earth, excepting the Senecas. The place alluded to was called the *Mountain of Refuge*, and it was so sacred a place, that its soil had never been wet with human blood, and the people who lived there, were the peculiar favorites of the Great Ha-nee, and were the law-makers of the world.

The dream also told the Seneca chief, that he could secure a permanent peace only by visiting the sacred mountain; but as the intervening distance was so great, and his trail would be only among enemies, the dangers of the expedition would be very numerous. By travelling at night, however, and sleeping in the day time, the task might be accomplished, and he was at liberty to try *his* fortune.

Always Awake pondered a long time upon this strange vision, but finally determined to start upon the appointed expedition. Great was the fatigue that he endured, and oftentimes he was compelled to satisfy his hunger with the roots and berries of the forest. Many a narrow escape did he make from his enemies; but in due time he reached the Mountain of Refuge. He was warmly welcomed among the Indians of the mountain, and when he told his story and talked of peace, they honored him with many a loud shout of applause. A council was held, and a decree passed, to the effect that the important question at stake should be settled by another council composed of the head chiefs of all the Indian nations in the land. The fleetest runners were employed to disseminate the news, and at the appointed time the council of chiefs was held. They formed themselves into a confederacy, and with one exception, the nations of the wilderness became as one people, and so continued until the white man crossed the great waters and taught them the vices which have almost consumed them from the face of the earth. The only nation that would not join the confederation was the Osage nation, and because of their wickedness in so doing, they were cursed by the Great Ha-nee, and have ever since been a by-word and a reproach among their fellows.

And when the Seneca chief returned to his own country, he was very happy. His trail through the forests and over mountains was lined with bonfires, and in every village that he tarried, he was feasted with the best of game. One moon after he returned to his people he died, and was buried on the banks of the beautiful lake where he lived; and ever since that time the Great Ha-nee has permitted his people to live upon the land inherited from their fathers.

ORIGIN OF THE DEER.

A SHAWNEE LEGEND.

WA-PIT-PA-TASKA, or the Yellow Sky, was the daughter of a Shawnee or Snake hunter. His lodge was not one of the handsomest in the village where it stood, but the paths leading to it were more beaten than those leading to any other, for the daughter of the hunter was a great favorite among the young men of her tribe. The exploits of those who sought her hand had no charms for her ear, and her tastes were strangely different from those common among women. She knew that she had not many years to live upon the earth, and her dreams had told her she was created for an unheard-of mission. There was a mystery about her being, and none could comprehend the meaning of her evening songs. On one condition alone did she avow her willingness to become a wife, and this was, that he who became her husband should never, under any circumstances, mention her name. If he did so, a sad calamity would befall him, and he would forever thereafter regret his thoughtlessness. By this decree was the love of one of her admirers greatly enhanced, and before the summer was gone the twain were married and dwelt in the same lodge.

Time flew on and the Yellow Sky sickened and died, and her last words were that her husband should never forget her admonition about breathing her name. The widower was very unhappy, and for five summers did he avoid his fellow-men, living in solitude, and wandering through the forests alone. The voices of autumn were now heard in the land, and the bereaved

husband had, after his many journeyings, returned to the grave of his wife, which he found overgrown with briers and coarse weeds. For many moons had he neglected to protect the remains of his wife, and he now tried to atone for his wickedness by plucking up the briers and covering the grave with a soft sod. In doing this he was discovered by a stranger Indian, who asked him whose grave it was of which he was taking so much care? "It is the grave," said he, "of *Wa-pit-pa-taska;*" and hardly had the forbidden name (which he thoughtlessly uttered,) passed from his lips, before he fell to the earth in a spasm of great pain. The sun was setting, and his bitter moans echoed far through the gloomy woods, even until the darkness settled upon the world.

Morning came, and near the grave of the Yellow Sky a large buck was quietly feeding. It was the unhappy husband, whom the Great Spirit had thus changed. The trotting of a wolf was heard in the brake, and the deer pricked up his ears. One moment more, and the wolf started after the deer. The race was very long and painful, but the deer finally escaped. And thus from a man came into existence the beautiful deer, or *mu-rat-si;* and because of the foolishness of this man, in not remembering his wife's words, the favorite animal of the Shawnee has ever been at the mercy of the wolf.

LEGEND OF THE WHITE OWL.

It was in the country of the Winnebagoes, or people of the turbid water, and there was a great scarcity of game. An Indian hunter, while returning from an unsuccessful expedition, at the sunset hour, chanced to discover in the top of a tree a large white owl. He knew that the flesh of this bird was not palatable to the taste, but as he thought of his wife and children, who had been without food for several days, he concluded to bend his bow and kill the bird. Hardly had he come to this determination, before he was astonished to hear the owl speaking to him in the following strain: "You are a very foolish hunter. You know it is against the laws of your nation to kill any of my tribe, and why should you do wrong because you happen to be a little hungry? I know that your wife and children are also hungry, but that is not a good reason for depriving me of life. I too have a wife and several children, and their home is in the hollow of an old tree. When I left them a little while ago, they were quite as hungry as you are, and I am now trying to obtain for their enjoyment a red squirrel or a young opossum. Unlike you, I have to hunt for my game only at night, and if you will go away and not injure me, I may have it in my power to do you a kindness at some future time."

The Indian hunter was convinced and he unbent his bow. He returned to his wigwam, and after he had told his wife what had happened to him, she told him she was not sorry, for she had been particularly fortunate in gathering berries. And then the Indian and his family were contented, and game soon afterwards became abundant in the land.

Many seasons had passed away, and the powerful nation of the Iroquois were making war upon the Winnebagoes. The hunter already mentioned had become a successful warrior and a chief. He was a mark for his enemies, and the bravest among them started upon the war-path for the express purpose of effecting his destruction. They hunted him as they would the panther, but he always avoided their arrows. Many days of fatigue had he now endured, and, believing that his enemies had given up the chase, he stopped, on a certain evening, to rest himself and enjoy a repast of roots. After this comfortless supper was ended, he wrapped himself in his skins and thought that he would lie down and enjoy a little sleep. He did so, and the only sounds which broke the stillness of the air were caused by the falling of the dew from the leaves and the whistling of the whippoorwill. It was now past midnight, and the Winnebago was yet undisturbed. A whoop is heard in the forest so remote from his grassy couch as not to be heard by the unconscious sleeper. But what can this shouting mean? A party of the Iroquois warriors have fallen upon the trail of their enemy, and are in hot pursuit. But still the Winnebago warrior is in the midst of a pleasant dream. On come his enemies, and his death is inevitable. The shouting of the Iroquois is now distinct and clear, but in the twinkling of an eye it is swallowed up in a much louder and more dismal shriek, which startled the Winnebago to his feet. He is astonished, and wonders whence comes the noise. He looks upwards, and lo! perched upon one of the branches of the tree under which he had been resting, the form of a large white owl. It rolls its large yellow eyes upon him, and tells him that an enemy is on his trail, and that he must flee for his life. And this is the way in which the white owl manifested its gratitude to the Winnebago hunter for his kindness in sparing its own life many years before. And since that time the owl has ever been considered a very good and a wise bird, and when it perches above the wigwam of the red man it is always safe from harm.

DEATH OF THE GIANT CANNIBAL.

The following story was obtained from the lips of a Chippewa warrior named *Maw-gun-aub*, or Setting-ahead. He told it with as serious an air as if it had been a matter of actual and important history, and was evidently a firm believer in the wonders therein contained.

An Indian village stood upon the borders of the Lake of the Woods. It was a summer day, and a heavy rain storm had passed over the country, when a large Giant or Cannibal suddenly made his appearance in the village. He was as tall as the tallest hemlock, and carried a club in his hand which was longer than the longest canoe. He told the Indians that he had come from a far country in the North; that he was tired and hungry; and that all the wild rice and game in the village must be immediately brought to his feet that he might satisfy his appetite. His orders were obeyed, and when the food was brought, and the inhabitants of the village were collected together to see him enjoy his feast, the Giant told them he was not yet satisfied; whereupon, with one blow of his huge club, he destroyed, with one exception, all the people who had treated him so kindly. The only person who escaped the dreadful blow was a little boy, who happened to be sick in one of the wigwams.

After the Giant had committed his cruel deed, he devoured a number of the dead bodies, and during the night disappeared without discovering the boy. In a few days the boy was well enough to move about, and as he went from one wigwam to another, he thought of his friends who had been so suddenly killed, and was very unhappy. For many seasons did he live

alone. While very young his food consisted of such birds as the partridge, but as he grew up to the estate of manhood, he became a successful hunter, and often feasted upon the deer and the buffalo. He became a strong man, but was very lonely, and every time he thought of the Giant who had destroyed his relatives and friends he thirsted for revenge.

Time passed on, and the Chippewa hunter became uneasy and discontented. He fasted for many days, and called upon the Great Spirit to give him power to discover and destroy the Giant who had done him so much harm. The Great Spirit took pity upon him, heard his prayer, and sent to his assistance a troop of a hundred men, from whose backs grew the most beautiful of wings. They told the hunter that they knew all about the Giant, and would help him to take his life. They said that the Giant was very fond of the meat of the white bear, and that if the hunter would give a bear feast they were certain that the Giant would make his appearance and ask for a portion of the choice food. The time for giving the feast was appointed, and it was to take place in a large natural wigwam, formed by the locked branches of many trees; whereupon the strange people disappeared and the hunter started towards the north after a bear.

The hunter was successful; the appointed time arrived, the feast was ready, and the strange people were on the ground. The dancing and the singing were all over, and the hot bear soup filled the wigwam with a pleasant odor. A heavy tramp was heard in the woods, and in a little time the Giant made his appearance, attracted to the place by the smell of the soup. He came rushing to the wigwam like one who knew not what it was to fear; but when he saw the array of people with wings he became very quiet, and asked the hunter if he might participate in the feast. The hunter told him that he might, on condition that he would go to the mouth of a certain stream that emptied into the lake, and bring therefrom to the wigwam a large rock which he would find there. The Giant was angry at this request, but as he was afraid of the people with wings he dared not disobey. He did as he was bidden, and the thong

which he used to hold the rock on his back cut a deep gash in his forehead.

The hunter was not yet satisfied, and he told the Giant that before he could be admitted to the feast he must bring to the wigwam a gill-net that would reach across the widest stream. The Giant departed, and, having obtained a beautiful net from a *mammoth spider* that lived in a cave, he brought it to the hunter. The hunter was well pleased, but not yet fully satisfied. One more thing did he demand from the Giant before he could be admitted to the feast, which was this, that he must make his appearance at the feast wearing a robe made of weasel skins, with the teeth and claws all on. This robe was obtained, the Giant was admitted, and the feast proceeded.

It lasted for several days and nights, and the hunter, the strange people, and the Giant danced and caroused together as if they had been the best of friends. The Giant was delighted with the singing of his entertainers, and while he praised them to the skies he did not know that in his bowl of soup the Chippewa hunter, who had not forgotten the death of his friends, had placed a bitter root, which would deprive him of his strength. But such was, indeed, the case. On the last night of the feast the Giant became very tired and stupid, and asked permission to enjoy some sleep. Permission was granted, and in the centre of the great lodge was spread for his accommodation his weasel-skin robe. Upon the stone which he brought from the river did he rest his head, and over him was spread the net he had obtained from the mammoth spider. He then fell into a deep sleep, and the men with wings and the hunter continued the revelry. Each man supplied himself with a war club, and they performed the dance of revenge. They formed a ring around the sleeping Giant, and at a signal made by the hunter they all gave him a severe blow, when the spirit-men disappeared into the air, and the weasel-skin robe suddenly became alive. The little animals feasted upon the Giant with evident satisfaction, and by morning there was nothing left of him but his bones. These did the hunter gather into a heap, and having burnt them to ashes, he threw them into the air,

and immediately there came into existence all the beautiful birds which now fill the world. And in this manner was the great Giant of the Chippewas destroyed, and instead of his living to feast upon the flesh of man, his own body, by the wisdom of the Great Spirit, was turned into the birds, which are the animal food of man.

THE CHIPPEWA MAGICIAN.

THIS legend, with at least a score of variations, was related to me by a Chippewa hunter named *Ka-zhe-osh*, or the *Fleet Flyer*. It is excessively romantic, but will most certainly enlist the sympathies of the ladies.

Near the head of the Mississippi is Sandy Lake. In the centre of this lake there is an island, and on this island, in the olden times, stood a Chippewa village. The chief of this village had a daughter, and that daughter had a lover, who was the greatest warrior of his tribe, and a magician. He had the power of turning himself into any kind of animal he pleased, and for this reason he was looked upon with suspicion by the females of his acquaintance. He lived in a secluded lodge on the outskirts of the village, and none ever disturbed him in his seclusion without express permission; and a greater number of scalps hung from the poles of his lodge than from those of any other in the tribe. The chief's daughter admired him for his noble bearing and his exploits, but she could not reconcile herself to become his wife. She was afraid of the strange power that he possessed, but she loved her father, and had promised him that she would never disobey his commands in regard to choosing her husband, though she trusted that the magician would never be mentioned in that connection.

In view of this state of things the magician made interest with the entire brotherhood of warriors and hunters, and proclaimed his intention of leading them upon the war-path to a distant country. He was unhappy, and hoped to find peace of mind by wandering into strange lands. At an appointed time

the party assembled upon a neighboring plain, and they went through the ceremonies of the war-dance. They also shouted a loud war song, with the following burden :—

"We love the whoop of our enemies;
We are going to war,
We are going to war, on the other side of the world."

On witnessing these preparations, the chief of the village became troubled. He well knew that if the old men and the women and children under his charge should be abandoned by the fighting men and hunters of the tribe, they would be visited by much suffering, and he determined to avoid the calamity. But how could this be done? He thought of only one method, which was to give the magician his daughter. He told the daughter, and she promised to obey. He made the proposition to the magician, and it was accepted. It was on certain conditions, however, and these were as follows :—

The magician was first to capture the largest white-fish in the lake, then kill a white deer, and finally win a foot-race of fifteen miles against the swiftest runner in the tribe. All these things the magician promised to do, and he did them all. He turned himself into an otter, and by the assistance of the chief of the otters secured the largest fish that had ever been seen, and appearing in his own form again, deposited it in the lodge of the chief. He also turned himself into a black wolf, and having ranged the forest for a white deer he caught it, and again resuming his natural form carried it to the lodge where lived his betrothed. In running the race that had been proposed he had one hundred competitors, and at the end of the fifteen miles was stationed the chief's daughter, with a belt of wampum in her hand to crown the victor. The magician started upon the race in the form of a man, but before he had run a mile he turned himself into a hawk, and swooping to the side of the maiden, demanded that she should now become an inmate of his lodge. She consented, and the chief gave her to the magician. Before he took her away he called together the men of his tribe who had competed with him for the prize, and compli-

mented them for their great activity in running the race, and condoled with them in their disappointment. He then told the chief that he did not thank him for what he had done, and turning to the daughter he said that as she had cost him so much trouble, she must enter his camp and do all his work for him, even to the end of her days. And ever since that time has it been the lot of all Indian women to act as the servants of their husbands.

THE LOVER STAR.

I obtained the following legend from the lips of an Indian trader, whom I met at the island of La Pointe, in Lake Superior. He said it was related to him by a hunter of the Chippewyan nation, and that he had heard a similar story among the Chippewas.

THERE was once a quarrel among the stars, when one of them was driven away from its home in the heavens and descended to the earth. It wandered from one tribe of Indians to another, and had been seen hovering over the camp-fires of a thousand Indians, when they were preparing themselves for sleep. It always attracted attention and inspired wonder and admiration. It often lighted upon the heads of little children, as if for the purpose of playing with them, but they were invariably frightened and drove it away by their loud crying. Among all the people in the world, only one could be found who was not afraid of this beautiful star; and this was a little girl, the daughter of a Chippewyan warrior. She was not afraid of the star, but rather than this, she loved it with her whole heart, and was very happy in her love. That she was loved by the star in return there could be no doubt, for wherever she traveled with her father through the wilderness there, as the night came on did the star follow, but it was never seen in the day time. When the girl awoke at night, the star floated just above her head; and, when she was asleep, it was so constant in its watchfulness, that she never opened her eyes, even at midnight, without beholding its brilliant light. People wondered at this strange condition of things, but how much more did they wonder, when they found that the father of the girl

never returned from the hunt without an abundance of game. They therefore concluded that the star must be the son of the Good Spirit, and they ever after spoke of it with veneration.

Time passed on, and it was midsummer. The Indian girl had gone into the woods for the purpose of gathering berries. Those of the wintergreen were nearly all eaten up by the pigeons and the deer, and, as the cranberries were beginning to ripen, she wandered into a large marsh with a view of filling her willow basket with them. She did so, and in the tangled thickets of the swamp she lost her way. She became frightened and cried aloud for her father to come to her assistance. The only creatures that answered her cries were the frogs and the lonely bittern. The night was rapidly coming, and the farther she wandered the more intricate became her path. At one time she was compelled to wade into the water even to her knees, and then again would she fall into a deep hole and almost become drowned among the poisonous slime and weeds. Night came, and the poor girl looked up at the sky, hoping that she might see the star that she loved. A storm had arisen, and the rain fell so rapidly that a star could not live in it, and therefore was there none to be seen. The storm continued, the waters of the country rose, and in rushing into the deeper lakes, they destroyed the Indian girl, and washed her body away so that it never could be found.

Many seasons passed away and the star continued to be seen above the watch-fires of the Chippewyans; but it would never remain long in one place, and its light appeared to have become dimmed. It ever seemed to be looking for something that it could not find, and people knew that it was unhappy on account of the untimely death of the girl it had loved. Additional years passed on, and with the leaves of autumn, it finally disappeared. A cold and long winter soon followed, and then the hottest summer that had ever been known. During this season it so happened that a hunter chanced at night to follow a bear into one of the largest swamps of the land, when to his astonishment he discovered a small light hanging over the water. It was so beautiful that he followed it for a long distance,

but it led into such dangerous places that he gave up the pursuit, and returned to tell his people what he had seen. And then it was that the oldest men of the tribe told him that the light he had seen was the star that had been driven from heaven, and that it was now wandering over the earth for the purpose of finding the beautiful girl it had loved. And that same star is still upon the earth, and is often seen by the hunters as they journey at night through the wilderness.

ORIGIN OF THE POTTOWATOMIES.

According to the belief of the Pottowatomies, there once lived on the western shore of Lake Michigan two great spirits. Their names were *Kit-che-mo-ne-to*, or the Good Spirit, and *Mat-che-mo-me-to*, the Evil Spirit. They were equally powerful, but the creation of the world was attributed to the former. When he had piled up the mountains, and filled the valleys with running streams, he proceeded to people the world with living creatures, and allotted to each variety its peculiar sphere. He then endeavored to create a being that should resemble himself, but in this attempt he did not succeed. The animal that he made looked and acted more like a wolf than any other creature. Disappointed at this failure the Good Spirit became angry, and seizing the strange creature he had made he threw it into a great lake, and it was drowned. A storm arose, and the waters of the lake made a terrible noise as they beat upon its rocky shores. Among the shells and pebbles washed upon the sands were the bones of the strange animal that the Good Spirit had made, and when the storm had abated the bones were turned into a being who bore a strong likeness to the present race of Pottowatomies, and that being was the first woman. So well pleased with this creation was the Good Spirit that he made five other beings resembling her in form, but only more rugged, who were to help her in all her employments; and these were the first men. One of them was named *U-sa-me*, or Smoking Weed; another *Wa-pa-ho*, or Pumpkin; another *Esh-kos-sim-in*, or the Melon; another *Ko-kees*, or the Bean; and the other *Mon-ta-min*, or Yellow Maize. The bu-

siness of these several beings was to protect and gather the various productions of the earth after which they were named, and in doing this they continued to be employed from the time that the acorn fell to the ground until it became one of the largest trees of the forest.

The world had now become very beautiful, and the few men who had the care of it very proud. They became the friends of the Evil Spirit. They quarreled among themselves, and in process of time with the woman, whom they had for a long time obeyed. They looked upon her as the queen of the world, and coveted her power and happiness. They tried to take her life, but without success. She became acquainted with the wickedness of their hearts, and regretted that she had ever been created. So unhappy did she become that she prayed to the Good Spirit to take her to the sky; and when the following evening came she was transformed into a star, and ever since that time has been the first to take her station in the horizon after the sun has disappeared behind the distant hills. And it is thought that so long as this star remains unchanged no misfortune can happen to the world.

When the five young men found themselves alone they were sorry for the unkind feelings they had manifested towards the woman, and were constantly missing the brightness of her smiles and the music of her voice, which they now remembered with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain. They were in great tribulation, and expected to perish from the face of the earth for their wickedness. They called upon the Evil Spirit for comfort and power, but he heard them not; he had abandoned them to their fate. They then thought that they would implore the assistance of the Good Spirit. They did so, and told him that they only wanted each the companionship of a woman, like the one that had been taken away. Their prayer was answered, and thus did they become the husbands of affectionate wives, from whom are descended the nation of Pottowatomies, or *the people who make their own fires.*

ORIGIN OF THE CHOCTAWS.

The *sea* alluded to in this legend is supposed to be the *Gulf of Mexico*, and the *mighty river* the *Mississippi*. So said the educated Choctaw *Pitchlyn*, from whom it was obtained. The idea that the Choctaws were the original mound builders, will strike the reader as something new.

ACCORDING to the traditions of the Choctaws, the first of their race came from the bosom of a magnificent sea. Even when they first made their appearance upon the earth they were so numerous as to cover the sloping and sandy shore of the ocean, far as the eye could reach, and for a long time did they follow the margin of the sea before they could find a place suited to their wants. The name of their principal chief has long since been forgotten, but it is well remembered that he was a prophet of great age and wisdom. For many moons did they travel without fatigue, and all the time were their bodies strengthened by pleasant breezes, and their hearts, on the other hand gladdened by the luxuriance of a perpetual summer. In process of time, however, the multitude was visited by sickness, and one after another were left upon the shore the dead bodies of old women and little children. The heart of the Prophet became troubled, and, planting a long staff that he carried in his hand, and which was endowed with the miraculous power of an oracle, he told his people that from the spot designated they must turn their faces towards the unknown wilderness. But before entering upon this portion of their journey he specified a certain day for starting, and told them that they were at liberty, in the meantime, to enjoy themselves by feasting and dancing, and performing their national rights.

It was now early morning, and the hour appointed for starting. Heavy clouds and flying mists rested upon the sea, but the beautiful waves melted upon the shore as joyfully as ever before. The staff which the Prophet had planted was found leaning towards the north, and in that direction did the multitude take up their line of march. Their journey lay across streams, over hills and mountains, through tangled forests, and over immense prairies. They were now in an entirely strange country, and as they trusted in their magic staff they planted it every night with the utmost care, and arose in the morning with great eagerness to ascertain the direction towards which it leaned. And thus had they traveled for many days when they found themselves upon the margin of an *O-kee-na-chitto*, or great highway of water. Here did they pitch their tents, and having planted the staff, retired to repose. When morning came the oracle told them that they must cross the mighty river before them. They built themselves a thousand rafts, and reached the opposite shore in safety. They now found themselves in a country of surpassing loveliness, where the trees were so high as almost to touch the clouds, and where game of every variety and the sweetest of fruits were found in the greatest abundance. The flowers of this land were more brilliant than any they had ever before seen, and so large as often to shield them from the sunlight of noon. With the climate of the land they were delighted, and the air they breathed seemed to fill their bodies with a new vigor. So pleased were they with all that they saw that they built mounds in all the more beautiful valleys they passed through, so that the Master of Life might know that they were not an ungrateful people. In this new country did they conclude to remain, and here did they establish their national government with its benign laws.

Time passed on, and the Choctaw nation became so powerful that its hunting grounds extended even to the sky. Troubles now arose among the younger warriors and hunters of the nation, until it came to pass that they abandoned the cabins of their forefathers, and settled in distant regions of the earth.

Thus from the very body of the Choctaw nation have sprung those other nations which are known as the Chickasaws, the Cherokees, the Creeks or Muskogees, the Shawnees and the Delawares. And in process of time the Choctaws founded a great city, wherein their more aged men might spend their days in peace; and, because they loved those of their people who had long before departed into distant regions, they called this city *Yazoo*, the meaning of which is, *home of the people who are gone.*

THE DANCING GHOSTS.

THAT beautiful phenomenon known to the white man as the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, is called by the Chippewa Indians *Je-bi-ne-me-id-de-wand*, or the Dancing Ghosts. The legends accounting for it are numerous, and the following, which was related to the translator by a Chippewa hunter, named *Kehes-Chock*, or Precipice Leaper, is quite as fantastic as the phenomenon itself. That it is a very ancient tradition is evident from the fact that the sacrifice to which it alludes has not been practised by the Chippewas for at least a century.

There was a time when all the inhabitants of the far North were afflicted by a famine. It was in the depth of winter, and the weather had for a long time been so cold that even the white bear was afraid to leave his hiding place. The prairies were so deeply covered with snow that the deer and the buffalo were compelled to wander to a warmer climate, and the lakes and rivers were so closely packed with ice that it was only once in a while that even a fish could be obtained. Such sorrow as reigned throughout the land had never before been known. The magicians and wise men kept themselves hidden in their cabins. The warriors and hunters, instead of boasting of their exploits, crowded around their camp-fires, and in silence meditated upon their unhappy doom. Mothers abandoned their children to seek for berries in the desolate forests, and the fingers of the young women had become stiff from idleness, for they had not any skins out of which to make the comfortable moccasin. From one end of the Chippewa country to the other was heard the cry of hunger and distress. That the Great Spirit was angry with his people was universally believed, but

for what reason none of the magicians could tell. The chief of the Chippewas was the oldest man in the nation, and he was consulted in regard to the impending calamity. He could give no reason for the famine, but stated that he had been informed in a dream that the anger of the Great Spirit could be appeased by a human sacrifice. How this should come to pass, however, he could not tell, and therefore concluded to summon to his lodge all the medicine-men who lived within a day's journey, for the purpose of consulting with them. He did so, and when the council was ended it was proclaimed that three Chippewas should be immediately bound to the stake and consumed. They were to be selected by lot from among the warriors of the tribe; and, when this sad intelligence was promulgated, a national assembly was ordered to convene.

The appointed time arrived, and, in the presence of a large multitude, the fatal lots were cast, and three of the bravest men of the tribe were thus appointed to the sacrifice. They submitted to their fate without a murmur. Whilst their friends gathered around them with wild lamentations, and decked them with the costliest robes and ornaments to be found in all the tribe, the youthful warriors uttered not a word about their untimely departure, but only spoke in the most poetical language of the happy hunting grounds upon which they were about to enter. The spot selected for the sacrifice was the summit of a neighboring hill which was covered with woods. Upon this spot had three stakes been closely erected, around which there had been collected a large pile of dry branches and other combustible materials. To the stakes, at the hour of midnight, and by the hands of the magicians, unattended by spectators, were the three warriors securely fastened. They performed their cruel duty in silence, and the only sounds that broke the stillness of that winter night were the songs and the shoutings of the multitude assembled in the neighboring village. The incantations of the priests being ended, they applied a torch to the faggots, and, returning to their village, spent the remainder of the night in performing a variety of strange and heart-sickening ceremonies.

Morning dawned, and upon the hill of sacrifice was to be seen only a pile of smouldering ashes. On that day the weather moderated, and an unusual number of hunters went forth in pursuit of game. They were all more successful than they had been for many seasons, and there was an abundance of sweet game, such as the buffalo, the bear, and the deer in every wigwam. A council was called, and the patriarch chief proclaimed the glad tidings that the Great Spirit had accepted their sacrifice, and that it was now the duty of his children to express their gratitude by a feast—the feast of *bitter roots*.

The appointed night arrived, and the bitterest roots which could be found in the lodges of the magicians were collected together and made into a soup. The company assembled to partake of this feast, was the largest that had ever been known, and, as they were to conclude their ceremony of thankfulness by dancing, they had cleared the snow from the centre of their village, and on this spot were they duly congregated. It was a cold and remarkably clear night, and their watchfires burnt with uncommon brilliancy. It was now the hour of midnight, and the bitter soup was all gone. The flutes and the drums had just been brought out, and the dancers, decked in their most uncouth dresses, were about to enter the charmed ring, when a series of loud shoutings were heard, and the eyes of the entire multitude were intently fixed upon the northern sky, which was illuminated by a most brilliant and unearthly light. It was a light of many colors, and as changeable as the reflections upon a summer sea at the sunset hour. Across this light were constantly dancing three huge figures of a crimson hue, and these did the magicians proclaim to be the ghosts of the three warriors who had given up their bodies for the benefit of their people, and who had thus become great chiefs in the spirit-land. The fire by which their bodies had been consumed had also consumed every feeling of revenge; and ever since that remote period it has been their greatest pleasure to illume by their appearance on winter nights the pathway of the hunters over the snowy plains of the north.

THE STRANGE WOMAN.

It was in olden times, and two Choctaw hunters were spending the night by their watch-fire in a bend of the river Alabama. The game and the fish of their country were with every new moon becoming less abundant, and all that they had to satisfy their hunger on the night in question, was the tough flesh of a black hawk. They were very tired, and as they mused upon their unfortunate condition, and thought of their hungry children, they were very unhappy, and talked despondingly. But they roasted the bird before the fire, and proceeded to enjoy as comfortable a meal as they could. Hardly had they commenced eating, however, before they were startled by a singular noise, resembling the cooing of a dove. They jumped up and looked around them to ascertain the cause. In one direction they saw nothing but the moon just rising above the forest trees on the opposite side of the river. They looked up and down the river, but could see nothing but the sandy shores and the dark waters. They listened, and nothing could they hear but the murmur of the flowing stream. They turned their eyes in that direction opposite the moon, and to their astonishment, they discovered standing upon the summit of a grassy mound, the form of a beautiful woman. They hastened to her side, when she told them she was very hungry, whereupon they ran after their roasted hawk, and gave it all into the hands of the strange woman. She barely tasted of the proffered food, but told the hunters that their kindness had preserved her from death, and that she would not forget them when she returned to the happy grounds of her father, who was the *Hosh-tal-li*, or Great Spirit

of the Choctaws. She had one request to make, and this was, that when the next moon of midsummer should arrive, they should visit the spot where she then stood. A pleasant breeze swept among the forest leaves, and the strange woman suddenly disappeared.

The hunters were astonished, but they returned to their families, and kept all that they had seen and heard, hidden in their hearts. Summer came, and they once more visited the mound on the banks of the Alabama. They found it covered with a new plant, whose leaves were like the knives of the white man. It yielded a delicious food, which has since been known among the Choctaws as the sweet toncha or Indian maize.

THE VAGABOND BACHELOR.

In the great wilderness of the north, midway between Hudson's Bay and Lake Ontario, lies a beautiful sheet of water called Stone Lake. It is surrounded with hills, which are covered with a dense forest, and the length thereof is about twelve miles. On the shore of this lake there stood, in the olden time, an Ottawa village, and the most notorious vagabond in said village was an old bachelor. He was a kind-hearted rogue, and though he pretended to have a cabin of his own, he spent the most of his time lounging about the wigwams of his friends, where he was treated with the attention usually bestowed upon the oldest dog of an Indian village. The low cunning for which he was distinguished made him the laughing-stock of all who knew him, and his proverbial cowardice had won for him the contempt of all the hunters and warriors. Whenever a war party was convened for the purpose of pursuing an enemy, Wis-ka-go-twa, or the White Liver, always happened to be in the woods; but when they returned, singing their songs of victory, the vagabond bachelor generally mingled conspicuously with the victors.

But, in process of time, Wis-ka-go-twa took it into his head to get married, and from that moment began the troubles of his life. As soon as his resolution had become known among the young women of the village, they came together in secret council, and unanimously agreed that not one of them would ever listen to the expected proposals of the bachelor, for they thought him too great a coward to enjoy the pleasures of matrimony. Years elapsed, and the vagabond was still in the enjoyment of his bachelorhood.

In the meanwhile a beautiful maiden, named Muck-o-wiss, or the Whippoorwill, had budded into the full maturity of life. She was the chief attraction of the village, and the heart of many a brave warrior and expert hunter had been humbled beneath her influence. Among those who had entered her lodge in the quiet night, and whispered the story of his love, was Wis-ka-go-twa. She deigned not to reply to his avowals, and he became unhappy. He asked the consent of her father to their union, and he said that he had no objections provided his daughter was willing. It so happened, however, that the maiden was not willing, for she was a member of that female confederacy which had doomed the vagabond lover to the miseries of single life. Time passed on, and he was the victim of a settled melancholy.

The sunny days of autumn were nearly numbered, and an occasional blast from the far north had brought a shudder to the breast of Wis-ka-go-twa, for they reminded him of the long winter which he was likely to spend in his wigwam alone. He pondered upon the gloomy prospect before him, and in his frenzy made the desperate resolution that he would, by any means in his power, obtain the love of his soft-eyed charmer. He consequently began to exert himself in his daily hunts, and whenever he obtained an uncommonly fat beaver, or large bear, he carefully deposited it before the lodge of Muck-o-wiss, and he now mingled, more frequently than ever before, in the various games of the village, and was not behind his more youthful rivals in jumping and playing ball. In a variety of ways did he obtain renown, but it was at the expense of efforts which nearly deprived him of life. Again did he sue for the smiles of Muck-o-wiss, but she told him he was an old man, and that he did not wear in his hair a single plume of the eagle, to show that he had ever taken a scalp.

The disappointed vagabond now turned his attention to war. It so happened, however, that a permanent peace had been established between the Ottawas and the neighboring tribes, so that our hero was baffled on this score also. But he had heard it reported in the village that a party of Iroquois warriors had

been seen on that side of the Great Lake, and as they were heartily hated by his own tribe, he conceived the idea of absenting himself for a few days, for the purpose of playing a deceptive game upon the maiden of his love and the entire population of the village where he lived. Having formed this determination, he kept it entirely to himself, and on a certain morning he launched his canoe upon the lake and disappeared, as if going upon a hunting expedition.

Four or five days had elapsed, and the vagabond bachelor was not yet returned. On the afternoon of the sixth day, a couple of Indian boys, who had been frolicking away the morning in the woods, returned to the village in an uncommonly excited mood. They visited almost every wigwam, and related a grand discovery which they had made. While chasing a deer into a secluded bay, about ten miles down the lake, they announced that they had seen Wis-ka-go-twa engaged in a most singular employment. They were aware of his peculiar reputation, and when they saw him in this out-of-the-way place, they watched him in silence from behind a fallen tree. The first act which they saw him perform was, to shoot into the side of his little canoe some twenty of his flint-headed arrows, which mutilated the canoe in a most disgraceful manner. He next took some unknown instrument, and inflicted a number of severe wounds upon his arms and legs. But the deepest incision which he made was on his leg, just above the knee, into which they were astonished to see him place, with a small stick, a kind of white material, which resembled the dry shell of a turtle. All this being accomplished, they saw the vagabond embark in his leaky canoe, as if about to return to the village. They suspected the game that was being played, so they made the shortest cut home and related the foregoing particulars.

An hour or two passed on, and, as the sun was setting, the villagers were attracted by a canoe upon the lake. They watched it with peculiar interest, and found that it was steadily approaching. Presently it made its appearance within hailing distance, when it was discovered to be occupied by the vagabond bachelor. Every man, woman, and child immediately

made their appearance on the shore, apparently for the purpose of welcoming the returning hunter, but in reality with a view of enjoying what they supposed would turn out a good joke. The hunter looked upon the crowd with evident satisfaction, but he manifested his feelings in a very novel manner, for he was momentarily uttering a long-drawn groan, as if suffering from a severe wound. As the canoe touched the sand it was found to be half full of bloody water, and one of the sides had evidently been fired into by the arrows of an enemy. A murmur ran through the crowd that Wis-ka-go-twa must have had a dreadful time, and he was called upon to give the particulars, when he did so in a few words. He had been overtaken, he said, by a party of Iroquois, consisting of some twenty men, who attacked him while he was pursuing a bear, and though he succeeded in killing four of his rascally pursuers, his canoe had been sadly mutilated, and he had received a wound which he feared would be the cause of his death. In due time the wound was revealed to the public eye, and the young women turned away with a shudder; and then the vagabond bachelor was conveyed to his lodge, and the medicine-man sent for to administer relief.

A day or two elapsed, and the poor hunter was evidently in a bad way. They asked him what individual in the village he would have to attend him. He expressed a preference for the father of Muck-o-wiss, who came and faithfully attended to his duties as a nurse; but the sick was not yet satisfied. "Whom will you have now?" asked the old man, and the name of Muck-o-wiss trembled on the lips of the sick lover. His chief desire was granted, and for three days did the maiden attend to the little wants of her unfortunate lover. Another day and he was rapidly mending. He was now so nearly restored that the maiden began to talk of returning to her mother's wigwam. This intelligence roused the hunter from his bed of furs, and he once more avowed his undying attachment to the charming maiden. She repulsed him with a frown, and retired from the lodge; so the hunter was again sadly disappointed. The maiden hastened to tell the news to all the women of the village,

and after they had enjoyed themselves for upwards of an hour, Muck-o-wiss returned to the wigwam of her lover, and told him that she would become his wife on one condition, which was, that on the day he should succeed in killing five bears, on that day would she enter his lodge and make it her permanent home. For an Indian to kill five bears on one day was considered a remarkable feat, and the roguish Muck-o-wiss thought herself secure.

Days passed on, and the vagabond bachelor was again restored to sound health and devoting himself to the chase. It was just the season when the black bear takes up its annual journey for the south, and the hunter had discovered a narrow place in the lake, where the animals were in the habit of coming. It was the last day of autumn, and early in the morning he had stationed himself in a good ambush. By the time the sun cast a short shadow, he had killed three fine specimens, and placed them before the lodge of his intended wife. The middle of the afternoon arrived, and he had deposited the fourth animal at the same place. The sunset hour was nigh at hand, and the hunter had killed and placed in his canoe the fifth and largest bear he had ever seen. The happiest hour of the poor man's life was now surely nigh at hand. Impatiently did he paddle his way home. The villagers saw that the vagabond bachelor had been successful, and Muck-o-wiss and all her female companions were filled with consternation. But the truly heroic warriors, who had striven in vain to win the love of the village beauty, were not only astonished, but indignant, for they could not bear the idea of losing, in such a manner, the prize which had urged them on in the more noble deeds of war. But now has the canoe once more reached the shore. Upon his back has the hunter lifted his prize, and up the bank is he toiling and staggering along with the immense load, and now has he fixed his eye upon the lodge where he is hoping to receive his promised bride. His heart flutters with tumultuous joy—his knees tremble from fatigue—a strange faintness passes over his brain—he reels from his upright position—the bear falls to the ground—and the vagabond bachelor is—dead.

ORIGIN OF THE WATER LILY.

MANY, many moons ago, an old and very celebrated hunter of the Pottowattomie nation was at the point of death, in a remote forest. He was alone on his bed of leaves, for he had been stricken with the hand of disease while returning from a hunting expedition. Among the treasures that he was to leave behind him was a beautiful hickory arrow, with which he had killed a great number of animals. The head thereof was made of a pure white flint, and the feathers which adorned it had been plucked from the wings of the scarlet bird. It had been the means of saving his life on many occasions, and its virtues were so peculiar, that it could pass entire through a buffalo without being tinged with the life-blood of the animal.

The greatest weight which rested upon the mind of the dying Indian, arose from the idea that he could not bequeath his arrow to his oldest son. He was alone in the wilderness, and it made him very unhappy to think that the treasure of his family might yet become the property of an enemy, who would be likely to cross his trail after the ravens or wolves had eaten his flesh. But this was a thought that he could not possibly endure, and as the pall of night settled upon the world, he fixed his eyes upon the northern star, which had guided him through many dangers, and prayed to the Master of Life that he would take his arrow and carry it safely to the smiling planet. A moment more and the unknown hunter buried his head among the dry leaves, and—died.

On the following night, a terrible gale of wind swept over the land, which took the arrow from the ground and hurled it

into the upper air. A strange silence immediately followed, when the northern star was seen to tremble in the sky: another brief period elapsed, and there was a deafening noise heard in the firmament, when the evening star left its own quiet home, and fell upon the northern star for the purpose of winning, by single combat, the arrow of the great hunter. The conflict was a desperate one, and as the two stars fought for the earthly prize, sparks of white light shot from their sides, and in unnumbered particles fell upon the country now known as Michigan. A long rain storm soon followed, by which the particles of light were taken to the river, and by a decree of the Master of Life, were changed into the beautiful white lilies which adorn the numerous streams of the western country.

THE FAITHFUL COUSINS.

I NOW speak of two Chippewa hunters, who lived among the Porcupine mountains, near Lake Superior. They were the oldest sons of two brothers, and noted in their village for the warm friendship existing between them, and for their prowess in hunting. They were very famous throughout the land, and into whatever village they happened to enter, the old men asked them to remain and marry their handsome women, but the hunters laughed at all such proposals, for they had pledged their words to each other that they would ever remain single and free.

It was when the leaves were fading, that the young cousins heard of a great hunt which was to take place in a distant village. It was got up by an old warrior, who was the father of a beautiful daughter, and he had determined that the most successful hunter should become his son-in-law. This intelligence had been conveyed to the cousins in a secret manner, and on departing from their own village, they spoke not a word of their determination. In due time the hunt took place, and an immense quantity of game was taken. Some of the hunters brought home two bears, some three and four deer, but the two cousins captured each five bears. As no one man had eclipsed his fellows, it was resolved by the warrior that the man who should bring to his lodge the scalps of ten bears, should be the successful candidate for the hand of his daughter. Another hunt took place, and each of the cousins brought in, not only the scalps of ten full-grown bears, but also a large quantity of choice meats, which they deposited at the tent-door of the chief. The difficulty of making a selection was now even

greater than before, but the truth was, the young friends had no desire to marry the beautiful girl, but were only anxious to manifest their bravery, or rather wonderful expertness in killing wild animals. Their singular conduct astonished everybody, but mostly the venerable warrior and his favorite daughter.

The important question must be decided, however, and the old man resorted to a number of expedients to decide upon a future son-in-law. The first was that the two cousins should enter upon a wrestling match—they did so, and the twain fell to the ground at the same moment. The next was that they should try their agility in leaping over a suspended stick, but in this trial they also came out exactly even. The third was, that they should shoot their arrows at a pair of humming birds, and the maker of the best shot to be the lady's husband; the arrows were thrown, and the right wing of each bird broken. The fourth expedient was that they should go upon a squirrel hunt—they did so, and each one returned with just exactly one hundred of those sprightly creatures. It now came to pass, and was whispered about the village, that one of the cousins had really become interested in the girl who was the innocent cause of so much contention, and when her father found this out, he resolved to make one more experiment. He therefore commanded the young men to kill each a specimen of the *ke necoh* or war-eagle, and the one who should present her with the greatest number of perfectly formed feathers, would be welcomed as a relative. The trial was made and the whole number of feathers obtained was twenty-one, the odd feather having been gained by the enamored cousin. The girl was of course awarded to him in due time, but what was the surprise of all the villagers, when it was proclaimed that he would not receive the prize unless the young men of the tribe should first build him a handsome lodge and furnish it with the choicest of meats and skins. At this suggestion the young men were greatly enraged, but they concluded, in consideration of their admiration of the Indian girl, to change their minds, and forthwith proceeded to erect the new lodge.

In the meanwhile, it was ascertained that the unlucky cousin had become somewhat offended at his companion, whereupon the accepted lover joined the other in a bear hunt for the purpose of effecting a reconciliation. It so happened, however, that the existing coldness between them could not be removed, and while the twain were toiling up a remote hill with the view of encamping for the night, the disappointed cousin was suddenly transformed into a large fire-fly, and having ascended into the air, immediately experienced another change, and became what is known as the Northern Star. The remaining cousin felt himself severely punished by this abandonment for having broken his vow, and therefore became an exile from his native land and led a comfortless and solitary life; while the maiden whom he was to wed, it is said, is still waiting patiently, but in vain, for the return of her long lost lover.

THE OSAGE DAMSEL.

THERE once lived in the Osage country an Indian whose name was *Koo-zhe-ge-ne-cah*, or *The Distant Man*. He had been a famous warrior and hunter, but time had weakened his arm and lifted a mist before his eye. His wives were all dead, and the only one of his kindred left upon earth to minister to his wants was a little damsel, his grandchild, and the joy of his old age. The twain were much beloved by all their tribe, and when journeying across the broad prairies they were always supplied with the gentlest horses, and they never had to ask the second time for their favorite food. Whenever the tribe came to a halt on the bank of a river, in a country abounding in game, the first tent-poles planted in the ground were those belonging to the Distant Man and his child, and their tent always stood next to that of the chief.

It was midsummer, and the entire Osage nation was encamped upon a plain at the foot of a mountain, covered to the very summit with rich grass and brilliant flowers. The last hunts had been successful, and in every lodge was to be found an abundance of buffalo and deer meat. Feasting and merry-making, dancing and playing ball, were the chief employments of the hour throughout the entire village, while in every direction upon the prairies the horses, with their feet hobbled, were cropping their sweet food. The children and the dogs sported upon the green together, and many a laugh resounded long and loud. The sun was near his setting, when suddenly an unusual stillness pervaded the air. The people gathered together in haste and wondered what it could all mean. The strange silence caused them to listen with increased attention, when a distant whoop came stealing along the air. It seemed to come from the neighboring mountain, and as the multitude cast their eyes in that direction, they saw a single horseman coming to-

wards their encampment with the speed of the wind. They waited in breathless expectation, and were astonished at the boldness of the stranger in riding with such fury directly into their midst.

He was mounted upon a black horse of gigantic size, with splendidly flowing mane and tail, and an eye of intense brilliancy, and was caparisoned in a most gorgeous manner. The stranger was clad from head to foot in a dress of many colors, and from his hair hung a great variety of the most curious plumes. He carried a lance, and to his side were fastened a bow and a quiver of arrows. He was in the prime of life, and his bearing was that of a warrior chief. He avowed himself the son of the Master of Life, and his home to be in the Spirit Land. He said that there was a woman in that land who had told him that the most beautiful maiden in the Osage nation was her daughter. From other lips also had he heard that she was good as well as beautiful, and that her only protector and friend was an old man named *Koo-ze-ghe-ne-cah*. He had asked for a dream that he might see this being of the earth. Having seen her, and being in want of a wife, he was now come to demand her of her venerable parent, and forthwith rode to the door of his tent to make a bargain. The stranger dismounted not from his horse, but talked with the old man leaning upon the neck of his noble animal, the maiden meanwhile sitting in pensive quietness within her tent-door, working a pair of moccasins. The old man doubted the stranger's words, and desired him to prove that he was the son of the Master of Life. "What sign of my nature and power would you witness?" inquired the stranger. "That you would cover the heavens with thick darkness, picture it with lightning, and fill the air with loud thunder," replied the old man. "Do this, and my daughter shall be your bride." Suddenly a storm arose, and the sign was fulfilled to the utmost extent, so that the entire nation were stricken with fear. Night came on, the sky was without a cloud, but spangled with stars, and the air was perfectly serene, and when the stranger and his steed were sought for, it was found that they had disappeared. Peace rested upon the Osage village, and the oldest men of

that tribe never enjoyed a more refreshing sleep than on that memorable night.

On the following day everything about the Osage encampment wore its ordinary aspect, and the events of the previous day were talked over as people talk of their dreams. The old man and the maiden made an offering to the Master of Life, and while the former, before the assembled nation, promised to give up his child, she, in her turn, expressed her entire willingness to become the bride of the stranger, should he ever return. Not only was she prompted to do this by the honor conferred upon her, and also by the nobleness of the stranger, but she thought it would make her so happy to rejoin her long departed mother in the Spirit Land. She was only troubled about the feeble old man, whom she dearly loved; but when the whole nation promised, as with one voice, to make him the object of their peculiar care, she was satisfied.

Again was the sun in the western horizon. Again did the stranger appear mounted as before. But as he entered the village, there trotted by his side a white horse of exceeding beauty, decked from forelock to tail with the richest and rarest of ornaments. He had come for his bride, and was impatient to be gone. He led the white horse to the tent of the girl he loved, and throwing at her feet a dress of scarlet feathers, he motioned her to prepare for a long journey. When she was ready, he motioned to the white horse to fall upon his knees, and the maiden leaped upon his back. The twain then walked their horses to the outskirts of the village, and as they passed along, the stranger took from his quiver and tossed into the hands of the Osage chief and each of his warriors and hunters, a charmed arrow, which, he said, would enable them not only to subdue their enemies, but also supply them with an abundance of game, as long as they roamed the prairies. The stranger now gave a whoop and the horses started upon the run. Their path lay over the mountain, where the stranger had been first seen. They flew more swiftly than the evening breeze, and just as the sun disappeared, they reached the summit of the mountain and also disappeared, as if received into the bosom of a golden cloud.

THE SPECTRE AND HUNTER.

The following legend was originally translated into English by an educated Choctaw, named *J. L. McDonald*, and subsequently embodied in a private letter to another Choctaw, named *Peter P. Pitchlyn*. The former of these very worthy Indian gentlemen has long been dead, and it is therefore with very great pleasure that I avail myself of the opportunity, kindly afforded me by the latter gentleman, of associating the legendary relic with my own. I have ventured, by the permission and advice of Mr. Pitchlyn, to alter an occasional expression in the text, but have not trespassed upon the spirit of the story.

KO-WAY-HOOM-MAH, or the Red Panther, once started out on a hunting expedition. He had an excellent bow, and carried with him some jerked venison. His only companion was a large white dog, which attended him in all his rambles. This dog was a cherished favorite, and shared in all his master's privations and successes. He was the social companion of the hunter by day, and his watchful guardian by night.

The hunter had travelled far, and as the evening approached, he encamped upon a spot that bore every indication of an excellent hunting-ground. Deer-tracks were seen in abundance, and turkeys were heard clucking in various directions, as they retired to their roosting places. Ko-way-hoom-mah kindled a fire, and having shared a portion of his provision with his dog, he spread his deer-skin and his blanket by the crackling fire, and mused on the adventures of the day already past, and on the probable success of the ensuing one. It was a bright starlight night; the air was calm, and a slight frost which was falling, rendered the fire comfortable and cheering. His dog lay crouched and slumbering at his feet, and from his stifled cries, seemed dreaming of the chase. Everything tended to soothe the feelings of our hunter, and to prolong that pleasant train of associations, which the beauty of the night and the anticipations of the morrow were calculated to inspire. At

length, when his musings were assuming that indefinite and dreamy state which precedes a sound slumber, he was startled by a distant cry, which thrilled on his ear, and roused him into instant watchfulness. He listened with breathless attention, and in a few minutes again heard the cry, keen, long, and piercing. The dog gave a plaintive and ominous howl. Ko-way-hoom-mah felt uneasy. Can it be a lost hunter? was the inquiry which suggested itself. Surely not, for a true hunter feels lost nowhere. What then can it be? With these reflections our hunter stepped forth, gathered more fuel, and again replenished his fire. Again came a cry, keen, long, and painfully thrilling, as before. The voice was evidently approaching, and again the dog raised a low and mournful howl. Ko-way-hoom-mah then felt the blood curdling near his heart, and folding his blanket around him, he seated himself by the fire and fixed his eyes intently in the direction from which he expected the approach of his startling visitor. In a few moments he heard the approach of his footsteps. In another minute a ghastly shape made its appearance, and advanced towards the fire. It seemed to be the figure of a hunter, like himself. Its form was tall and gaunt, its features livid and unearthly. A tattered robe was girded round his waist, and covered his shoulders, and he bore an unstrung bow and a few broken arrows.

The spectre advanced to the fire, and seemed to shiver with cold. He stretched forth one hand, then the other to the fire, and as he did so, he fixed his hollow and ghastly eye on Ko-way-hoom-mah, and a slight smile lighted up his livid countenance, but not a word did he utter. Ko-way-hoom-mah felt his flesh and hair creep, and the blood freezing in his veins, yet with instinctive Indian courtesy he presented his deer-skin as a seat for his grim visitor. The spectre waved his hand, and shook his head in refusal. He stepped aside, plucked up a parcel of briers from an adjacent thicket, spread them by the fire, and on his thorny couch he stretched himself and seemed to court repose.

Our hunter was petrified with mingled fear and astonishment. His eyes continued long riveted on the strange and ghastly being stretched before him, and he was only awakened from his

trance of horror by the voice of his faithful dog. "Arise," said the dog, suddenly and supernaturally gifted with speech, "Arise, and flee for your life! The spectre now slumbers: should you also slumber, you are lost. Arise and flee while I stay and watch!" Ko-way-hoom-mah arose, and stole softly from the fire. Having advanced a few hundred paces, he stopped to listen; all was silent, and with a beating heart he continued his stealthy and rapid flight. Again he listened, and again with renewed confidence, he pursued his rapid course, until he had gained several miles on his route homeward. Feeling at length a sense of safety, he paused to recover breath, on the brow of a lofty hill. The night was calm and serene, the stars shone with steady lustre, and as Ko-way-hoom-mah gazed upwards, he breathed freely and felt every apprehension vanish. Alas! on the instant, the distant baying of his dog struck on his ear; with a thrill of renewed apprehension, he bent his ear to listen, and the appalling cry of his dog, now more distinctly audible, convinced him that the spectre was in full pursuit. Again he fled with accelerated speed over hill, over plain, through swamps and thickets, till once more he paused by the side of a deep and rapid river. The heavy baying of his dog told him too truly, that his fearful pursuer was close at hand. One minute he stood for breath, and he then plunged into the stream. But scarcely had he gained the centre, when the spectre appeared on the bank, and plunged in after him, closely followed by the panting dog. Ko-way-hoom-mah's apprehensions now amounted to agony. He fancied he saw the hollow and glassy eyeballs of his pursuer glaring above the water, and that his skeleton hand was already outstretched to grapple with him. With a cry of horror he was about to give up the struggle for life and sink beneath the waves, when his faithful dog, with a fierce yell seized upon his master's enemy. After a short but severe struggle they both sunk; the waters settled over them forever. He became an altered man. He shunned the dance and the ball play, and his former hilarity gave place to a settled melancholy. In about a year after this strange adventure he joined a war party against a distant enemy and never returned.

APPENDIX.

After completing the history of my adventures in pursuit of scenery and sport in the United States, Canada, and New Brunswick, I could not but regret that I had no experiences to record in regard to Nova Scotia. I had heard of its salmon and its moose, and my heart had been drawn towards this "Acadia" by the beautiful history of "Evangeline," yet I had only looked upon its hills from the Bay of Fundy. Just at that moment, however, the work of a brother angler came to my relief, and I have to thank him for helping me to complete my own. The work in question is entitled "*Sporting Adventures in the New World*," and was written by Lieut. Campbell Hardy of the Royal Artillery. His materials, though highly interesting and valuable, are put together in a somewhat desultory manner, but as angling and moose hunting are his leading themes, I shall confine my quotations chiefly to these.

The peninsula of Nova Scotia including Cape Breton is about three hundred miles long and seventy wide, and the isthmus connecting it with New Brunswick is only ten miles wide. Halifax is its principal city and the seat of Government, and on the Bay of Fundy coast are a number of flourishing towns, flanked by beautiful rural scenery: as a general thing however, the Province is still a country of gentle hills, of numerous lakes and rivers, of vast pine forests, and of mossy plains or barrens. Like New Brunswick the population is composed of English, Scotch and Irish, but it claims to be the home of only one tribe of Indians, a remnant of the Micmacs, only numbering about one thousand souls.

But let us turn to sporting matters, and listen to the pleasant words of Leut. Hardy:

The forest tracks of Nova Scotia, remote from roads or settlements, still harbor large herds of the moose. It is even strange that this animal, so adverse to the most distant sound of an axe, or other sounds foreign to the natural forest music, and which cause him to fly precipitately for long distances, should still be found in such numbers as he is in Nova Scotia. The probable number of these noble animals in this Province is difficult to be ascertained, even approximately. It must consist of several thousand head.

The carriboo is so seldom met with now in Nova Scotia, that it may be considered as on the verge of extinction in that province. This may be the cause of the extreme wariness and timidity of the animal. He is still more liable to be scared than the moose, and, when once started, will travel for days, seldom revisiting the country where he was first alarmed.

The carriboo, or rein-deer of North America, is identical with the rein-deer of northern Europe. The animal generally stands from three to four feet in height at the shoulder.

The horns are long, branching, and partly palmated. The brow antlers stretch forward over the forehead, almost in contact with each other, and resembling human hands placed vertically side by side, with the fingers extended. The color of the antlers, which decorate the head of the female as well those of the male, is deep reddish brown.

The coat of the carriboo is close and shining. In the summer, it is of a dirty fawn color, changing in winter to a tawny white. The hoof of this animal is broad and spreading, and enables him, by its expansive elasticity, to travel over deep snow and on ice with great facility. When lifted from the ground, the divisions of the hoof contract, coming in contact with each other with a sharp clicking sound, which some naturalists have attributed to the crackling of the knee joint.

The carriboo browses exclusively on succulent lichens—either those found on barrens, or on the trunks of hard-wood trees.

The flesh is like venison, and more esteemed than that of the moose. The carriboo is a gregarious animal. Though the Indians assert, that vast herds, containing nearly a hundred of these animals, once roamed over Nova Scotia, more than four or five together are now seldom met with. They are generally hunted in open country, thickly interspersed with barrens, and the sport partakes of the nature of deer-stalking; the hunter crawling along, taking advantage of sheltering masses of rock, tall patches of ground laurels, or moss-grown mounds, to within range of the herd. Great attention must be paid to the direction of the wind, as the carriboo is possessed of the most delicate sense of smell; and, when once it has got wind of a human being, farewell to all hopes of getting a shot on the part of the sportsman.

The lowing of the carriboo is a short, hoarse bellow, more like the bark of a large dog, than the voice of one of the deer tribe.

In the western parts of Nova Scotia, and in the neighborhood of the Cobequid Mountains, near its junction with New Brunswick, carriboo are still tolerably plentiful. No attempt has ever been made to use these animals in America, as is done in Northern Europe, for the purpose of draught. The docility of the Laplander's rein-deer is the result of ages of domestication; and it was first attempted by him, as his only resource.

The black bear of America is found everywhere in Nova Scotia. Unlike the former animals, he appears to prefer the neighborhood, not of large towns certainly, but of small farms and settlements. He grows to the length of five feet, standing, sometimes, more than three feet in height. The coat of this animal is thick, glossy, when in good condition, and jet black. On each side of the muzzle, appears a patch of tawny color. The head is sharper and longer than that of the European bear. The eye is set low down in the head, black and twinkling, and strongly indicative of his ferocious disposition.

In the neighborhood of Halifax, bears often appear, and cause great uneasiness to the small farmers and settlers living by the side of bush roads, between Halifax and St. Margaret's Bay, by predatory excursions on the sheep folds. When stop-

ping at one of these log houses in the neighborhood of some small lakes, on which I had been trout-fishing, I have seen the cattle come rushing from the bush, panting and evidently in great terror, up to the door of the house. They had evidently been pursued by a bear.

These animals seldom molest a man, unless assaulted by him first; and then, be it ever so slight a blow or wound, they will immediately turn on him, and the conflict, if he has not a bullet wherewith to drop the animal at once, becomes exceedingly doubtful. The bear will parry the strongest blow of an axe, with the greatest dexterity and ease, with his powerful arms; and, when once he has embraced the individual in his vice-like grasp, the knife becomes the man's last chance. I have seen Indians exhibiting frightful scars received during a combat with a bear.

On the approach of winter, the bear, who is now prodigiously fat after revelling on the numerous berries which ripen in the fall, crawls to his den, generally under the roots of some dead giant of the forest, or between overhanging masses of rock. Here he quickly falls asleep, and passes the long winter in one uninterrupted snooze.

Sometimes, when the first snows of winter have fallen, the Indian visits the various dens in a large forest district, and discovers whether Bruin has gone to roost or not, by the tracks on the snow outside. A few pokes on the ribs, with a long stick; or, if very obstinate and sleepy, the rousing effects of the thick smoke of a birch bark torch, will bring out the bear, who is at once shot in the head. The skin of the black bear forms a handsome ornament, either for the decoration of a sleigh, or as a rug. It may generally be purchased for from five to eight dollars.

Young bears, to which the female gives birth two at a time, in the month of April, are frequently brought into Halifax, by the Indians, for sale. They may be easily tamed, though, when they grow up, their friendship can never be relied on.

Bears are often trapped, in the summer, in the dead-falls. A small semi-circular enclosure is made, by driving stakes

firmly into the ground, between two trees, the trunks of which are a few feet apart. Over the entrance to the enclosure, and slightly attached to the trunks of the trees, is suspended a cross-beam, heavily loaded at either end by immense logs of timber. A bait of flesh, or dead game, is placed inside the enclosure, and the surrounding trees are smeared with honey, of which the animal is inordinately fond. A bar is placed across the entrance of the enclosure, and so connected with the cross-beam, that, upon Bruin's attempting to force his way to the bait, the beam and its weight of superincumbent timber, come down by the run on the back of the unlucky glutton, and make him a hopeless prisoner.

The gray wolf has but lately made his appearance in Nova Scotia, not as in other Provinces, however, in company with his prey, the Canadian deer (*Cervus virginianus.*) The gray wolf is a large, fierce, and powerful animal. In Maine and New Brunswick, several instances have been known of his attacking singly and destroying a human being. This animal sometimes grows to the length of six feet. The hair is long, fine, and of a silver gray. A broad band of black, here and there, showing shining silvery hairs, extend from the head down the back. The tail is long and bushy, as the brush of a fox. A wolf skin forms a frequent decoration for the back of a sleigh.

They are seldom seen, as they are very vigilant, and constantly travelling. In their present numbers, they can earn but a precarious livelihood in this Province, as they are too few to venture an attack on the moose, or even the carriboo. A single blow from the powerful fore-leg of a moose would astonish a bear, and would tell much more on the lean ribs of a starving wolf.

The American fox is a larger and more darkly-colored animal than his European relative. This animal is common in the woods of Nova Scotia, and his short, sharp bark may often be heard echoing through the trees on a clear, calm night. He subsists on rabbits and small game.

The black fox, generally supposed to be an accidental variety of the common fox, is rarely met with in this Province.

Its skin is a small fortune to the lucky Indian who shoots one of these animals, as it is worth from twenty or thirty pounds sterling.

The loup cervier, commonly called the "lucifee" by the settlers, is abundant in the woods of Nova Scotia. Its fur is long and glossy, of a brownish-gray on the back, becoming nearly white below. A few irregular dusky spots and markings cover the skin. Tufts of stiff black hair grow on the tips of the ears. The tail is very short, seldom exceeding three inches in length. The length of the animal is about three feet. It is a timid creature, flying from the presence of man, and subsisting on rabbits and partridges.

The wild cat is more abundant than the former animal, is nearly of the same size, but of a lighter and more tawny color. It is a powerful animal, its fore-arms being very thick and muscular, and is a match for a very large dog. Its tail is longer than that of the lucifee, and is tipped with black.

The beaver once was found on every lake, brook, and river in Nova Scotia. Pursued for the sake of his beautiful coat, more relentlessly than any living creature except the buffalo, the beaver is nearly exterminated in the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. A few, however, are still to be met with on the banks of the shady brooks which join that beautiful chain of lakes and rivers running across the Province of Nova Scotia, between Liverpool and Annapolis. Here, in consequence of the decreasing demand for their skins in the European market, they are said to be on the increase.

The discovery and destruction of this interesting quadruped has been greatly facilitated by the conspicuity of his aquatic tenement, and its accompanying defensive structure—the "dam." The dam is constructed of brush-wood, or even logs of small timbers, several inches in diameter, gnawed through by the powerful incisor teeth of this animal, and conveyed to the destination on its back. Wherever the brook or river is too shallow to admit of the building of its semi-submerged mud-house, the water is deepened by the beaver throwing up a substantial dam, sometimes entirely across the channel. The house itself

is of mud, conical in shape, and its chamber, to which there is a slanting entrance from above the surface, is situated below the level of the water.

The beaver is easily domesticated, and will evince the affection of a dog for its master. In the spring of 1853, an Indian brought me a tame beaver, which he had captured when quite young, in the neighborhood of Lake Rossignol, in the western end of Nova Scotia; when he wished to leave it, the little animal shuffled after him, whining piteously, and having reached him, scrambled up his clothes to his neck. The Indian afterwards sold it to a zealous naturalist residing about two miles from Halifax, at the head of the North-West Arm. Nothing would satisfy it for days afterwards, but nestling in the Indian's blanket, which he was obliged to leave for that purpose. Its owner fed it on bread and milk, with a few cabbage leaves and other esculent vegetables. The animal was perfectly tame, appeared pleased at being noticed, and answered to the name of "Cobeetch," the Indian for beaver.

I have frequently seen in brooks, pieces of timber which showed marks of the beaver's teeth; and not long since were to be seen the remains of a beaver-dam, in a small brook, which trickles into the North-West Arm of the sea, near Halifax.

The otter is larger than the European variety, and is of a uniform dark-brown color. It is numerous in the lakes of Nova Scotia, where it revels on the plentiful trout. Their paths often appear among the sedges and grasses, on the low swamps, in the neighborhood of lakes. In these they are often caught by steel traps attached to a large log. The American otter is sometimes three feet in length and its fur is valuable, a good skin often fetching five dollars. Otters leave curious trails on the snow which covers the lakes in winter. The track is broad, and conveys the idea of having been formed by a large cart-wheel.

The mink and the muskrat abound in the Nova Scotian lakes. The fur of the former is valuable, and of a dark reddish-brown color. Considerably smaller than the otter, the mink, like him, subsists on fish, and is often captured in minia-

ture dead-falls for the sake of the skin. The muskrat, called "muskquash" by the Indians, is a beaver in miniature. Its hind feet are webbed like those of that animal, and it lives in mud-houses, partially submerged in sedgy swamps.

The Indians can call muskrats by squeaking into their closed hands; the animal, coming out from the reeds, is immediately shot for its skin, which is worth fourpence or sixpence in the market. Many of these skins were formerly used for the purpose of mixing the fur with that of the beaver in the manufacture of hats. When dead, the muskquash smells strongly of musk. They are easily tamed, but must be kept in a tin cage, on account of their propensities for gnawing wood.

The Canadian porcupine is abundant in the forests of the Provinces. The Indian name is "Madwiss." This animal is about two feet in length, and closely covered with long, coarse brown hair, intermixed with sharp spines three inches long. These spines grow most numerously on the lower part of the back. They are extremely sharp, and on very close examination, their points will be found to be armed with minute barbs, pointing downwards, thus rendering the quill, when once it has entered the flesh of a man or animal, difficult of extraction.

The quills are of a dusky white color, tipped with black. They are extensively used by the squaws in ornamenting sheets of birch bark with curious and gaudy designs. The squaws stain them of the brightest and most durable colors. Some of the dyes are procured at the chemists; while others, are extracted from flowers or bark. They preserve the secrets of obtaining these dyes with great caution.

The porcupine proves good eating in the fall, when in good condition, from feeding on blueberries and beech-nuts. In the winter, they may constantly be seen on the branches, inaccessible to climbers, of the hemlock; on the bark and foliage of which they feed at this season. They are dull creatures, slow of motion, and, when surprised in a tree, will take no pains to escape, until knocked over by a shot or stone. They live in dens under collected masses of rock, or roots of trees. In summer time they peel the bark of young spruces, betraying,

by the conspicuous denuded stem, their whereabouts to the prowling Indian.

Among the game birds found in Nova Scotia, the American woodcock is entitled to the first place, and notice. It is smaller than the European woodcock. The upper parts of the plumage are dark reddish-brown, barred with black, the breast being very light, almost tawny. Its flavor is equally good with that of the European bird. The woodcock arrives in Nova Scotia in April, sometimes earlier, if the spring be forward, breeds in this country, and does not leave it till the sharp frosts set in at the beginning of November.

Excellent sport may be had with these birds in clumps of thick alder bushes standing in meadows by the roadside, in the months of September and October. Well-timed and necessary laws lately have imposed a fine upon shooting this bird in the summer, as was formerly the case, the young birds being destroyed wholesale, before they were full-grown and able to fly. It requires a quick eye to kill three out of four woodcocks, put up in the dense and tall alder copses in which they are found. The sportsmen sometimes, however, when they have a number of good dogs or beaters, surround the covers. The woodcock seems to travel late in the evening, and at night, for, unless disturbed, they are never seen on the wing during the day.

Large bags are annually made by sportsmen from Halifax, in the covers, which are tolerably numerous within a circuit of twenty miles from that city. Many can boast of having shot two hundred couple of these birds in a season, going out for a day at a time, twice or three times a week, perhaps.

By far the best grounds for cock in Nova Scotia, and perhaps in North America, are in the neighborhood of the picturesque village of Kentville, situated on the Annapolis road, at a distance of about sixty miles from Halifax. The country is here composed of low copses of alder and hazel, for some distance on either side of the road, and the ground interspersed with ferns, heaths, and moist mosses. The flights of woodcock, which arrive in these covers annually, are surprising. The sport can only be surpassed by that to be enjoyed in Albania.

The woodcock does not appear to have been found in Nova Scotia at its first settlement. He is never seen far from clearings in the forest, though here and there likely-looking covers may be met with.

A drive on a fresh autumnal morning through the gorgeous scenery of the fall, and then a day in cover, watching the motions and working of the lively little "cockers," returning in the evening with a bag containing eight or ten couple of plump cock, and the good dogs reposing in the wagon between your knees, conduce to render a day's sport, with these delicious birds, a delightful change to the monotony of town life.

The snipe arrives in Nova Scotia, and leaves the country, later than the woodcock. They are very plentiful in the marshes around Kentville. Perhaps, the best snipe ground in the world is the Great Tantemara marsh, in the south-eastern part of New Brunswick. The American snipe is nearly identical with the European.

Two kinds of partridges, or rather grouse, are found in the woods of Nova Scotia. The best, most lively, and handsomest bird of the two, is the ruffed grouse. This bird is called, in Nova Scotia, the "birch partridge," from its being generally found in hills covered by groves of birch, on the young buds of which they feed. This bird is wilder, and not so stupid as the spruce partridge, which is described elsewhere.

The birch partridge is a very handsome bird, its general plumage being reddish brown, mottled everywhere with shades of light fawn and dusky color. When irate, it struts about in the fashion of the male turkey, drooping its wings, expanding its broad tail, and elevating its ruff, which extends from the back of the head down the sides of the neck.

These birds are very good eating in the autumn and winter, though not to be compared with the English partridge in this respect.

Amongst the earliest migratory birds which arrive in this province in the spring, is the American robin. This bird is one of the thrushes, rather larger than the common English thrush, and much more gaudily colored. The bill is yellow; the head,

wings, and tail, black. The back is of a bluish slate color, and the breast bright red, the color of brick dust.

By all, the arrival of the robin is hailed with pleasure. They arrive in great numbers, frequenting the barrens in search of berries, and pasture-meadows for worms.

Groups of these birds may be seen hopping about in the green meadows in the neighborhood of settlements, while, perched on the top rail of a snake fence, or on a branch of a solitary tree, may be noticed the watchful male, ready to announce to the feeding birds the approach of danger.

The song of the robin is melodious, and very similar, in some of its strains, to that of the English thrush. Their being good eating, numerous, and easily shot, extinguishes, however, all the romantic feelings of regard, with which the arrival of this early, pretty, and sociable songster, should be attended, on the part of many of the lower class of Nova Scotia sportsmen, who go out on the barrens between the North-West Arm and the Three-mile House, or along hedge-rows in green meadows, in quest of robins.

After the expenditure of a great amount of powder and shot, a couple, perhaps, of robins are brought to town in triumph, held by the tail.

For several days towards the end of summer, Halifax common, and the open fields towards the North-West Arm, are the scene of great excitement from the arrival of large flights of plover, which birds stop here to rest before proceeding farther southward. Every man or boy, who can muster up a "shooting iron," goes out to blaze away at the plover as they pass.

Some of the sportsmen kneel down, with powder and shot lying loosely beside them, ready for quick and indiscriminate loading. "Here's another lot comin'," is the cry, and bang go dozens of guns, pointed at the dense flight of plover. Then there is a general scramble for the slain. Some of the more knowing ones only load with a little loose powder, and claim as many of the dead birds as they ought to have put shot into their barrel.

Of all the British provinces of North America, Nova Scotia

offers the greatest facilities and opportunities to the orthodox sportsman, whether resident or visitor, civil or military, who may wish to pass a week or so in the wild old woods, or by the side of her numerous and picturesque rivers and lakes.

There are five methods by which moose may be hunted or killed in Nova Scotia, viz., creeping on them in the fall and winter, calling the bull-moose in the fall, running them down on snow-shoes in February and March, bringing to bay with dogs, and snaring. The first three are orthodox; the last two practices arrant poaching.

The fall is the most enjoyable time for hunting the moose. The bull is, at this season, in his full vigor, and is truly a noble animal to behold. Adorned with massive antlers, and evincing a roaming, wild, and sometimes fierce disposition, there is more excitement attendant on shooting a bull-moose in the fall, than at any other time of the year.

The delicious days and mild nights, particularly during the Indian summer, are much preferable to the cold variable weather of the winter; while the science and woodcraft displayed by the Indian hunter in discovering and following a moose track, in places where, even by the closest scrutiny, the eye of the white man cannot distinguish the foot print; and the delightful ease of walking in moccasins over the elastic carpeting of moss in the fir forests, and on the soft, moist, newly-fallen leaves in the hard woods, give to this season undeniable precedence.

In the fall, too, additional sport may be obtained at night, and sometimes even during the day, by calling the bull moose. Most of the Indians, who make it their business to accompany the sportsman into the woods, are good hands at calling. The moose "call" is a trumpet, made by rolling a sheet of birch-bark into a cone. No material has been found to equal birch-bark for this purpose. Metal will not answer, producing a sound too shrill and ringing. The Indian commences to call at sun-down, ceasing when it becomes dark, till moon-rise; as a moose coming up, when there was not sufficient light to see along the barrels, would almost certainly escape.

The very best time to call is towards morning—for an hour before dawn, and for a short time after daybreak. At this time, moose appear to be less cautious, and more eager to answer the call than they are in the early part of the night. In calling, the Indian and sportsman conceal themselves behind a rock, or a clump of dwarf evergreens, on the edge of a barren, the Indian standing on the top of a rock, or sometimes climbing a tree, so as to give the sound of his call every advantage for diffusing itself through the surrounding forest.

When an answer is obtained, and the moose appears to be bent on coming up, the Indian either recedes, or sends the sportsman some hundred yards or so in advance; or, should the animal hesitate on arriving in the neighborhood of the caller, the Indian has a better chance of allaying the animal's suspicions, by the apparent distance of the cow. The moose, hearing the call at a greater distance than he had expected, again advances, and, at a few paces, probably receives the fire of the sportsman.

Nothing can be more productive of feelings of excitement than sitting, wrapped in blankets, on the edge of a forest-girt plain, the moon peering through mists of gently-falling dew, and faintly illuminating the wild scene, now flashing on the white surface of a granite boulder, and then sparkling in the water of the swamp, and on the bedewed mounds of moss, and clumps of ground-laurels; nothing can be more exciting, when the wild notes of the Indian's call, rending the calm air, have dispersed over the echoing forest, than the succeeding moments of listening for an answer.

You scarcely believed your ears to have been capable of such exertion, if so it may be termed.

And then, when, far away from over the hills, and through the dense fir-forests, comes the booming answer of a bull moose; when you hear the distant crashing of branches, and the rattling the massive antlers against the trees; and when, at length the monarch of the American forest emerges from the woods, and stands snorting and bellowing on the open barren, his proportions looming gigantic through the hazy atmosphere—then

does the blood course through your veins as it never did before; and, scarcely knowing what is about to happen, you grasp the ready rifle, and crouch in the protecting bushes. It is hard to take precise aim by moonlight. Unless the bead on the barrel be of polished silver, it is advisable to chalk the end of the gun.

Some hunters draw a line with a piece of chalk from the bead to the eye. However, in calling, one has seldom occasion for a long shot; indeed, I have heard of the hair of a moose's coat having been singed by the flash, so close has he advanced to the ambush.

Calling is seldom attempted, either at night or by day, if there is anything like a breeze stirring through the woods. Moose are more cautious in windy weather, are longer in coming up, and generally endeavor to get round to leeward of the caller. The Indians will seldom call when it is windy; they say it only makes confusion amongst the moose, and spoils the country; and they are very averse to starting a moose without getting a shot at him.

I have never heard two Indians call exactly alike, and the settlers assert that they can call as well as an Indian on this account. They say that any loud noise at night will make a moose come up to the spot. This idea is erroneous. The difference of note does not signify, for the cow moose differ widely in their call; but it is in giving vent to the sound, making it appear to come from the lungs of a moose, and not from those of a man, that the Indian excels. Apropos of notes: I once went out to call moose in the neighborhood of Halifax with a white settler, for one night. He had a cockney reputation of being a good hand at calling moose. He represented his calling as "fust chop. He had a most grand note, larned from the best Ingin hunter in Novy Scoshy."

At his first call, I scarcely knew whether to laugh, or to be angry with him for disturbing the country. I asked him whether he had ever heard the bray of an English jackass.

He "guessed not."

"Well then," said I, "the noise you have just made is it to

a T," and if you can get an answer from any other living creature, I'm a Dutchman!"

In the fall of 1853, a white settler, who thought he would try his hand at calling, as moose were numerous in the woods at the back of his clearing, got, as he expressed it, "A'most a horrid scarin'" from a bull moose.

To his surprise he obtained an answer to his first call, and the moose came, in broad daylight, right up to the man, who was so taken "aback," that he did not fire till the animal was nearly upon him. He then discharged his gun without taking aim, and of course missed the moose, who attacked him at once, knocking him over. He said that for some minutes he did not know whether he was on his head or his heels, and that when he came to his senses again, he found, no doubt to his great relief, his persecutor gone. He was badly bruised, but by good luck escaped having his skull fractured by a blow from the foreleg of the powerful animal.

The calling season lasts from the beginning of September to the end of October; the best time to make an expedition for this purpose being for a week before and a week after the full moon, in October. It is a curious fact, that a bull moose, if he be five miles distant when he first hears the call, will, even should it not be repeated, come in a perfectly straight course, through dense forests, and over rocky barrens and brooks, to within a few yards of the very spot where the call had been made.

Creeping moose, when the snow is on the ground, is a sport not appreciated by all. Heathful, manly, and exciting, though it be, it is attended with so much "roughing it," and by so many disappointments, owing to the state of the weather, that it is not every one who will care to repeat the experiment, particularly if a shot has not been obtained in the first attempt. Still, for a person who can stand, and derive benefit from a hard day's work, and who likes a life in the woods at all seasons, it is enticing enough.

Moose, as has been before observed, herd together in winter, forming what is termed a "yard;" their movements being

more or less restricted, according to the inclemency of the weather, the depth of the snow, and their wildness occasioned by proximity to settlements.

In the winter of 1852–53, I was hunting in the neighborhood of Petite, Nova Scotia, in company with an Indian, named Joe Cope, the best hunter in the Province, although his sight and hearing are beginning to fail him. During the whole fortnight I was out, the weather was clear, calm, and frosty, and there was only a foot of snow in the woods. From these reasons, and from frequently being started by parties who were taking advantage of the good sledding on the bush-paths, for the purpose of hauling timber, the moose did not yard at all. They were always on the move, feeding as they went.

They never lay down without making a *detour*, and coming back to leeward of their tracks; and then they were constantly on the *qui vive*, lying with their heads down the wind, so as to have a clear view of the country to leeward, whilst their keen sense of smell would detect the scent of any creature passing to the windward of their position.

Moose, however, were in great abundance, and we looked forward to a favorable change of weather as bringing certain sport. One afternoon returning to camp, after an unsuccessful trudge on the barrens, in hopes of seeing carriboo or moose, enjoying the sun by the edge of the woods, we saw the Shubenacadie mountains, distant about fifteen miles, become gradually enveloped in what appeared to be a thick mist.

"Yes—no—yes. My sake! I am very glad—he snow fast on mountains—plenty snow to-night—moose steak for dinner to-morrow," said old Joe in great glee.

In half an hour the flakes which drifted up with a gradually increasing breeze, fell thickly, and the iron crust which had formed on the surface of the old snow during the late continuance of frost, relaxed.

As there was an hour's daylight still to be calculated upon, we went to look after tracks in a swampy valley covered with thick evergreens, distant about half a mile from camp.

Here we at once hit off the tracks of two moose. They were quite fresh. "Gone by, only two, tree minute," said Joe. Just as our excitement was at its pitch, expecting to see the moose every instant, it suddenly fell quite calm again. However, we continued to creep with great caution; and presently old Joe, after bobbing his head about as he tried to make out some object in the distant forest, beckoned me to come cautiously behind him.

"Moose—there—fire," whispered he, his rugged features enlivened by a savage grin of exultation.

For some seconds I could not discover the moose. At length seeing a dark patch looming through some thick bushes, at the distance of at least one hundred yards, I let drive with both barrels. On rushing up, we found that both moose had gone off; a few drops of blood on the snow, however, showed that one was wounded.

"I very sorry, but I sure if I try take you more handy, moose start before you get shot," said the Indian.

"Oh, I know it was not your fault Joe," answered I, "but I think we shall get him yet."

"Sartain," said Joe. "Moose-steak for dinner to-morrow, too dark to get him to-night, he stiff in mornin."

We followed the track of the wounded moose for a short distance, and returned to camp with the expectation of killing him in an hour after breakfast next morning. But our hopes were doomed to disappointment; when on waking next morning, we found that the snow, before so long wanted, had fallen most inopportunely, completely covering up the tracks of our moose. Tracking him by the blood marks on the trees, against which he had brushed in his course for a short distance, we found to our chagrin, that he had taken to the open barrens, and we were obliged to leave the poor brute to perish, most probably from his wound.

Wind is indispensable in winter hunting. On a calm day, however soft the snow might be, the tread of the hunter will in nine cases out of ten start these wary animals, particularly should they be lying down. Unless there is a good breeze

stirring the branches of the forest, it is only by chance that a shot may be obtained at moose, however numerous they may be. When a moose is started, he quickly gains his legs and plunges forward for about fifty yards. Then he invariably stops for a second or two to ascertain the cause of alarm, and make up his mind in what direction to shape his flight.

This momentary pause often leads to his destruction, for the hunter on hearing him start, will often be able to obtain a glimpse of if not a shot at the moose, by rushing on in the direction of the sound.

A started moose will alarm all the moose which may be yarded in the country through which he flies. Conseqently, it is useless to attempt hunting in the direction he has gone.

The snapping of the boughs where moose are feeding, often makes the Indian hunter aware of their proximity. Although every Indian can creep on and shoot moose when by himself, few can officiate as good hunters to accompany the white sportsman.

Much additional caution is necessary from the comparatively clumsy manner in which the white man will travel through the woods, and the whole affair is connected with so much more labor and contracted resources on the part of the Indian, that it requires an old and experienced hunter—one who has made it his business to accompany parties of sportsmen into the bush —to ensure them a chance of success.

The Indian Joe Cope, is one of the best of this class. He is, though getting old, still a very good hunter, and understands perfectly all the necessaries for a camp, and ways of making it comfortable. He is a merry old fellow withal, having at his command an unlimited number of sporting anecdotes wherewith to enliven the camp in the long evenings.

His son "Jem," commonly called by his father, "the boy Jeem," usually accompanies old Joe in the capacity of camp-keeper; and a capital one he makes too. He will guess the exact moment of your return to camp, after the day's hunting, and will have prepared a kettle of delicious soup—a sort of "*omnium gatherum*" of partridges, hares, peas, onions, &c. He

takes care that the camp larder shall never be short of game; for he is a good shot at partridge, and is "great" at snaring hares.

The "boy Jeem" promises to turn out as good a hunter as his father. I have often been out with them together, when old Joe has appealed to his son for his judgment as to the age of a track, or of a bitten bough, or concerning the manœuvres of a yard of moose.

"I b'lieve Jeem right," he would say, looking at me with a grin of satisfaction. One of Joe's recommending points is, that though he has shot nearly as many moose as he has hairs on his head, he hunts with the excitement and enthusiasm of a young hand. Joe, as well as several other Indians, entertains a firm belief that moose originally came from the sea; and that, in a case of extreme emergency, they will again betake themselves to that element.

"'Bout thirty year ago," says Joe, "there warn't not a single moose in whole province. They bin so hunted and destroyed for 'bout ten year, they all go to sea. Ingin go all over woods, everywhere, and never see single sign or track of moose anywhere—only carriboo—plenty carriboo then. Well, Capting, my father, he find first moose-track, when they begin to come back agen. I was leetle boy, then, and I never seen moose. We live in wigwam, away on Beaver-bank road; and, one day, my father came back to camp, and say, 'Joe, I seen fresh moose-track. Come along with me.' Well, we went; and father crept, and shot big cow moose. I never seen moose, and I 'most 'fraid to go near the poor brute.

"Well, we hauled it out whole to camp; and all the Ingin, from all parts of province, come to see carciss; and the old Ingin, they all clap their hands, and say, 'Good time come agen—the moose come back.'

"Well, Capting, after that, moose was seen almost every where; and one man see two moose swim ashore on Basin of Minas; and, since then, plenty moose all over province. I 'most 'fraid, though, these rascals settlers, snarin, and runnin 'em down with their brutes of dogs, will drive the poor brutes away to sea agen."

Joe is a most honest and straightforward Indian, when in the woods, in the capacity of hunter; but if once overruled, or badly-treated, will never accompany the same person again.

His hatred of all white men, who are not of the class of his employers, particularly the settlers in the interior, is intense, and is often productive of much amusement. In the winter of 1852, I was proceeding along a bush-path, with Joe and Jim, dragging a hand sled, loaded with our camping apparatus, when we met a party of settlers, and their teams. One of them calling Joe aside, asked him whether he had not cut some moose snares in that neighborhood, the fall previous.

"Sure I did, always when I see them."

"Well, Joe," replied the settler, who, as I afterwards heard, had set them himself; "they belonged to a friend of mine, and I guess if you stop about here, you'll get your camp set a-fire."

Joe flared up immediately.

"I tell you what it is, you rascal. I know you. If you, or any other same sort, come near camp, and try do anything, I shoot you, 'pon me soul, all same as one moose. There now, you mind, I take my oate I do it, you villain!"

I should not have been surprised at old Joe carrying his threat into execution. The previous fall, his son Jim had fired at some animal, I believe a bear, which had crept up to him and his father while calling moose at night.

"What was it, Jeem?" asked old Joe, as the creature went crashing off through the bushes.

"Man," said Jim; "he creep on us. What business he come to meddle with us? I seen him standin' when I fire."

When Joe has occasion to enter the bar-room of a roadside inn, as is sometimes the case in travelling to and from the hunting-country, he sits down in a corner, very sulky, and seldom vouchsafes an answer to the numerous questions put to him by inquisitive Blue-noses.

On one occasion he was returning with me to Halifax, after an unsuccessful moose hunt, and was particularly short to the settlers, and teamsters in the bar-room of the twenty-seven mile house.

"Well, now, tell how you'd act when you got fixed in a snow-storm, and couldn't find camp?" asked one of his persecutors.

No answer from Joe, who drew volumes from his pipe, and spat with great emphasis on the floor.

"I guess you couldn't fix a moose with that are shootin-iron of yourn, at a hundred yards—could you now?"

It was too much for poor Joe, who said:

"Wat you want know for? You mind your own business, and I do mine. Spose I ask question 'bout hay, and all that sort, wat fool I look. And now you want know 'bout my business, you look like fool. You people always 'quiring and askin' foolish question which don't consarn you." And with that, he stalked out of the room.

From his frequent employment, and being paid a dollar a day, Joe should be well off. He is, however, always hard up. One day, in the early spring, when salmon was very scarce, and selling at a dollar per pound in the market, a friend of mine met him returning to camp with the head and shoulders of a fine salmon.

"Hallo! Joe, what on earth are you going to do with that salmon?"

"Why, Capting, Mrs. Cope he say this morning, 'Mr. Cope, I very fond of salmon, 'spose you try and get a leetle bit for dinner to-day.' I tell him yes, and I see this very fine piece very cheap."

He had paid a pound currency for it.

Mrs. Cope makes a little money by working designs on birch bark with porcupine quills. Quill work, as it is termed, fetches a high price in Halifax, where it is bought by travellers to Europe or the States.

Joe said in my room one day, "Mrs. Cope he make a hundred a year by his work, and I make good deal by huntin'. 'Spose 'bout a hundred a-year too."

Before he departed, however, he said:

"Capting, I most shockin hard up just now. You got dollar handy! Pon my word I pay you in few days."

There are many other good Indians who can hunt with "the

gentlemen," besides Joe Cope. Ned Nolan, Williams, the Pauls of Ship Harbor, the Glodes of Annapolis, and Joe Penaul of Chester, are all capital hands in the woods. They all ask the regular charge of one dollar per diem. In this Province, the Indians do not claim the moose shot by the sportsmen—a much more satisfactory arrangement than that which prevails in Canada, where, for every moose that is shot, the Indians charge the sportsman one pound extra, claiming the whole carcass into the bargain.

To return from this digression, to the sport of creeping moose in winter. Creeping may commence in November, when the first snow has fallen. At this time, the bull moose is adorned with antlers, and the snow not falling very deep does not necessitate the use of snow-shoes. However, as the snow may all disappear in one night at this time of year, and as the ground is constantly frozen, and thereby rendered callous to the impression of a moose's foot, sport cannot always be reckoned upon.

The very best time to go out after moose in the winter is, about the middle of January. If it be a hard season, with plenty of snow on the ground; and if he be favored with a fair amount of windy weather, and occasional snow storms, the sportsman who goes into the woods, accompanied by good Indians, and has fixed upon a good hunting country, may make sure of success.

In the month of March, the snow generally lies very deep in the woods, and its surface is covered by a crust, caused by the alternate influence of the sun and frost. The hunter can travel easily on snow-shoes, while the unfortunate moose breaks through the crust at every step, sometimes sinking up to his body and grazing his legs against the sharp edges of the broken surface.

Running moose down is rather a murderous practice; as, when a fresh track is found, and the moose started, the persevering hunter is certain to come up with the animal, after a chase more or less protracted. The moose is then shot, defenceless, and in a state of complete exhaustion.

Sometimes, when the snow is very deep, moose may be run down in a quarter of an hour, while at others he may be pursued for days, the hunter giving up the chase at dusk, camping primitively on the spot, and recommencing the pursuit at daybreak next morning. At all events, from the certainty of shooting the animal, then in a state of utter helplessness, I consider the sport as inferior to creeping.

It is so destructive in a hard winter, that it should be prohibited by law, as well as the practice of running moose down with dogs. Chasing moose with dogs is such an unsportsmanlike proceeding, that it is seldom practised, except by the settlers, who love to hear the yelping of their own brutes of curs, and to destroy a moose from mere wantonness, when they ought to be attending to their unprogressing farms and clearings.

The plan adopted is this: a party of these people go out into the woods with a pack of all the big long-legged curs that can be mustered in the neighborhood. Surrounding some hardwood hill, in which they know moose are yarded, they turn in the dogs. The moose are at once started, and should they get past the "gunners," are quickly brought to bay by the dogs, and shot.

A dog will make more noise when after moose, than after any other game. Nothing scares moose so much as the voice of a dog; and a pack of curs yelping through the woods will so alarm the moose in the surrounding country that they will immediately leave it never to return.

Snaring moose is still practised in Nova Scotia by the settlers, in spite of a heavy fine. The most common way of constructing the snare is as follows. The trees are felled in a line for about one hundred yards in the woods. Falling on one another, they form a fence some five or six feet high. Several gaps are made in this fence wide enough to admit of the passage of the moose. A young tree is bent down by the united exertions of several men over the gap, and is fastened by a catch attached to a false platform. A noosed rope is fastened to the end of the tree, and suspended round the opening. The unfortunate moose, after walking along the fence till he arrives

at the gap, attempts to pass through; but, stepping on the platform, the tree flies back, drawing the noose tightly round his head or legs. From the disposition to roam, evinced by moose in the fall, snares are generally set at this season.

The carcass of a snared moose is generally comparatively worthless, from the bruising it has received during the struggles of the animal in endeavoring to escape, particularly if he be only entangled by the legs. Sometimes the settler, not visiting his snares regularly, finds a moose in one, weighing perhaps twelve hundred pounds, in a state of decomposition.

It is from these snares being placed in haunts only known to themselves, and from the difficulty of tracing the original setter of the snare when it is found, that one of these infamous cases seldom meets with punishment. In fact, law is of little value in the backwoods.

Sometimes a simple rope with a running noose is fastened to a tree, and suspended round an opening in the bushes, leading to a barren—for moose often form regular paths, like those of rabbits, only on a larger scale—by which they enter and depart from small barrens.

A society has lately been organized in Halifax for the preservation of the game and fish of Nova Scotia. Its exertions have at present, been confined to the removal of dams and other obstructions to the progress of salmon up the provincial rivers to their spawning grounds. This society is under the direction of an able and active gentleman, through whose exertions much has been done for the preservation of salmon, Captain C—.

May we not hope that this society, aided by the ability and well directed efforts of its president, who is a thorough sportsman, will shortly do something towards preventing the extinction of the much persecuted moose of Nova Scotia? The forests through which he ranges will probably remain uncleared for ages, but cannot long continue to be the resort of this noble animal, whose extinction, not far distant, unless the wholesale destruction by the poaching practices above alluded to, be put a stop to by energetic and well-directed efforts, would be a sub-

ject of regret both to naturalists and sportsmen, and—when too late—to the Nova Scotians themselves.

I do not believe that more than one species of moose-deer is to be found in North America, though the moose of Canada are said to be larger than those of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; and I have heard the distinguishing appellation of the black bell moose applied to those of Nova Scotia. I think that the difference in size, if any, is to be accounted for by difference of climate and food.

A bull moose, when at his full-growth, which he attains in his sixth year, will stand seventeen or eighteen hands at the shoulder, and will weigh from one thousand to twelve hundred pounds. His food consists of the leaves and tender branches of maples, birches, moosewood, (of which he is particularly fond, and will travel long distances in search of,) mountain ash, dogwood, witherod, and a variety of other shrubs.

In the winter months, when the leaves have fallen, the tops of young shoots are pulled down by his long muscular upper lip, called the mouffle, resembling the short prehensile proboscis of the tapir, and are bitten off; and, at this season, when overtaken by hunger, on his way through green woods, he will often feed on the boughs of young evergreens, eschewing, however, those of the spruces.

His short neck will not allow him to graze, or pick up anything from the ground without a very wide separation of the fore-legs, or by kneeling, which position, however, he often assumes to crop the fresh grass in some swampy meadow in the spring.

The coat of the moose is composed of long stiff bristles of a light ash color near their roots, and is of a dark russet brown color, which in the bull in winter changes to a glossy black. From behind the ears down the short neck and part of the back runs a hog mane composed of bristles nearly a foot in length. Under the body and on the legs, the hair is of a fawn, or, more properly, sandy color. The eye is black, large, and very expressive.

The flesh of the cow moose in winter is excellent, bearing

the same comparison to beef that venison does to mutton. The mouffle is considered a delicacy; and soup made of it has a strong resemblance to that made of turtle.

Not the least curious feature about this extraordinary animal is the bell, as it is termed, which is a pendant piece of skin, covered with long black hair, growing from the junction of his disproportionately long head with the short neck. The antlers, which adorn the bull only, are massive and palmated, fringed with short spikes or tines, the number of which, as some assert, though erroneously, indicates the age of the animal. The lowest tine extends forwards over the forehead, and supplies the place of the brow antler.

In travelling, the moose, slightly elevating his head, rests his antlers on his shoulders, in which position they do not offer so much obstruction to the progress of the animal through the dense covers of his wooded haunts. Towards the end of January, bull moose shed their horns, which, beginning to shoot again in April, have attained their full growth by September.

These antlers, which often measure four feet from tip to tip, and weigh sometimes as much as sixty pounds, would, if used as such, prove formidable weapons of offence to any adversary; but the moose, unless in the calling season, between the beginning of September and the end of October, and then, only when wounded, seldom uses them against his pursuers. In the calling season, bull moose, animated by the spirit of jealousy, have dreadful conflicts.

An Indian told me that, often when calling moose, in the fall, which is effected by imitating the plaintive cry of the female, upon a trumpet of birch bark, and not succeeding in luring the suspicious animal in their range, he had changed his tactics, and, by imitating the note of the bull moose, had at once induced the bull, whose rage at finding a rival, got the better of his prudence, to come crashing madly through the bushes to destruction.

The same Indian said he had killed a moose, in the fall, a great part of whose flesh was literally worthless, from the wounds he had received in a recent joust. The fore-leg is the

most common weapon used by the moose, when attacking a man or dog. Rearing up on his hind-legs, he strikes downwards with the fore-legs with amazing force and velocity. A blow given by a full-grown moose would, if delivered on the head of a man, fracture his skull; and I have seen a dog disabled by a blow from a young one in my possession, then scarcely able to stand, being only a week old. The cow moose gives birth to two calves in April.

As soon as the ground is covered with deep snow, in winter, moose, discontinuing their wandering habits, herd together, and form what is termed a moose-yard, by treading down the snow in some part of the forest covered with hard wood, as all timber and brushwood of a deciduous nature is called, which will afford them good browsing. In one of these yards, they will remain as long as the supply of provender lasts, or until they are disturbed, trampling down the snow in large circles, concentric with, and gradually increasing as they feed outwards from the original starting point.

In Canada, where the snow falls to a much greater depth than in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, these yards are more regularly defined, and the moose more reluctant to leave them; consequently, the Indians, having discovered a yard, (called *ravagé* by the French Canadians,) taking a favorable opportunity, can return, days or weeks afterwards, with a party of sportsmen, and shoot nearly every moose in the yard.

In the summer months, the moose, partly from being tormented by the hosts of musquitoes and black flies which swarm in the woods at this season, and partly for the sake of feeding on the leaves and tendrils of water-lilies, and other aquatic plants, passes the hottest part of the day nearly submerged in the water of the little ponds and lakes which occur at such frequent intervals in the forests of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

He is a fast swimmer, and is difficult to be overtaken, even by the fleet canoe of the Indian, by whom, however, he is often surprised and shot in the long chain of lakes and rivers which, running across Nova Scotia, between Annapolis and Liverpool,

is continually traversed by Indians on furring and trapping expeditions.

Although so thoroughly wild, and averse to the approach even of the common animals of the forest, it is a singular circumstance, that the moose when taken young can be easily domesticated, and becomes at once perfectly tame and audaciously familiar.

Having reared and kept for upwards of eight months a young moose, I noticed several curious facts concerning the habits and actions of these animals.

The calf moose in question was brought to me with another of the same age, which could not have been more than a few days old, in the end of April. They were bull and cow, and had been surprised in the woods by some black men who were searching for partridges. Their mother forsaking them on the approach of the men, they were easily caught, and brought into Halifax next day in a bullock-cart with legs bound. The cow died in a few days from the effects of a fall, which as I afterwards found she had received from the cart. The young bull, by great attention and repeated visiting, lived, and appeared to thrive. Few people have succeeded in bringing up young moose; for they have generally sickened and died from want of suitable and natural food.

I was advised to procure a domestic cow to suckle my moose calf—knowing, however, that, from the food of the moose being principally leaves, branches, and bark, its milk could not be so rich as that of the common cow, I diluted it with an equal quantity of water, which I gave to the young moose from a bottle, thickening it gradually with a little Indian meal.

When I found that he would mouth and swallow leaves and tender boughs, I sent into the woods every morning for a fresh supply of the young shoots of maples, moose-wood, dogwood, and witherod, of the leaves and berries of which last two shrubs, moose are especially fond from their extreme bitterness. A lump of rock-salt appeared to afford him great satisfaction, and might have been conducive to his health.

In November, he being at the time eight months old, and in

perfectly excellent health and condition, I adopted by mischance an expedient which caused his untimely, and, by me, much regretted death. The winter having set in, and it being inconvenient to send into the woods for a supply of boughs, I resolved to try a substitute. I fixed upon turnips, of which a pailful was given to him one evening, and which he appeared to relish greatly. Next morning, to my dismay, I found the poor creature dead, his body dreadfully distended, so much so as to have caused death by suffocation, if it had not been brought on by any other internal derangement. On inquiring as to the probable cause of his death, I learnt too late that turnips, when given too suddenly and in too great quantities to domestic cattle, will often cause death.

I regretted losing him the more, as I intended in the following spring to have sent him to England, as a present to the Zoological Society, which at present I believe, does not possess a living specimen of the *Cervus alces*, either of Europe or America.

So tame was my young moose, that he would come into a room and jump several times over chairs, backwards and forwards, for a piece of bread. He had a great *penchant* for tobacco-smoke, which, if puffed in his face, would cause him to rub his head with great satisfaction against the individual.

His gambols were sometimes very amusing. Throwing back his ears, and dropping the under jaw, he would gallop madly up and down on a grass plot, now and then rearing up on his hind legs, and striking ferociously with his fore feet at the trunks of trees, or anything within reach, varying the amusement by an occasional shy and kick behind at some imaginary object. No palings could keep him from gardens, in which, when not watched he would constantly be found, reveling on the boughs of currant and lilac bushes; in fact, tasting fruit and flowers most indiscriminately. On being approached for the purpose of being turned out, the cunning little brute would immediately lie down, from which position, his hide being as callous as that of a jackass, he could be got up with difficulty.

In the very hot days of summer, when he appeared to miss

the cool plunge in the lake, which these animals, in their wild condition, always indulge in at this time of year, I continually caused buckets of water to be thrown over him.

At the Agricultural show at Halifax, in the fall of 1853, a young moose was exhibited in company with a domestic cow which suckled it. It appeared from the owner's account, that the cow had in the spring strayed into the woods, as cattle often will do, causing the owner a long and weary trudge through the bush, till guided by the sound of their tinkling bells, he finds them.

A few weeks afterwards, she found her way back to the farm, in company with a young moose, towards whom she manifested the same affection as if it had been her own offspring. It is probable that her milk agreed with the young moose, owing to her having been forced during her residence in the woods, to feed on the same description of food as these animals.

Some years ago, a tame moose, full-grown, was in the possession of a person named Schultz, who keeps the eighteen mile house from Halifax, on the Truro road, by the side of the Grand Lake. This animal had been, by great trouble, broken in to draw a sledge, which he did with great ease and at a surprising pace. Being allowed to roam about at large during the day, he would often swim across the Grand Lake to the opposite shore, about two miles distant, whence he would return at the sound of the conk, which is generally used in the interior of Nova Scotia to recall laborers from the woods. I believe he was finally sent to the States, where these animals in a domesticated state, fetch high prices, exciting almost as great curiosity, though they are still occasionally found in the highlands of New York, as they would in England.

The moose is as strictly an inhabitant of the forests of Eastern North America, as the American elk or wapiti is of the prairies of Western America, the domains of one beginning nearly where those of the other leave off.

Commencing with Nova Scotia, which, I believe, contains a greater number of these animals than any district of its size in North America, we find him abundant in the wild forests of

the State of Maine, and, though now only occasionally met with, still farther west in the same latitude, in the mountainous district called the Adirondack, or the highlands of New York.

Throughout his whole book Lieut. Hardy proves himself to be a devoted lover of nature; but as he throws a capital fly, his piscatorial facts and incidents possess a peculiar value. After commenting upon the general mildness of the Acadian climate, and especially upon the delights of spring he thus proceeds:

To the disciple of old Isaak, too, this glorious season is hailed with delight, as it entices the trout from his wintry retreats, and causes the noble salmon to ascend his favorite rivers, and revel in the cool fresh water. No country can offer greater inducements to the fly fisherman—particularly him who seeks combat with the 'king of fishes'—than British North America.

Unhindered by bailiffs, trespassing notices or other obstructions to the enjoyment of fishing in the Old World (where even Norway has loosened the angler's purse-strings, before allowing him a cast over the waters of her salmon rivers,) the orthodox sportsman may here roam from stream to stream, casting his fly, at almost every throw, with a certainty of success, over pools by the side of which many a Cis-Atlantic angler would envy him his position.

Salmon ascend the rivers of the provinces at different times of the spring and summer. They first appear in the rivers of the southern and south-eastern coasts of Nova Scotia. In Gold River, which flows into Chester Bay, about forty miles from Halifax, salmon will take a fly in the first week in April, even before the snow-water has been all discharged from the river.

The rivers to the north-east of Halifax are not favored by their visits till the end of May and the beginning of June, while they do not ascend the Atlantic rivers of New Brunswick till late in June.

After spawning, which is completed by the middle of November in all the provincial streams, the salmon, aided by the fall floods, or freshets, as they are termed, return to the sea. Sometimes, however, they will pass the winter in a torpid and emaciated state under the ice in the lakes.

In the beginning of April, I have seen two spent salmon, evidently having been under the ice all the winter, taken with the worm by a trout-fisherman, in a small stream about seven miles distant from Halifax, called Salmon River.

About a month after the arrival of the older fish in the river, the grilse revisit their native fresh water. From their beauty, liveliness, and delicate flavor, when caught, they afford great sport to the fly fisherman, and may be taken with an occasional older and heavier salmon, from the middle of July till the end of August, in the northern rivers of New Brunswick.

The size of the salmon which frequent the different rivers of these provinces varies considerably. In the rivers to the westward of Nova Scotia, the fish are large, twelve or fifteen pounds being the common weights.

The sea trout ascends for a short distance only, and with the tide, those rivers of New Brunswick which flow into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the streams of Prince Edward's Island, and the river Philip in Nova Scotia.

A fish, generally known by the settlers under the name of sea trout, white trout, or tide trout, is very numerous in all the rivers of the provinces which it ascends in company with the salmon.

This fish is in reality the common river trout, which acquiring habits like those of the salmon, and spending the winter months in salt water, returns to the river a much livelier and prettier fish than its relatives, which have not attempted the voyage.

The true sea trout has no pink spots, and is of a dark blueish green on the back; the tide trout is marked in precisely the same way as the river trout, only its markings have become fainter.

Tide trout are very bright and silvery; their flesh is firm and pink, like that of the salmon. I have caught these fish in all stages of their migration to and from the sea, and am satisfied that they are no other than the common river trout, which have found their way to the salt water, and have certainly benefited by it.

They are lively fish when caught as they ascend their native

rivers, and show determined play, sometimes salmon-like, attempting a jump. They often attain a weight of four or five pounds, though they average from one to three pounds. When they are numerous, a day's sport with these silvery fish by the side of a fine rapid river is inferior only to salmon fishing.

In every river, lake, and mountain streamlet throughout the Northern States, and the British possessions of the northern continent of America, is found the fresh water trout.

Though of many shades of color, sizes and conformations in different rivers and lakes, it has been determined that only one description of the fresh water or river trout is found in this continent.

The trout does not appear to love the larger and rougher rivers, and is not often taken in them of a large size. I have, however, caught trout of four pounds weight when fishing for salmon in the Nepisiguit.

Small clear streams, which have a sandy or shingly bottom, appear to be their favorite resorts. For instance, the Tabusintac, one of the prettiest streamlets of New Brunswick, running through thirty miles of most romantic scenery, is literally alive with trout. In summer time the bed of this river is, where the stream is broad and shallow, almost dried up.

On these occasions, the settlers residing near the mouth of the river net them in the deep holes, and barrel down large quantities annually.

The river trout of America is one of the most beautiful fresh-water fishes in the world. Its back is of a glossy olive green, fading towards the belly into delicate primrose. On the back and sides are fantastic markings of deep yellow. The sides are dotted with spangles of the most vivid azure and crimson.

The lake trout, which is found abundantly in every sheet of fresh water, whether having communication with the sea or not, in the Provinces, is not colored with such richness or purity of tint as the river trout. Neither is he generally such a well shaped fish.

In lakes with high rocky shores, in which the water is deep and dark colored, the trout are almost black on their backs,

their spots and markings dull, and the belly of a dirty orange color. The head and jaws of these fish are disproportionately large, and their flesh comparatively unpalatable.

In others, trout are found of a light color, well-proportioned, with small heads and thick shoulders, and as game and well flavored as the river trout.

In some lakes, trout will only rise at the artificial fly during one month in the year, while in others they will take the fly readily at any time of the year that the surface of the water is free from ice.

As a general rule, however, trout will not rise in the lakes during several weeks of the extremely hot weather, which comes in the months of July and August, unless very early in the morning before the sun is fairly on the water.

Trout may readily be taken in the winter by cutting a hole through the ice on a lake, and by fishing for them with bait. They at once flock round the opening in the ice in great numbers, and are pulled out and thrown on the ice, where, in a minute or two, they freeze perfectly stiff.

I have taken them in the depth of winter with bait, in a run out of a large lake, where, from the rapidity of the water, ice had not formed.

Several of the New Brunswick lakes contain trout of a large size, sometimes attaining a weight of six or seven pounds. This fish, I believe, is the *Salmo ferox*, known in Scotland by the name of the Loch Awe trout. He is a comparatively worthless fish, though, from his size and vigor, he affords good sport to the troller.

Many other fish inhabit the rivers and lakes of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia which, as never pursued for the sake of sport, shall be noticed briefly here.

The most frequent of this class are shad, gaspereaux, smelts, eels, white fish, perch, sturgeon, bass, cat-fish and suckers. There are also others which at present have not even a scientific name.

The shad and the gaspereaux are both similar to the herring in habits and appearance. The gaspereaux, known to the settlers by the name of alewives, ascend the rivers of New

Boston and Nova Scotia in vast shoals from the middle of April to the end of June. They are rather larger than the common herring. They form one of the principal items of exportation in Nova Scotia, in whose rivers they are taken in scoop nets attached to long poles. They look very pretty and tempting to the fly fisherman, when sporting in the cool fresh water near the mouths of rivers, their silvery sides gleaming in the sunbeams. Unfortunately, however, they will rarely take a fly; so much so as to make it quite useless to throw over them.

Perch may be taken in great numbers in the lakes, with bait. They are insipid in flavor and seldom exceed eight inches in length.

Nearly every river in these Provinces contains eels in abundance. The settlers, who smoke and use them as an article of food in winter, take them in hoop baskets with a narrow mouth, and baited with offal. As soon as a sufficient number of eels have entered the basket or bag, it is quickly drawn ashore, where the eels are killed with sticks after a long contest, for these fish are most tenacious of life.

The sucker is a disagreeable-looking fish with a long cartilaginous mouth opening underneath the head. They swim near the bottom of rivers, and of the runs between lakes. Their flesh is unpalatable.

After giving his readers a whole chapter of advice in regard to fishing tackle and flies, Lieut. Hardy proceeds as follows:

The Yankees have invented a spring gaff, and a very ingenious contrivance it is. At the end of the handle are two jaws, each similar to the iron of the common gaff. These bend back on the principle of a steel trap. When bent back at right angles to the handle, they catch and are released, flying back to their original position with great strength by virtue of a powerful spring, on the instrument coming in contact with any part of a fish. It is said that a salmon is completely paralyzed, when he is caught by the strong jaws of this instrument. However, from the danger resulting to one's own legs in using this powerful weapon, in the hurry and excitement attendant on landing a salmon, I prefer the old gaff.

Many sportsmen think it necessary to go out for a fishing excursion with their legs encased in high, cumbrous waterproof boots or leggings. It is a great mistake. They are the worst possible things for slipping on the stones and rocks in brooks or rivers, and encumber the general motions of the body. One must make up one's mind to get wet—possibly, regularly ducked, which would be a worse case if the boots were on at the time, as they would fill with water, and prevent the possibility of getting dry so long as they were on.

A good pair of dry worsted socks, taken in the pocket, to put on when the day's sport is concluded, will prevent the chance of a cold, catarrh, or rheumatism. When on a fishing expedition of several days, the sportsman, living constantly in the open air, need not fear any of these maladies. It is the change from a house to a camp, or *vice versâ*, which is to be dreaded on this account. An Indian will tell you, that if he goes into a house, and sits by a fire, he is sure to catch cold; so do you generally in your first night in camp, but by the next night it is all gone. The secret is that you are breathing the same atmosphere.

The best description of cloth of which the sportman's clothes, whether he be hunting or fishing, in winter and summer, should be made, is the homespun cloth of the country.

It is a mixture of wool and cotton, the less cotton the better. It is strong, warm, and light, and when saturated with water, will dry sooner than any other description.

Flannel shirts form an indispensable item in a wardrobe for the bush, whether in summer or winter. Scarlet is a bad color for any part of the fishing costume. In a clear river, the appearance of a red shirt will scare salmon from a pool as effectually as a passing canoe.

The angler in British North America must at all times of the summer expect great annoyance from the attacks of the insect tribe, such as mosquitos, black flies, and sand flies. They literally swarm in the woods, by the lake, or river side, and are all equally venomous. Even the Indians suffer from their attacks. The settlers daub every exposed part with grease, or

sometimes even tar. Compositions called Mosquito Repellant, and Angler's Defence, are sold in all the provincial towns. They are used as lotions, and remain efficacious for about half an hour after application.

One of the best means of keeping off the flies, is by wearing a veil of the finest gauze fastened round the cap, and drawn in round the neck under the chin. It forms a bag round the head; and even the diminutive sand-fly cannot penetrate its meshes, if the gauze be fine. Old kid gloves, with the ends of fingers cut off, will be found useful in protecting the hands.

As Lieut. Hardy's publication was intended chiefly for the edification of English readers, he has found it necessary to consider at some length a variety of matters quite familiar to sportsmen and others on this side of the Atlantic. The substance of his general information bearing upon Nova Scotia has already been given in the foregoing pages; and if I were not afraid of having the wind taken out of my own sail, and had the necessary space at my command, I should take pleasure in reproducing some of his exploits, not only in Nova Scotia, but also in New Brunswick. It is due to myself, however, to state that, notwithstanding the acknowledged skill of Lieut. Hardy, my name was one of terror, or perhaps of affection, to the salmon of the British American Provinces, for at least half a dozen years before the music of American waterfalls had gratified his ear. As truth compels me to yield the palm to him in regard to all matters appertaining to moose-hunting, I cannot but believe that he will award to me the wreath of artificial flies, and a genius for fish stories if not for angling. While he may occasionally take pleasure in "drawing a long bow," I hope he will not object to my throwing a long line, when the peerless salmon has started upon his annual summer tour.

THE END.

A PARTING PARAGRAPH.

As the author could not make it convenient to read the proofs of this publication while it was going through the press, he asks the indulgence of his readers for occasional errors, some of which may be corrected as follows:

VOLUME I.

Page 1, line 4, for pilgrimagés, read *pilgrimage.*
" 12, in title, for Legends, read *Legend.*
" 13, " 23, for was seen, read *were seen.*
" 14, " 33, for little, read *lithe.*
" 14, " 35, for the, read *ten.*
" 20, " 15, after down, add *to.*
" 424, " 1, for the Hickory-nut Gap, read *Ashville.*
" 449, " 7, for with, read *if on a.*

VOLUME II.

Page 19, line 13, for Bolestown, read *Boiestown.*
" 70, " 14, for whereat, read *whereupon.*
" 72, " 18, after swamp, insert *and it.*
" 111, " 34, for one, read *our.*
" 137, " 32, for break of day, read *breakfast.*
" 160, " 15, for regious, read *regions.*
" 161, " 33, for larks, read *lark.*
" 173, " 35, for Toumey, read *Twomey.*
" 205, " 22, for vassa, read *vasse.*
" 216, " 1, for the journey, read *my journey.*
" 329, " 6, for streams, read *stream.*
" 332, " 11, for Miramacha, read *Miramachi.*
" 352, " 34, insert *fish* after game.

When he comes to the article on Pike Fishing, the reader will be pleased to settle the difficulty which exists there between the pronouns.

STANDARD

English and American Works

IN

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